



## A PREPOSITION to this FRONTISPIECE.

**T**HIS BOOKE containning EMBLEMS, 'twas thought fir,  
A *Title-page* should stand to usher it,  
That's Emblematicall: And, for that end,  
Our AVTHOR, to the *Graver* did commend  
A plaine Invention; that it might be wrought,  
According as his Fancie had forethought.  
Insteed thereof, the *Workeman* brought to light,  
What, here, you see; therein, mistaking quite  
The true *Designe*: And, so (with paines, and cost)  
The first intended FRONTISPIECE, is lost.

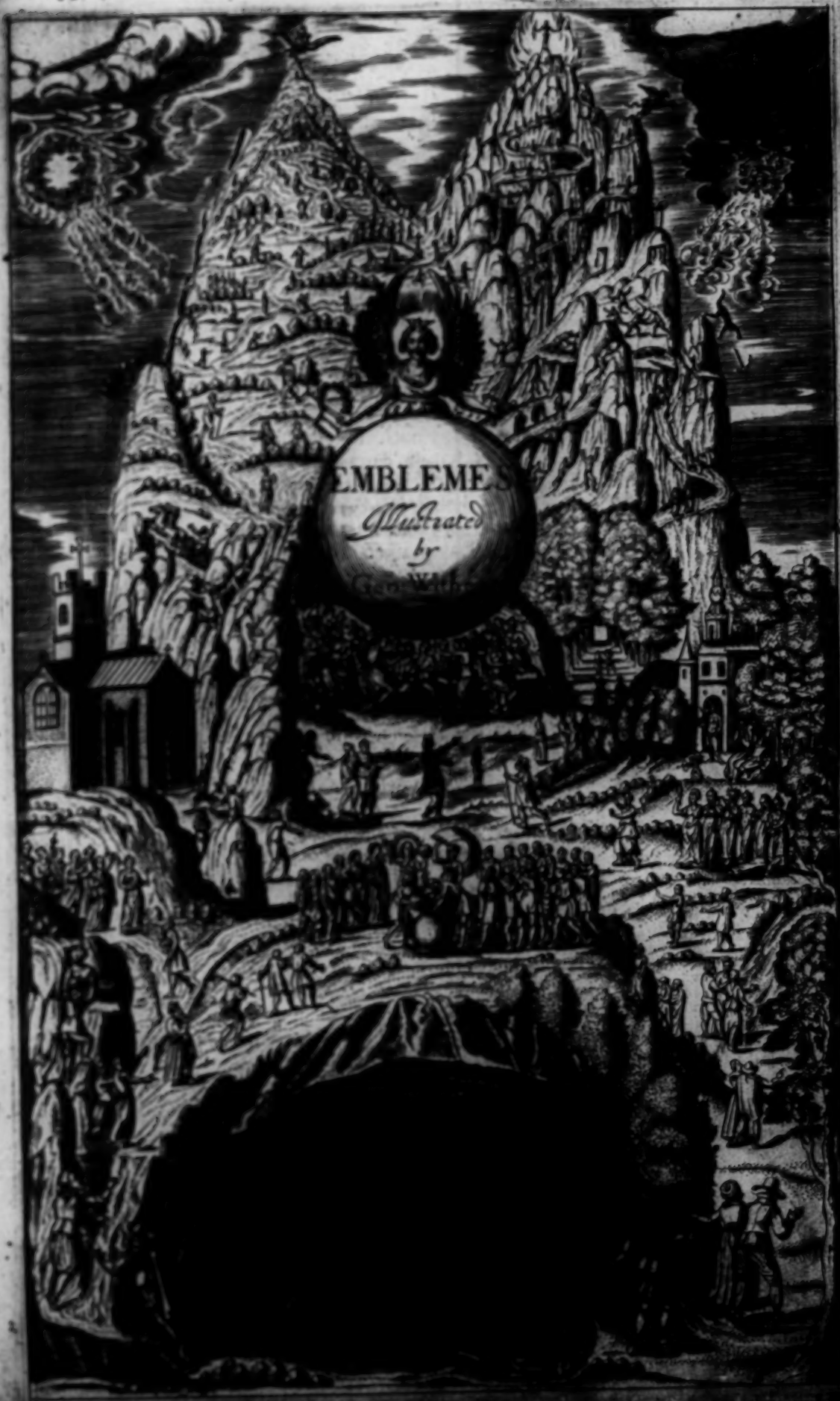
The AVTHOR, was as much displeas'd, as Hee  
In such Adventures, is inclin'd to bee;  
And, halfe resolv'd, to cast this *Piece* aside,  
As nothing worth: but, having better ey'd  
Those *Errors*, and *Confusions*, which may, there,  
Blame-worthy (at the first aspect) appeare;  
Hee saw, they fitted many *Fantasies*  
Much better, then what *Reason* can devise;  
And, that, the *Graver* (by meere *Chance*) had hit  
On what, so much transcends the reach of *Wit*,  
As made it seeme, an Object of *Delight*,  
To looke on what, MISFORTUNE brought to light:  
And, here it stands, to try his *Wit*, who lists  
To pompe the secrets, out of *Cabalists*.

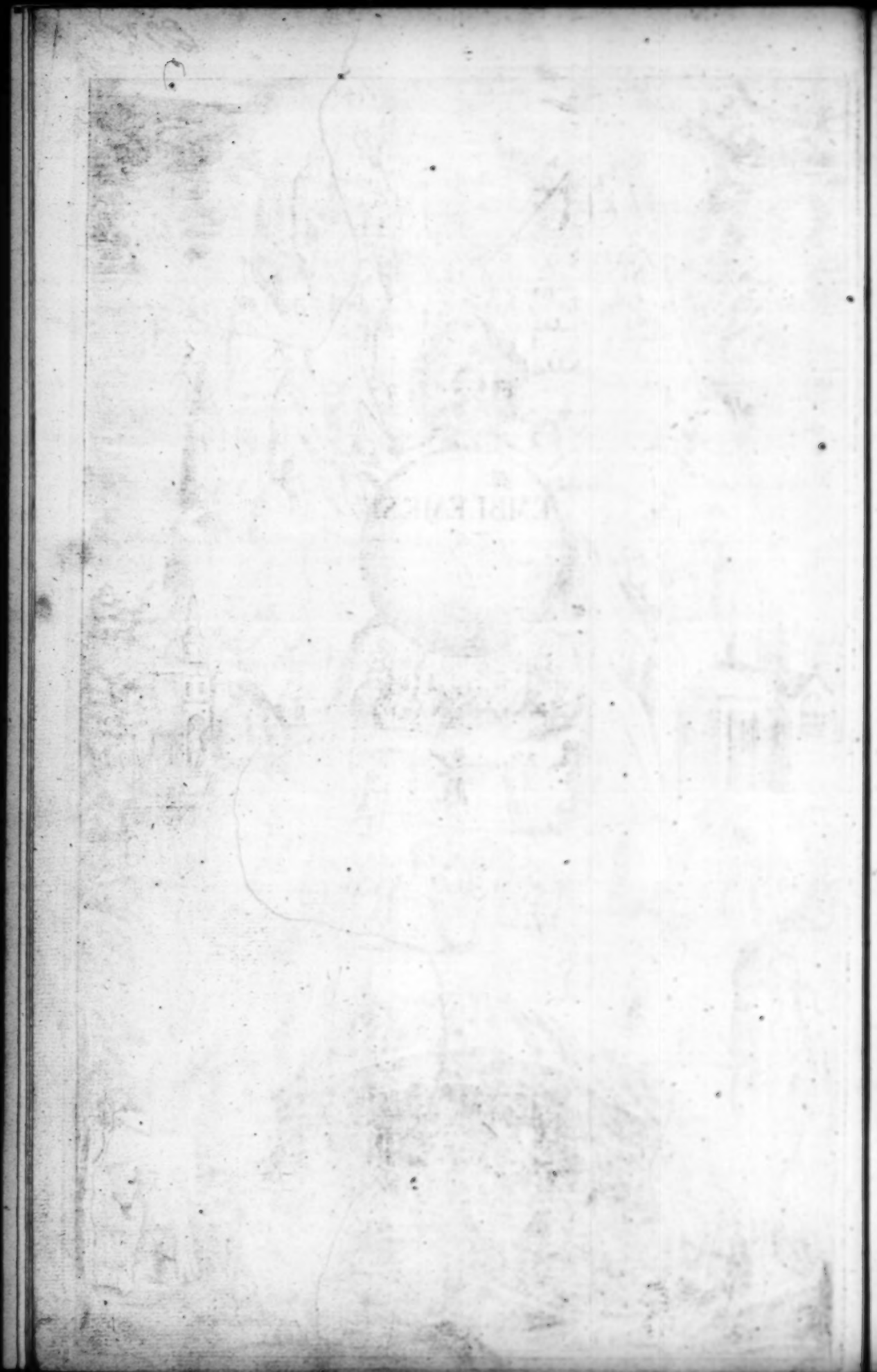
If any thinke this *Page* will, now, declare  
The meaning of those *Figures*, which are there,  
They are deceiv'd. For, *Destinie* denies  
The utt'ring of such hidden *Mysteries*,  
In these respects: First, *This* containeth nought  
Which (in a proper sense) concerneth ought,  
The *present-Age*: Moreover, tis ordain'd,  
That, none must know the *Secreties* contain'd  
Within this *Piece*; but, they who are so wise  
To finde them out, by their owne *prudencies*;  
And, hee that can unriddle them, to us,  
Shall stiled be, the second OEDIPUS.

Tis, likewise, thought expedient, now and then,  
To make some *Werke*, for those *All-knowing men*,  
(To exercise upon) who thinke they see  
The *secret-meanings*, of all things that bee.

And, lastly, since we finde, that, some there are,  
Who best affect *Inventions*, which appeare  
Beyond their understandings; *This*, we knew  
A *Representment*, worthy of their view;  
And, here, wee placed it, to be, to these,  
A FRONTISPIECE, in any sense they please.







A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
EMBLEMES,  
ANCIENT AND  
MODERNE:

Quickened  
VVith METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS, both  
*Morall and Divine*; And disposed into  
LOTTERIES,

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered  
by an *Honest and Pleasant Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

*The First Booke.*



LONDON,  
Printed by A. M. for Richard Royston, and  
are to be sold at his Shop in Irie-Lane.  
MDCXXXV.

**R**ecensui hoc Poëma, cui sigillus est (A Collection  
and Illustration of Emblems Ancient and Mo-  
derne) in quo nihil reperio, quod minus cum uti-  
litate imprimatur, ita tamen, ut si non intra septem menses  
proxime sequentes Typis mandetur, hac licentia sit omnino  
irrita.

Ex ædibus Lambethanis  
Jul. 2. 1634.

CIVIL BRAY



A  
**WRIT OF PREVENTION**  
 Concerning the **AUTHORS** *Dedication*  
 of the foure following **BOOKES**, to those  
*Royal, Princely, and Illustrious* **PERSO-**  
**NAGES**, whose Names are mentioned  
 in this *Leaf*.

**I** Have not often us'd, with *Epigrames*,  
 Or, with *Inscriptions* unto many **NAMES**,  
 To charge my *Bookes*: Nor, had I done it, now,  
 If I, to pay the *Duties* which I owe,  
 Had other *meanes*; Or, any better *Wayes*  
 To honour them, whose *Virtue* merits praise.

In **ARCHITECT**, it giveth good content,  
 (And passeth for a praisefull *Ornament*)  
 If, to adorne the **FORE-FRONT**S, *Builders* reare  
 The *Statues* of their *Soveraigne-Princes*, there;  
 And, trimme the *Outsides*, of the other **SQVARES**  
 With *Portraitures* of some Heroicke **PEERES**.

If, therefore, I (the more to beautifie  
 This *Portion* of my **MVS**ES *Gallerie*)  
 Doe, here, presume to place, the **NAMES** of those  
 To whose *Deserts*, my **LOVE** remembrance owes,  
 I hope 'twill none offend. For, most, who see  
 Their worthy *mention*, in this **BOOKE**, to bee,  
 Will thinke them honor'd: And, perhaps, it may  
 (To their high praise) be found, another day,  
 That, in these **LEAVES** their *Names* wil stand unrac'd,  
 When many fairer **STRVCTVRES**, are defac'd.

*In this Hope, I have placed on the* **FORE-**  
**FRONT** (or before the First Booke of  
 these **EMBLEMS**) a Ioint-Inscripti-  
 on to the **KING** and **QUEENES** most  
 excellent **MAIESTIE**.

*Upon the Right-Side-Front of this* **Buil-**  
**ding** (or before the Second Booke) One  
 Inscrip-



Inscription to the most hopesfull Prince,  
CHARLES, Prince of Wales; And,  
another to his deere Brother, JAMES,  
Duke of Yorke, &c.

On the other Side Front, (or before the  
Third Booke) One Inscription to the  
gracious Princeesse, FRANCES Dut-  
chesse Dowager of RICHMOND and  
LENEX; And, another to her most no-  
ble Nephew, JAMES Duke of Le-  
nox, &c.

On the Fourth Front of our Square, (Or  
before the Fourth Booke) One Inscrip-  
tion to the right Honourable PHILIP  
Earle of Pembroke and Montgomery,  
&c. And another to the right Honou-  
rable, HENRY Earle of Holland, &c.

To the MAJESTIE of Great  
*Britaine, France, and Ireland,* the  
Most Illustrious King,

CHARLES;

And his excellently beloved, the most  
gratious *Queene* MARY.

**S** Ev'n yeares are full expired, Royall SIR,  
Since last I kneel'd, an offering to preferre  
Before your feete; where, now, my selfe I throw  
To pay once more, the *Tributes* which I owe.

*As many yeares are past, most beauteous QUEENE,  
Since witness, mine eares and eyes, have beene  
Of those Perfections; which the generall Fame  
Hath sounded forth, in honour of your Name.*

And, both your *beaming-glonders* (oh yee faire,  
Thrice blessed, and most fitly-matched PAIRE)  
Vpon each other, make such bright reflections;  
And have so sweetly mingled your *affections*,  
Your *Praise*, your *Pow're*, your *Vertues*, and your *Beautie*:  
That, (if preserving of my *Soveraigne dutie*,  
This may be said) you doe appeare, to me,  
TWO PERSONS, in ONE MAJESTY, to be;  
To whom, there, appertaines (in veneration  
Of your large *Worth*) the right of some *Oblation*:  
And, best, I thought, my *Homage* would be done,  
If, thus, the tender were to BOTH-in-ONE.  
Which, in this humble GIFT, my *Love* presents;  
And, wisheth it may adde to your Contents.

Perhaps it shall: For, though I dare not shew  
These *Figures*, as well meriting your view;  
Nor boast, as if their *Moralls* couched ought,  
By which your sacred *Wisdomes* may be taught:  
Yet, I have humble *Hopings*, that, they might  
Prove, some way, an occasion of delight;  
Since, meane and common *Objects*, now and then,  
Beget contentments in the *greatest-men*.

But, that before this *Booke*, I should propose  
Your praisefull NAMES, there is (as I suppose)  
A faire inducement: For, considering these  
Are EMBLEMS, whose intencion is to please  
And profit vulgar Iudgements (by the view,  
Of what they ought to follow, or eschew.)  
And, I well knowing, that your MAJESTIES  
Set forth before my *Booke*, in *Emblem-wise*,

## The Epistle

Throughout your Lands, more *Vertues* might convey,  
Than many *Volumes*, of these *Emblems*, may;  
It seem'd *Petty-sreason*, to omit  
This good occasion of endeavouring it.  
For, (if your *MAJESTIES*, well heeded, were)  
Yov, double-treble-foure-fold *Emblems* are;  
Which, fully to illustrate, would require  
The *Wit* I want; or, meanes to raise, that, higher  
Which I have gain'd; (and, which, as yet, hath showne  
By no encouragements, but by her owne.)

Of all the *Vertues* *ORCONOMICAL*,  
Of *Duties* *MORAL* and *POLITICAL*,  
Your *Lives* are *Patternes*, and faire *EMBLEMS*; whether  
Considered apart, or both together.

Your *CHILDHOODES* were bright *Mirrors*, which did show  
What *Duties*, *Children*, to their *Parents* owe:  
And, by the sequele, we now understand,  
That, they who best *obay'd*, can best command.  
The glorious *Vertues* of your *NUPTIAL*-*state*,  
Your *Courtiers*, find so hard to imitate,  
That, they admire them, rather; and, would sweare,  
(Had others told, what, now they see and heare)  
That, all the former *Times*, were not acquainted,  
With such a *Pair*, when *Kings* and *Queenes* were *Sainted*.  
The chasteft *Cupids*, and the gameforth *st* *Graces*,  
Are alwaies mingled in your *Deare-embraces*.  
The mutuall enterchanges of your *Loves*,  
May teach affection to the *Turtle-doves*:  
And, such as are, with goodly sights, delighted,  
May see in *You*, all *Excellence* united.

You, *SIR*, who beare *Joves* *Thunders* in your *Fist*,  
And, (shake this *Islands* *EMPIRE*, when You list)  
Did never in your *Orbe*, a *Tempest* move,  
But, by the Beautious *Mistresse* of your *Love*  
It might be calm'd. And, in your *lofty* *Sphcare*,  
Most lovely *QUEENE*, Your *Motions* ever, were  
So *smoath*, and, so direct; that, none can say,  
They have withdrawne his *Royall-heart* away  
From *Iust* *Designes*; Which, loudly speaks your *Praise*,  
And, intimates much more, than, yet, it saies.

Yea, both Your *Splendors* doe so glorious growe,  
And, You, each other, have out-vyed so,  
In these, and other *Vertues*; that, on You,  
Should I conferre what praise I thinke, is due,  
My *Lines*, (which from that *staine* have, yet, beene cleare)  
Would *Flatt'ry* seeme, unto an envious eare.

But, what needs *Flatt'ry*, where the *Truth* may teach  
To praise, beyond immodest *Flatt'ries* reach?  
Or, what needs he to feare a *stand'ron-mouth*,  
Who seekes no *meed*, nor utters more than *Truth*?

Your *Princely Vertues*, what can better show,  
Than *Peace*, and *Plenty*, which have thrived so,

*Dedicatorie.*

Whilst You have reign'd that, yet, no people see,  
A Richer, or more Peacefull time, than wee?  
Your *Civill Actions* (to the publike eye)  
Are faire examples of *Moralitie*,  
So manifest; That, if he Truth did sing,  
Who said, *The World doth imitate the King*;  
My *Muses* dare, with boldnesse to preface,  
A Chast, a Pious, and a Prosperous Age:  
And, that, the stormes which, late these Realmes deterr'd,  
Shall all be quite removed, or deferr'd  
Till you Ascend; And, future times have seene,  
That, your Examples have not followed beene.

Thus, you are living *Emblems*, to this Nation:  
Which being mark'd with heede full speculation,  
May serve, as well, to helpe us how to see  
Our *Happinesse*, As, what our *Duties* be.

And, if I might unlocke all *Mysteries*,  
Which doe declare, how in a *four-fold-wise*,  
Your Lives are usefull *EMBLEMS*; I, perchance,  
Should vex blind Zeale, or anger Ignorance;  
And, teach well-temper'd *Spirits*, how to see,  
That, we, for Blessings, oft, Vnthankfull be.  
For, as you, *Both*, Prime Children are of those  
Two *Sister-Churches*, betwixt whom, yet, growes  
Vnsceenely strife; So, You, perhaps, may be  
An *Emblem*, how those *MOTHERS* may agree.  
And, not by your Example, onely, show,  
How wrought it may be; but, effect it so.  
Yet, peradventure, GOD, united You,  
That, such a blessed *UNION* might ensue:  
And, that, Your *living-lovingly*, together;  
Your Christian *hopefullnesse*, of one another;  
Your milde *forbearance*, harsh attempts to proove;  
Your *mutual-waiting*, untill God shall move  
By some *calme-voice*, or peacefull *inspiration*,  
That *Hearts* Which need:th better *Information*;  
And, that, your *Charities*, might give a *signe*,  
How, all the *Daughters*, of the *Spouse Divine*  
Might reconciled be; And, shew, that, *Swords*,  
*Flames*, *Threats*, and *Furie*, make no true *Accords*.

GOD grant a better *UNION* may appeare:  
Yet, with I not the *tollering*, here,  
Of *Politicke-Agreements*; (further than  
Our wholsome *Lawes*, and, *Civill-vowes* to man,  
With *Piety*, approve) but, such, as may  
Make up a blessed *CONCORD*, every way:  
Might it be so; your *Virtues*, would become  
A Glorious *Blessing*, to all *CHRISTENDOME*:  
Your *EMBLEM* should, by future *Generations*;  
Be plac'd among the famous *Constellations*,  
And, *after-times* (though, mee, this Age despise)  
Would thinke, these *Verses*, had beene *Prophecies*.



*The Epistle, &c.*

What ever may succeed, my *Pray'rs* and *Power's*  
Are this way bent; with *Hope*, that *You* or *Yours*  
Shall *Helps* (at least) become, that *Breach* to close,  
Which, in the *Seamles-Robe*, yet, wider grows.  
So *Be It*: And, let bright your *Glories* bee,  
For ever, though *You* never shine on *Me*.

*Your* MAIESTIES

most Loyall Subject,

GEO: WITHER.



## TO THE READER.



**I**f there had not bene some Bookes conceitedly composed, and suitable to meane capacities, I am doubtfull, whether I had ever bene so delighted in reading, as thereby to attaine to the little Knowledge I have: For, I doe yet remember, that, things honestly pleasant, brought mee by degrees, to love that which is truly profitable. And as David said, His Heart shewed him the wickednesse of the Vngodly; (meaning perhaps, that hee felt in himselfe, some Experiments, of the same naturall Corruption, by which they are overcome, who resist not evill suggestions at their first motions: ) Even so, I may truly acknowledge, that mine owne Experience hath shewne mee so much of the common Ignorance and Infirmitie in mine owne person, that it hath taught mee, how those things may be wrought upon in others, to their best advantage.

Therefore, though I can say no more to dissuade from Vice, or to encourage men to Vertue, than hath already bene said in many learned Authors; yet I may be an occasion by those Endeavours, to bring that, the ofister into remembrance, which they have, more learnedly, expressed: and perhaps, by such circumstances, as they would not descend unto, may insinuate further also with some Capacities, than more applauded Meanes. Vineger, Salt, or common Water, (which are very meane Ingredients) make Sauces more pleasing to some tastes, than Sugar, and Spices. In like manner, plaine and vulgar notions, seasoned with a little Pleasantnesse, and relished with a moderate Sharpnesse, worke that, otherwhile, which the most admired Compositions could never effect in many Readers; yea, wee have had frequent proofes, that a blunt Iest hath moved to more consideration, than a judicious Discourse.

I take little pleasures in Rymes, Fictions, or conceited Compositions, for their owne sakes; neither could I ever take so much paines, as to spend time to put my meanings into other words than such as flowed forth, without Studie; partly because I delight more in Matter, than in Wordy Flourishes, but, chiefly, because those Verball Conceites, which by some, are accounted most Elegant, are not onely (for the greater part) Emptie Sounds, and Impertinent Clinches, in themselves; but, such Inventions, as do sometime, also, obscure the Sense, to common Readers; and, serve to little other purpose, but for Wittie men to shew Tricks one to another: For, the Ignorant understand them not; and the Wise need them not.

So much of them, as (without darkning the matter, to them who most need instruction) may be made use of, to stirre up the Affections, winne Attention, or help the Memory, I approve, and make use of, to those good purposes, according as my lesore, and the measure of my Facultie will permit; that, Vagant might

## To the Reader.

might not, to worse ends, get them wholly into her Possession. For, I know that the meanest of such conceits are as pertinent to some, as Rattles, and Hobby-horses to Children; or as the A. B. C. and Spelling, were at first to those Readers, who are now past them. And, indeed, to despise Meane Inventions, Pleasant Compositions, and Verball Elegancies, (being qualified as is aforesaid) or to banish them out of the world, because there be other things of more excellencie, were as absurd, as to neglect and root out all Herbes, which will not make Potage; or, to destroy all Flowers, which are lesse beautifull than the Tulip, or lesse sweet than the Rose.

I (that was never so suddenly wise) have alwayes intermingled Sports with Seriouesness in my Inventions; and, taken in Verball-conceits, as they came to hand, without Affectation; But, having, ever aynded, rather to profit my Readers, than to gaine their praise, I neuer pompe for those things; and am, otherwise, commited to some Foolish, (yea, and perhaps, more foolish than I am) to the Overweening-Wise; that, I may make others Wiser than they were: And, (as I now doe) am not ashamed to set forth a Game at Lots, or (as it were) a Puppet-play in Pictures, to allure men to the more serious obseruation of the profitable Morals, couched in these Emblems. Next to beleeve, (if some have said, and thought truly) my Poems have instructed, and rectified many People in the Course of Honest-living, (which is the best Wisedome) much more than the Austerer Volumes of some criticall Authors; who, are by the Common-sort, therefore only, judged Wise, because they composed Books, which few understand, save they who need them not.

In these Lots and Emblems, I have the same ayne which I had in my other Writings: and though I have not dressed them suitably to curious Fancies yet, they yield wholesome nourishment to strengthen the constitution of a Good-life; and, have solidity enough for a Play game, which was but accidentally compos'd; and, by this Occasion.

These Emblems, graven in Copper by Crispinus Passerius (with a Motto in Greeke, Latine, or Italian, round about every Figure; and with two Lines (or Verses) in one of the same Languages, periphrasing those Motto's) came to my hands, almost twentie yeares past. The Verses were so meane, that, they were afterward cut off from the Plates; And, the Collector of the said Emblems, (whether hee were the Versifier or the Graver, was neither so well advised in the Choice of them, nor so exact in observing the true Proprieties belonging to every Figure, as hee might have beene.

Yet, the Workman-ship being judged very good, for the most part; and the rest excusable; some of my Friends were so much delighted in the Gravers art, and, in those Illustrations, which for mine owne pleasure, I had made upon some few of them, that, they requested mee to Moralize the rest. Which I condescended unto: And, they had beene brought to view many yeares agoe, but that the Copper Prints (which are now gotten) could not be procured out of Holland, upon any reasonable Conditions.

If they were worthy of the Gravers and Printers cost, being  
only

## To the Reader.

only dumbe Figures, little usefull to any but to young Gravers or Painters; and as little delightfull, except, to Children, and Childish-gazers: they may now be much more worthy; seeing the life of Speech being added unto them, may make them Teachers, and Remembrancers of profitable things.

I doe not arrogate so much unto my Illustrations, as to thinke, they will be able to teach any thing to the Learned; yet if they cast their eyes upon them, perhaps, these Emblems, and their Morals, may remember them, either of some Dutie, which they might else forget, or minde them to beware of some Danger, which they might otherwise be unheedfull to prevent. But, sure I am, the Vulgar Capacities, may from them, be many waies both Instructed, and Remembred; yea, they that have most need to be Instructed, and Remembred, (and they who are most backward to listen to Instructions, and Remembrances, by the common Course of Teaching, and Admonishing) shall be, hereby, informed of their Dangers, or Duties, by the way of an honest Recreation, before they be aware.

For, when levitie, or a childish delight in trifling Objects, hath allured them to looke on the Pictures; Curiositie may urge them to peepe further, that they might seeke out also their Meanings, in our annexed Illustrations; in which, may lurke some Sentence, or Expression, so evidently pertinent to their Estates, Persons, or Affections, as will (at that instant or afterward) make way for those Considerations, which will, at last, wholly change them, or much better them, in their Conversation.

To seeke out the Author of every particular Emblem, were a labour without profit; and, I have beene so far from endeavouring it, that I have not somuch as cared to find out their meanings in any of these Figures; but, applied them rather, to such purposes, as I could thinke of, at first sight; which, upon a second view, I found might have beene much betterd, if I could have spared time from other employments. Something, also, I was Confinde, by obliging my selfe to observe the same number of lines in every Illustration; and, otherwhile, I was thereby constrained to conclude, when my best Meditations were but new begunne: which (though it hath pleased Some, by the more comely Uniformitie, in the Pages) yet, it hath much injured the libertie of my Muse.

There be, no doubt, some faults committed by the Printer, both Literall and Materiall, and some Errors of the Gravers in the Figures, (as in the Tetragrammaton; in the Figure of Arion; and in the Proprieties due to some other Hieroglyphicks; but, for the most part, they are such, as Common-Readers will never perceive; and I thinke, that they who are Judicious, will so plainly finde them to be no faults of mine; that, leaving them to be amended by those, to whom they appertaine; and, You, to accept of these Play-games as you please: I bid you Farewell.



## To the Reader.

### The Occasion, Intention, and use of the Four Lotteries adjoynd to these four Books of Emblems.

**S**Tultorum plena sunt omnia. The world is growne so in Love with Follie, that the Imprinting of over-solid and serious treatises would undoe the Book-sellers; especially, being so chargeable as the many costly Sculptures have made this Booke: therefore, (to advance their Profits, rather than to satisfie my owne Iudgement) I was moved to invent somewhat, which might be likely to please the vulgar Capacitie, without hindrance to my chiefe End. And, though that which I resolved on, be not so Plausible to Criticall understandings, yet I am contented to hazard among them, so much of my Reputation, as that comes to.

I have often observed, that where the Summer-bowers of Recreation are placed neare the Church, it drawes thither more people from the remote Hamlets, than would else be there. Now, though I praise not their Devotion, yet I am glad if any thing (which is not evil in it selfe) may be made an occasion of Good: (because, those things may, perhaps, be continued, at last, for Conscience sake, which were at first begonne upon vaine occasions) and, have therefore added Lotteries to these Emblems, to occasion the more frequent notice of the Morals, and good Counsell: tendred in their Illustrations; hoping that, at one time or other, some shall draw those Lots, which will make them the better, and the happier, whilst they live. I confesse that this Devise may probably be censured, as unsutable to the gravitie expected in my ripe yeares: and be reputed as great an Indecorum, as erecting an Ale-house at the Church-stile; yet, the same having had beginning in my younger dayes, I do now resolve not to be ashamed of it, for the Reasons aforementioned. To such as I was, it will be someway awayleable: and perhaps, if the Wisest did otherwise, when they walke abroad, to Vncertaine purposes, take up this Booke, and (without Superstitious Conceites) make tryalls what their Lots would remember, or give them cause to thinke on; it might, now and then, either occasion better Proceedings, or prevent Mischieves.

Some Games were ever in use; ever, I thinke, will be, and for ought I know, ever may be without exception. And, I believe, this Recreation, will be as harmlesse as any, if it be used according to my Intentions. For, my meaning is not, that any should use it as an Oracle, which could signifie, infallibly, what is divinely allotted; but, to serve onely for a Morall Pastime. And, that I may no way encourage the secret entertaining of such a Fantasie, I doe before hand affirme unto them, that none but Children, or Idlers may be tollerated to be so foolish, without laughing at.

Yet, if any one shall draw that Lot wherein his Secret vices are reproved; or some good Counsell proposed, which in his owne understanding are pertinent to his welfare, let not such as those, passe them over as meere Casualties to them; for, whatsoever these Lots are to others, or in themselves, they are to all these,  
made

## To the Reader.

made pertinent in such cases, both by their particular Knowledges and Occasions.

Some will thinke perhaps, that I have purposely invented this Game, that I might finde means to reprove many vices, without being suspected, (as I have hitherto unjustly been) to censure particular persons. For, if any who are notoriously Giddy, shall by drawing their Chances, among other Companions, be fitted with Lots, (which may now and then happen) that those Vices be thereby intimated to the by-standers, of which the world knows them guilty; they do therein make their own choice, and may be laughed at without my blame. If not, I am sure I shall be such as are verily suspected of Hayne, Chatter, and scandalous conversations, either to forbear, or to be excused, if they be justly shamed by their own Faults.

Having thus declared the Reason of this Invention, and made these Answeres, every man hath his choice, whether he will make use of these Lotteries or no; but that will, is left to his Chance, of which, how he shall make tryall, direction is given in the two last Pages of this Booke.

This Game occasions not the frequent crime,  
Of Swearing, or mispending of our Time;  
Nor losse of money: For, the Play is short,  
And, ev'ry Gamester winneth by the sport.  
Wee, therefore, know it may aswell become  
The Hall, the Parlor, or the Dining-room,  
As Chess, or Tables; and, we thinke the Price  
Will be as low; because, it needs no Dice.







*What I WAS, is pased by;  
 What I AM, away doth flie;  
 What I SHAL BEE, none do see:  
 Yet, in that, my Beauties bee.*

**The AVTHORS Meditation upon  
 sight of his PICTURE.**

**VV***hen I behold my Picture, and perceive,  
 How vaine it is, our Portraictures to leave  
 In Lines, and Shadowes, (which make shewes, to day,  
 Of that which will, to morrow, fade away)*

*And*

And, thinke, what meane Resemblances at best,  
Are by Mechanike Instruments exprest;  
I thought it better, much, to leave behind me,  
Some Draught, in which my living friends might find me  
The same I am; in that, which will remaine,  
Till all is ruin'd, and repair'd againe:

And, which, in absence, will more truly show me,  
Than outward Formes, to those, who think they know me.

For, though my gracious MAKER made me such,  
That, where I love, belov'd I am, as much  
As I desire; yet, Forme, nor Features are,  
Those Ornaments, in which I would appeare  
To future Times; Though they were found in me,  
Farre better, than I can beleve they be.

Much lesse, affect I that, which each man knowes,  
To be no more, but Counterfeits of those,  
Wherein, the Painters, or the Gravers tooles,  
Befriends alike, the Wiseman, and the Foole?  
And, (when they please) can give him, by their Art,  
The fairest Face, that hat the falsest Heart.

A PICTURE, though with most exactnesse made,  
Is nothing, but the Shadow of a SHADE.  
For, ev'n our living Bodies, (though they seeme  
To others more, or more in our esteeme)  
Are but the shadowes of this Reall being,  
Which doth extend beyond the Fleishly seeing;  
And, cannot be discerned, till we rise  
Immortall-Objects, for Immortall-eyes.

Our Everlasting Substance lies unseene,  
Behinde the Fouldings, of a Carnall Scene,  
Which is, but, Vapours thicken'd into Blood,  
(By due concoction of our daily food)

And, still supplied, out of other Creatures,  
To keepe us living, by their wasted natures:

Renewing, and decaying, ev'ry Day,  
Vntill that Vaile must be remov'd away.  
For, this lov'd Fleish, wherewith, yet cloth'd we go,  
Is not the same, wee had sev'n yeares ago;

But, rather, something which is taken-in,  
To serve instead of what hath wasted bin,  
In Wounds, in Sickneses, in Colds, and Heates,  
In all Excrecions, and in Fumes, and Sweates.

Nor,

Nor shall, this present Flesh, long stay with us:  
And, wee may well be pleas'd, it should be Thus.

For, as I view, those Townes, and Fields, that be  
In Landship drawne: Even so, methinks, I see  
A Glimpes, farre off, (through FAITH's Prospective  
Of that, which after Death, will come to passe; glasse)  
And, likewise, gain'd have, such meanes of seeing,  
Some things, which were, before my Life had being,  
That, in my Soule, I should be discontent,  
If, this my Body were, more permanent;  
Since, Wee, and all God's other Creatures, here,  
Are but the Pictures, of what shall appeare.

Yet, whilst they are, I thankfully would make  
That use of them, for their CREATOR's sake,  
To which hee made them; and, preserve the Table,  
Still, Faire and Full, as much as I were able,  
By finishing, (in my allotted place)  
Those Workes, for which, hee fits me by his Grace.  
And, if a Wrenne, a Wrenn's just beight shall soare,  
No Eagle, for an Eagle, can doe more.

If therefore, of my Labours, or of MEE,  
Ought shall remaine, when I remov'd, must be,  
Let it be that, wherein it may be view'd,  
My MAKERS Image, & as in me renew'd:  
And, so declare, a dutifull intent,  
To doe the Worke I came for, ere I went;  
That, I to others, may some Pattern be,  
Of Doing-well, as other men to mee,  
Have beene, whilst I had life: And, let my daies  
Be summed up, to my Redeemer's praise.

So this be gain'd, I regard it not,  
Though, all that I am else, be quite forgot.

By Knowledge onely, Life wee gaine,  
All other things to Death pertaine.

I



ILLVSTRATIO I.

Book. I.

**H**ow Fond are they, who spend their pretious Time  
In still pursuing their deceiving *Pleasures* ?  
And they, that unto ayery *Titles* clime  
Or tyre themselves in hoording up of *Treasures* ?  
For, these are *Death's*, who, when with wearinesse  
They have acquired most, sweepes all away ;  
And leaues them, for their Labors, to possesse  
Nought but a raw-bon'd *Carcasse* lapt in clay.  
Of twenty hundred thousands, who, this houre  
Vaunt much, of those *Possessions* they have got ;  
Of their new purchac'd *Honours*, or, the *Power*,  
By which, they seeme to have advanc't their *Lott* :  
Of this great *Multitude*, there shall not *Three*  
Remaine, for any *Future-age* to know ;  
But perish quite, and quite forgotten bee,  
As *Beasts*, devoured twice ten yeares agoe.

Thou, therefore, who desir'st for aye to live,  
And to possesse thy *Labors* maugre *Death*,  
To needfull *Arts* and honest *Alliamps*, give  
Thy Spanne of *Time*, and thy short blast of *Breath*.  
In holy *Studies*, exercise thy *Mind* ;  
In workes of *Charity*, thy *Hands* imploy ;  
Thar *Knowledge*, and that *Treasure*, seeke to find,  
Which may enrich thy *Heart* with perfect *Ioy*.  
So, though obscured thou appeare, awhile,  
Despised, poore, or borne to Fortunes low,  
Thy *Virtue* shall acquire a nobler stile,  
Then greatest *Kings* are able to bestow :  
And, gaine thee those *Possessions*, which, nor *They*,  
Nor *Time*, nor *Death*, have power to take away.

B

The



The Man that hath true Wifdome got,  
Continues firme, and wavers not.



ILLVSTR. II.

Book, 1.

**S** Till fixt, and with triumphant *Laurell* crown'd,  
Is trust *Wifdome*; whom, exprest thus,  
Among the old *Impresa's*, we have found;  
And, much, this *Emblem* hath instructed us.  
For, hence we learne; that, *Wifdome* doth not flow  
From those unconstant men, whom ev'ry *Blasf*,  
Or small *Occasion*, turneth to and fro;  
But, from a *Settled-head* that standeth fast.  
Who'ever shoulders him, he gives no place;  
What *Storme* soe're, his *Times* or *Fortunes*, breath,  
He neither hides his *Brow*, nor turns his *Face*;  
But, keepes his Lookes undaunted, ev'n in *Death*.  
The *Laureat head*, upon the *Pillar* set,  
Thus signifies; And that *Bay-wreath* doth show  
That constant *Wifdome* will the conquest get,  
When giddy *Policie* prevails not so.

If, therefore, thou desirest to be taught,  
Propose good *Ends* with honest *Meanes* thereto,  
And therein *Constant* be, till thou hast brought  
To perfect end, that *Worke*, thou hast to doe.  
Let neither flax'ring *Pleasures*, nor *Disgrace*,  
Nor scoffing *Censures*, nor the cunning *Sleights*  
Of glozing *Sycophants*, divert that *Race*  
To which, a harmelesse *Prudence*, thee invites.  
Though others plot, conspire, and undermine,  
Keep thou a plaine right *Path*; and let their *Cause*,  
For no advantage, make thee change from *thine*,  
Although it (for the present) seemes the worse.

He, thus that workes, puts *Policie* to *Schoole*,  
And makes the *Machavilian* prove a foole.

The



The Law is given to direct ;  
The Sword, to punish and protect.

3



ILLVSTR. III.

Book. I.

When God Almighty first engrav'd in stone  
His holy Law ; He did not give the same  
As if some common Act had then been done ;  
For, arm'd with *Fires* and *Thunders*, forth it came.  
By which, that great *Law-maker* might inferre  
What dreadful *Vengeance* would on those attend,  
Who did against those holy *Precepter*ie ;  
And, that, his *Power*, well-doers could defend.  
Thereto, this *Emblem*, also doth agree ;

For, loe, before the *Tables* of the *Law*,  
A naked *Sword* is borne, whose use may bee  
As well to keepe in *Safety*, as in *Awe*.  
Whence, *Princes* (if they please) this note may take,  
(And it shall make them happily to raigne)  
That, many good and wholesome *Laws* to make  
Without an *Executioner*, is vaine.

It likewise intimates, that such as are  
In *Severaigne* place, as well obliged be  
Their zeale for true *Religion* to declare,  
As, what concerneth *Manners*, to foresee.  
It lastly, shoves that *Princes* should affect  
Not onely, over others to *Command*,  
But *Swords* to wear, their *Subjells* to protect ;  
And, for their *Guard*, extend a willing hand.  
For, *Laws*, or *Peace* to boast of ; and, the whiles,  
The *Publique-weale*, to weaken or disarm,  
Is nor the way to hinder *Civill-Broyles*,  
Nor to secure it from a *Forraigne harme*.

For, As by *Laws* a Land is kept in frame ;  
So, *Armes* is that, which must protect the same.

Occasions-past are sought in vaine;  
But, oft, they wheele-about againe.



ILLVSTR. IV.

Book. I.

**U**Nwise are they that spend their youthfull Prime  
In Vanities, as if they did suppose  
That men, at pleasure, might redeeme the Time;  
For, they a faire advantage fondly lose.  
As ill-advis'd be those, who having lost  
The first Occasions, to Despairing runne:  
For, Time hath Revolutions, and, the most,  
For their Affaires, have Seasons more, then one.  
Nor is their Folly small, who much depend  
On Transitorie things, as if their Powre  
Could bring to passe what should not have an End;  
Or compasse that, which Time will not devoure.

The first Occasions, therefore, see thou take  
(Which offred are) to bring thy hopes about;  
And, minde thou, Rill, what Haste away they make,  
Before thy swift-pac't houres are quite runne out.  
Yet, if an Opportunity be past,  
Despaire not thou, as they that hopelesse be;  
Since, Time may so revolve againe, at last,  
That New-Occasions may be offred thee.  
And see, thou trust not on those fading things,  
Which by thine owne Endeavours thou acquir'st:  
For, Time (which her owne Births to ruine brings)  
Will spare, nor thee, nor ought which thou desir'st.  
His Properties, and Uses, what they are,  
In-vaine observ'd will be, when he is fled:  
That, they in season, therefore, may appeare,  
Our Emblem, thus, hath him deciphered;  
Balde save before, and standing on a Wheele;  
A Razor in his Hand, a Winged Heele.

By Labour, Vertue may be gain'd;  
By Vertue, Glorie is attain'd.

5



ILLVSTR. V.

Book. I.

**S**uppose you see, those mimicke Apes you meet  
In strange fantastick habits & or the Rabble,  
That in gay clothes embroyder out the street,  
Are truly of *Worshipfull* or *Honorable*?  
Or can you thinke, that, To be borne the Sonne  
Of some rich *Alderman*, or ancient *Pierre*,  
Or that the *Fame* our Predecessors wonne  
May claime those *Wreathes* which true *Deserving* weare?  
Is *Honour* due to those, who spend their dayes  
In courting one another & or consuming  
Their Fortunes and themselves, on Drabbs and Playes?  
In sleeping, drinking, and Tobacco-fuming?  
Not so. For, (though such *Fooles*, like children, place  
Gay *Titles* on each other) *Wise-men* know  
What slaves they be; how miserably base;  
And, where such *Attributes* would better show.

An idle *Body* clothes a vitious *Minde*;  
And, what (at best) is purchac'd by the same,  
Is nothing else, but stinking *Smoke* and *Winds*;  
Or frothy *Bubbles* of an empty *Fame*.  
True *Glory*, none did ever purchase, yet,  
Till, to be *Virtuous* they could first attaine;  
Nor shall those men faile *Vertues* favour get,  
Who labour not, such *Dignities* to gaine.  
And, this *Impresa* doth inferre no lesse:  
For, by the *Snake*, is *Labour* here implide;  
The *Snake*, a vertuous *Prudence*, doth expresse;  
And, *Glorie*, by the *Wreath* is Typified.

For, where a vertuous *Industry* is found,  
She, shall with *Wreaths* of *Glory*, thus be crown'd.

Though

Though Fortune prove true Vertues Foe,  
It cannot worke her Overthrowe.



ILLVSTR. VI.

Book. I.

**U**Nhappy men are they, whose Ignorance  
So flaves them to the *Fortunes* of the Time,  
That they (attending on the Lot of Chance)  
Neglect by *Virtue*, and *Deserts*, to clime.  
Poore *Heights* they be which *Fortune* reares unto;  
And, fickle is the *Favour* she bestowes:  
To-day, she makes; to-morrow, doth undoe;  
Builds up, and in an instant overthrowes.  
On easie *Wheels*, to Wealth, and Honours high,  
She windes men oft, before they be aware;  
And, when they dreame of most *Prosperitie*,  
Downe, headlong, throwes them lower then they were.

You, then, that seeke a more assur'd estate,  
On good, and honest *Objests*, fixe your *Minds*,  
And follow *Virtue*, that you may a *Fate*  
Exempt from feare of Change, or Dangers, finde.  
For, he that's *Virtuous*, whether high or low  
His *Fortune* seemes (or whether foule or faire  
His *Path* he findes) or whether friend, or foe,  
The *World* doth prove; regards it not a haire.  
His *Losse* is *Gain*; his *Poverty* is *Wealth*;  
The *Worlds Contempt*, he makes his *Diadem*;  
In *Sickness*, he rejoyceth, as in *Health*:  
Yea, *Death* it selte, becommeth *Life*, to him.  
He feares no disrespect, no bitter scorne,  
Nor subtil plotting, nor Oppressions force;  
Nay, though the *World* should topsie-turvie turne,  
It cannot fright him, nor divert his *Course*.  
Above all *Earthly powres* his *Virtue* reares him;  
And, up with *Eglets* wings, to Heav'n it beares him.

A fickle



*A sickle Woman wanton growne,  
 Preferrres a Crowd, before a Crowne,*

7



ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. I.

**O**le! Dost thou hope, thine *Honours*, or thy *Gold*,  
 Shall gaine thee *Love*? Or, that thou hast her heart  
 Whose hand upon thy tempting *Boys* layes hold:  
 Alas! fond *Lover*, thou deceived art.

She that with *Wealth*, and *Titles*, can be wonne,  
 Or woo'd with *Vanities*, will way ring bee;  
 And, when her *Love*, thou most dependest on,  
 A *Fiddle-sticke* shall winne her heart from thee.  
 To *Youth* and *Musick*, *Venus* leaneeth most;  
 And (though her hand she on the *Scepter* lay)  
 Let *Greatnesse*, of her Favours never boast:  
 For, *Heart* and *Eye*, are bent another way.  
 And lo, no glori'ous Purchase that Man gets,  
 Who hath with such poore *Trifles*, woo'd, and wonne:  
 Her footing, on a *Ball*, his *Mistresse* sets,  
 Which in a moment slips, and she is gone.  
 A *Woman*, meeely with an *Out side* caught,  
 Or tempted with a *Galliard*, or a *Song*,  
 Will him forsake (whom she most lovely thought)  
 For *Players* and for *Tumblers*, ere't be long.

You, then, that wish your *Love* should ever last,  
 (And would enjoy *Affection* without changing)  
 Love where your *Loves* may worthily be plac't;  
 And, keepe your owne *Affection*, still from ranging.  
 Use noble *Means*, your Longings to attaine;  
 Seeke equall *Mindes*, and well befeeming *Teares*:  
 They are (at best) vaine *Fooles*, whom *Fortune* gaine;  
 But, there is *Blisse*, where, *Virtue* most endears:  
 And, wherefoe're, *Affection* shee procures,  
 In spight of all *Temptations*, it endures.

*This*

*This Rage of Death, which thou shalt see,  
Consider it; And Pious bee.*



ILLVSTR. VIII.

Book. I.

Hy, filly Man ! so much admirest thou  
Thy present *Fortune* ? overvaluing so  
Thy *Person*, or the beauty of thy *Brow* ?  
And *Cloib'd*, so proudly, wherefore dost thou goe ?  
Why dost thou live in riotous *Excesse* ?  
And *Boast*, as if thy *Flesh* immortall were ?  
Why dost thou gather so ? Why so oppress ?  
And, o're thy Fellow-creatures, *Dominere* ?  
Behold this *Emblem*, such a thing was hee  
Whom this doth represent as now thou art ;  
And, such a *Fleshlesse Raw bone* shalt thou bee,  
Though, yet, thou seeme to act a comelier part.  
Observe it well ; and marke what *Uglinesse*  
Stares through the sightlesse *Eye holes*, from within :  
Note those leane *Craggs*, and with what *Gastlinesse*,  
That horrid *Countenance* doth seeme to grin.  
Yea, view it well ; and having scene the same  
Plucke downe that *Pride* which puffs thy heart so high ;  
Of thy *Proportion* boast not, and (for shame)  
Repent thee of thy sinfull *Vanity*.  
And, having learn'd, that, all men must become  
Such bare *Anatomies* ; and, how this *Fate*  
No mortall *Powre*, nor *Wit*, can keepe thee from ;  
Live so, that *Death* may better thy estate.  
Consider who created thee ; and why :  
Renew thy *Spirit*, ere thy *Flesh* decayes :  
More *Pious* grow ; Affect more *Honestie* ;  
And seeke hereafter thy *Creators* praise.  
So though of *Breath* and *Beauty* Time deprive thee,  
New *Life*, with endlesse *Glorie*, God will give thee.

Before

Before thou bring thy Workes to Light,  
Consider on them, in the Night.

9



ILLVSTR. IX.

Book. X.

**A**N Owle (the Hieroglyphick us'd for Night)  
Twixt Mercury and Pallas, here takes place,  
Vpon a crown'd Caduceus fixt upright;  
And, each a Cornucopia doth imbrace.  
Through which darke Emblem, I this Light perceive;  
That, such as would the Wit and Wealth acquire,  
Which may the Crowne of approbation have,  
Must wake by Night, to compassse their desire.  
For, this Mercurian-Wand, doth Wit expresse;  
The Cornucopia, Wealthinesse implies;  
Both gained by a studious Watchfulness;  
Which, here, the Bird of Athens signifies.

Nor, by this Emblem, are we taught alone,  
That, (when great Undertakings are intended)  
We Sloth, and lumpyish Drowsinesse must shunne;  
But, Rashnesse, also, here is reprehended.  
Take Counsell of thy Pillow, (saith our Saviour)  
And, ere in waighy Matters thou proceede,  
Consider well upon them; lest they draw  
Some Afterclaps, which may thy Mischiefe breede.

I, for my seriou'st Musick, chuse the Night;  
(More friend to Meditation, then the Day)  
That neither Noyse, nor Objects of the Sight,  
Nor bus'nesses, withdraw my Thoughts away,  
By Night, we best may ruminat upon  
Our Purposes; Then, best, we may enquire  
What Allions wee amisse, or well, have done;  
And, then, may best into our Selves retire:

For, of the World-without, when most we see,  
Then, blindest to the World-within, are wee.

C

As

An Innocent no Danger feares,  
How great soever it appeares.



ILLVSTR. X.

Book. 1.

**W**hen some did seeke *Arion* to have drown'd,  
He, with a dreadlesse heart his Temples crown'd;  
And, when to drench him in the Seas they meant,  
He playd on his melodious-Instrument;  
To shew, that *Innocence* disdain'd Feare,  
Though to be swallow'd in the Deepes it were.  
Nor did it perish: For, upon her Backe  
A *Dolphin* tooke him, for his *Musick's* sake:  
To intimate, that *Virtue* shall prevaile  
With *Brutish* Creatures, if with *Men* it faile.  
Most vaine is then their Hope, who dreame they can  
Make wretched, or undoe, an *Honest-Man*:  
For, he whom *Virtuous Innocence* ador  
Insults o're *Cruelties*; and, *Perill* scornes.  
Yea, that, by which, *Men* purpose to undoe him,  
(In their despight) shall bring great *Honours* to him.

*Arion*-like, the Malice of the *World*,  
Hath into *Seas* of *Troubles* often hurl'd  
Deserving *Men*, although no Cause they had,  
But that their *Words* and *Workes* sweet *Musick* made,  
Of all their outward Helps it hath bereft them;  
Nor meanes, nor hopes of Comfort have beene left them;  
But such, as in the House of *Mourning* are,  
And, what *Good-Conscience* can afford them there.  
Yet, *Dolphin*-like, their *Innocence* hath rear'd  
Their Heads above those *Dangers* that appear'd.  
*God* hath vouchsaf'd their harmelesse Cause to heed,  
And, ev'n in *Thraldome*, so their Hearts hath freed,  
That, whil't they seem'd oppress'd and torlorne;  
They *Joyd*, and *Sung*, and *Laugh'd* the *World* to scorne.

When



*A Foole, in Folly taketh Paine,  
Although he labour still in vaine.*

II



ILLVSTR. XI.

Book. I.

**A** Massie Mil-stane up a tedious Hill,  
With mighty Labour, *Sisyphus* doth roll;  
Which being rais'd aloft, downe-tumbleth, still,  
To keepe employed his afflicted *Soule*.  
On him, this tedious Labour is impos'd;  
And (though in vaine) it must be still assayd:  
But, some, by no Necessity inclos'd,  
Vpon themselves, such needlesse Taskes have layd.  
Yea, knowing not (or caring not to know)  
That they are worne and weary'd out in vaine,  
They madly toyle to plunge themselves in Woe;  
And, seeke uncertaine *Ease*, in certaine *Paine*.

Such *Fooles* are they, who dreame they can acquire  
A Minde-content, by *Lab'ring still for more*:  
For, *Wealth* encreasing, doth encrease *Desire*,  
And makes *Contentment* lesse then before.

Such *Fooles* are they, whose *Hopes* doe vainely stretch  
To climbe by *Titles*, to a happy Height:  
For, having gotten one *Ambitious-Reach*,  
Another comes perpetually in sight.  
And, thei' stupidity is nothing lesse,  
Who dreame that *Flesh* and *Blood* may rayfed be  
Vp to the Mount of perfect-*Holinesse*:  
For (at our best) corrupt and vile are we.  
Yet, we are bound by *Faith*, with *Love* and *Hope*,  
To roll the Stone of *Good-Endeavour*, still,  
As neere as may be, to *Perfection's top*,  
Though backe againe it tumble downe the *Hill*.

So, What our *Works* had never power to doe,  
*God's Grace*, at last, shall freely bring us to.

As, to the World I naked came,  
So, naked-stript I leave the same.



ILLVSTR. XII.

Book. I.

**H**rice happy is that Man whose *Thoughts* doe reare  
His Minde above that pitch the *Worldling* flies,  
And by his *Contemplations*, hovers where  
He viewes things mortall, with unbleared eyes.  
What Trifles then doe *Villages* and *Townes*  
Large *Fields* or *Flocks* of fruitfull *Cattell* seeme?  
Nay, what poore things are *Miters*, *Scepters*, *Crownes*,  
And all those *Glories* which Men most esteeme?  
Though he that hath among them, his Delight,  
Brave things imagines them (because they blinde  
With some false Lustre his beguiled sight)  
He that's above them, their meane-Worth may finde.

Lord, to that *Blessed-Station* me convey  
Where I may view the *World*, and view her so,  
That I her true Condition may survey;  
And all her Imperfections rightly know.  
Remember me, that once there was a Day  
When thou didst weane me from them with content,  
Ev'n when shut up within those *Gates* I lay  
Through which the *Plague-inflicting Angel* went.  
And, let me still remember, that an *Hour*  
Is hourly comming on, wherein I shall  
(Though I had all the *World* within my powre)  
Be naked stript, and turned out of all.  
But minde me, chiefly, that I never cleave  
Too closely to my *Selfe*; and cause thou me,  
Not other *Earthly* things alone to leave,  
But to forsake my *Selfe* for love of *Thee*:  
That I may say, now I have all things left,  
Before that I of all things, am bereft.

To him a happy Lot befalls  
That hath a Ship, and prosp'rous Gales.

13



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. I.

**I**O wonder he a prosp'rous *Voyage* findes  
That hath both *Sailes* and *Oares* to serve his turne,  
And still, through meanes of some propitious *Winds*  
Is to his wished *Harbour*, swiftly borne.  
Nor is it much admir'd, if they that lacke  
Those aydes (on which the *Common faith* depends)  
Are from their hoped aymes repelled backe,  
Or made to labour for unfruitfull ends.  
Yet neither in the *Ship*, *Wind*, *Oares*, or *Sailes*,  
Nor in the want of *Outward meanes*, alone,  
Consists it, that our *Hope* succedes or failes;  
But, most in that, which Men least thinke upon.  
For, *some* endeavour, and their Paines are blest  
With *Gales* which are so fortunate, that they  
Fly safe, and swiftly on, among the best,  
Whil'st others labour, and are cast away.

*Some* others, on this *Worlds* wide *Ocean* floate,  
And neither *Wind*, nor *Tide* assistant have,  
Nor *Saile*, nor *Oare*, nor *Anchor*, nor sound *Beate*,  
Nor take so much as heede themselves to save;  
And yet are safe: A third sort, then, there are  
Who neither want fit *Meanes*, nor yet neglect  
The painfull-*Industrie*, or honest *Care*,  
Which *Need* requires; yet find small good effect.  
Therefore, let that which you propose, be *Iust*;  
Then, use the fairest *Meanes*, to compasse it:  
And, though *Meanes* faile, yet foster no mistrust;  
But searelessly, to *God*, your *Course* commit:  
For, *Hee*, to Faithfull *Hearts*, and *Honest* *Mindes*  
Turnes *Losse* to *Gain*; and *Stormes*, to prosp'rous *Winds*.

Though

Though he endeavour all he can,  
An Ape, will never be a Man.



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. I.

**W**Hat though an *Apisb-Pigmie*, in attire,  
His Dwarfish Body *Gyant-like*, array e  
Turne *Brave*, and get him *Stilts* to seem the higher:  
What would so doing, handsome him I pray e  
Now, surely, such a Mimicke fight as that,  
Would with excessive Laughter move your Spleene,  
Till you had made the little *Dandiprat*,  
To lye within some Auger-hole, unscene.

I must confesse I cannot chuse but smile,  
When I perceive, how Men that worthless are,  
Piec out their *Imperfections*, to beguile,  
By making shewes, of what they never were.  
For, in their *burrow'd-Shapes*, I know those Men,  
And (through their *Masks*) such insight of them have;  
That I can oftentimes disclose (ev'n then)  
How much they savour of the *Foole* or *Knave*.

A *Pigmy-spirit*, and an *Earthly-Minde*,  
Whose looke is onely fixt on *Objects vaine*;  
In my esteeme, so meane a place doth finde,  
That ev'ry such a one, I much refraine.  
But, when in honour'd *Robes* I see it put,  
Betrimm'd, as if some thing of *Worth* it were,  
Looke big, and on the *Stilts* of *Greatnesse*, strut;  
From scorning it, I cannot then forbear.  
For, when to grosse *Unworthinesse*, Men adde  
Those *Dues*, which to the *Truest-worth* pertaine;  
Tis like an *Ape*, in *Humane-Festments* clad,  
Which, when most fine, deserveth most disdain:

And, more absurd, those Men appeare to me,  
Then this *Fantasticke-Monkey* seemes to thee.



I pine, that others may not perisb,  
And waste my Selfe, their Life tocherisb.

15



ILLVSTR. XV.

Book. I.

**O** Bserve I pray you, how the greedy *Flame*  
The *Feuell*, on an *Altar* doth consume.  
How it destroyeth that which feedes the same,  
And how the *Nourisher* away doth fume.  
For, so it fares with *Parents* that uphold  
Their thriftlesse *Children* in unlawfull *Pleasures* :  
With *Cares*, it weares them out, ere they are old ;  
And ere their *Lives* consume, consumes their *Treasures*.  
So fares it with such *Wantons* as doe feede  
Vnchast *Desires* ; for, ev'ry day they grow  
Vntill their *Longings*, their *Supplies* exceede,  
And, quite deuout those men that fed them so.  
So fares it with all those that spend their *Youth*  
In lab'ring to enrich ungratefull Men,  
Who, growing *Great*, and *Wealthy*, by their Truth,  
Returne them *Smoke* and *Ashes* backe agen.  
So fares it with good *Statesmen*, who to keepe  
A thanklesse *Common wealth* in happy Peace,  
Deprive their *Mindes* of Rest, their *Eyes* of Sleepe,  
And, waste themselves, that others may encrease.  
And, so it fares with Men that passe away  
Their time in *Studies*, (and their *Healths* impaire)  
That helps to other men become they may,  
And, their defectiue *Knowledges*, repaire.  
But, let my *Flesh*, my *Time*, and my *Estate*,  
Be so consum'd ; so spent ; so wasted bee,  
That they may nourish *Grace*, and pe: fit that  
For which all these were first bestow'd on me :  
So when I quite am vanish'd out of seeing,  
I shall enjoy my *New-concealed Being*.

When

When to suppress us, Men intend,  
They make us higher to ascend.



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book. I.

When we observe the *Ball*, how to and fro  
The *Gamesters* force it; we may ponder thus:  
That whilst we live we shall be playd with so,  
And that the *World* will make her *Game* of us.  
*Adversities*, one while our hearts constrain  
To stoope, and knock the Pavements of *Despaire*;  
*Hope*, like a Whirle-wind mounts us up againe,  
Till oft it lose us in the empty ayre.  
Sometimes, above the *Battlements* we looke;  
Sometimes, we quite below the *Line* are toft:  
Another-while, against the *Hazard* strooke,  
We, but a little want, of being lost.  
*Detraction*, *Envie*, *Mischief*, and *Despight*,  
One *Partie* make, and watchfully attend  
To catch us when we rise to any *Height*;  
Lest we above their hatred should ascend.  
*Good-Fortune*, *Praises*, *Hopes*, and *Industries*,  
Doe side-together, and make *Play* to please us;  
But, when by them we thinke more high to rise,  
More great they make our *Fall*, and more discale us.  
Yea, they that seeke our *Lesse*, advance our *Gain*;  
And to our *Wishes*, bring us oft the nigher:  
For, we that else upon the *Ground* had laine,  
Are, by their striking of us lifted higher.  
When *Balls* against the *Stones* are hardest throwne,  
Then highest up into the *Aire* they fly;  
So, when men hurle us (with most fury) downe,  
Wee hopefull are to be advanc'd thereby:  
And, when they smite us quite unto the *Ground*,  
Then, up to *Heav'n*, we trust, we shall rebound.

Till



Book I.

This please me shall, though all my Life time, I  
Betwene thine *Anvil* and the *Hammer*, lie.

From thence, where Nets and Snares are layd,  
Make-hast; lest els you be betray'd.



## ILLVSTR. XVIII.

Book. I.

**T**He nimble Spider from his Entrails draws  
A futtle Thread, and curious art doth show  
In weaving Nets, not much unlike those *Lanes*  
Which catch *Small-Thieves*, and let the *Great-mes* goe.  
For, as the *Cob-web* takes the lesser *Flyes*,  
When those of larger size breake through their *Snares*;  
So, *Poore-men* smart for little *Injuries*,  
When *Rich-men* scape, whose Guilt is more then theirs.

The *Spider*, also representeth such  
Who very curious are in Trifling things,  
And neither Cost, nor Time, nor Labour grutch,  
In that which neither *Gain* nor *Pleasure* brings.  
But those whom here that *Creature* doth implye  
Are chiefly such, who under cunning shewes  
Of simple-Meanings (or of *Curtisie*)  
Doe silly Men unwarily abuse.  
Or else, it meanes those greedy-*Cormorants*  
Who without touch, of Conscience or Compassion,  
Seeke how to be enricht by others wants,  
And bring the *Poore* to utter Desolation.

Avoid them therefore, though compell'd by need;  
Or if a *Storme* inforce, (yet lab'ring *Bees*)  
That yee must fall among them; Flie with speed  
From their Commerce, when *Calmes* your passage frees.  
Much more, let wassfull *Gallants* haste from these;  
Else, when those Idling-painted-*Butterflies*,  
Have flutter'd-out their *Summer-time*, in case,  
(And spent their Wealth in foolish Vanities)

The Blasts of *Want* may force them to be brought  
For shelter thither, where they shall be caught.

When



When thou a Dangerous-Way dost goe,  
Walke surely, though thy pace be slowe.

19



ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. I.

**E**xperience proves, that Men who trust upon  
Their Nat'all parts, too much, oft lose the Day,  
And, faile in that which els they might have done,  
By vainely trifling pretious *Time* away.

It also shewes, that many Men have fought  
With so much *Rashnesse*, those things they desir'd,  
That they have brought most likely *Hopes* to nought;  
And, in the middle of their *Courses*, tir'd.  
And, not a few, are found who so much wrong  
Gods *Gratiuifness*, as if their thinkings were,  
That (seeing he deferres his *Iudgements* long)  
His *Vengeance*, he, for ever, would forbear:  
But, such as these may see wherein they faile,  
And, what would fitter be for them to doe,  
If they would contemplate the slow-pac'd *Snail*;  
Or, this our *Hieroglyphicks* looke into:

For, thence we learne, that *Perseverance* brings  
Large *Workes* to end, though slowly they creepe on;  
And, hat *Continuance* perfects many things,  
Which seeme, at first, unlikely to be done.

It warnes, likewise, that some *Affaires* require  
More *Head* then *Haste*: And that the *Course* we take,  
Should suite as well our *Strength*, as our *Desire*;  
Else (as our *Proverbs* saith) *Haste, Waste* may make.  
And, in a *Mysticks-sense*, it seemes to preach  
*Repentance* and *Amendment*, unto those  
Who live, as if they liv'd beyond Gods reach;  
Because, he long deferres deserved *Blowes*:

For, though *Full-Vengeance* moveth like a *Snail*,  
And slowly comes; her comming will not faile,

*A Sive, of shelter maketh show;  
But ev'ry Storme will through it goe.*



ILLVSTR. XX.

Book. I.

**S**OME Men, when for their Actions they procure  
A likely colour, (be it nere so vaine)  
Proceede as if their *Projects* were as sure,  
As when *Sound Reason* did their Course maintayne:  
And these not much unlike those *Children* are,  
Who through a *Storme* advent'ring desprarely,  
Had rather on their Heads, a *Sive* to beare,  
Then *Cov'rings*, that may serve to keepe them drye.  
For, at a distance that perchance is thought  
A helpfull *Shelter*; and, yet, proves to those  
Who neede the same, a *Toy*, which profits nought:  
Because, each drop of Raine quite through it, goes.  
So, they, whose foolish *Projects*, for a while,  
Doe promise their *Projectors* hopefull ends,  
Shall finde them, in the *Tryall*, to beguile;  
And, that both *Shame* and *Want*, on them attends.

Such like is their estate, who, (to appeare  
*Rich men* to others) doe, with Inward-payne,  
A gladsome out-ward *Part* desire to beare;  
Though they at last nor *Wealth* nor *Credit* gaine.  
And, such are all those *Hypocrites*, who strive  
False *Hearts* beneath *Faire-spoken Words* to hyde:  
For, they o'revaile themselves but with a *Sive*,  
Through which, their purposes at length are spyde.  
And, then, they either woefully-lament  
Their *Brutish-folly*, or so hardned grow  
In Sinning, that they never can repent,  
Nay, jest and scosse at their owne Overthrow.  
But no false *Vaile* can serve (when *God* will smite)  
To save a *Scorner*, or an *Hypocrite*.

Dach

21



Book. I.

When we are *Burne*, to *Death*-ward straight we runne;  
And by our *Death*, our *Life* is new-begunne.

FVbcn

When Vice and Vertue Youth shall wooe,  
Tis hard to say, which way 'twill goe.



ILLVSTR. XXII.

Book. I.

**M**Y hopefull Friends at thrice five yeares and three,  
Without a Guide (into the World alone)  
To seeke my Fortune, did adventure mee;  
And, many hazards, I alighted on.  
First, *Englands* greatest *Rendezvous* I sought,  
Where *VICE* and *VERTUE* at the highest sit;  
And, thither, both a *Minde* and *Bodie* brought,  
For neither of their Services unfit.  
Both, woo'd my *Youth*: And, both perswaded so,  
That (like the *Young man* in our *Emblem* here)  
I stood, and cry'd, *Ab! which way shall I goe?*  
To me so pleasing both their Offers were.  
*VICE*, *Pleasures* best *Contentments* promist mee,  
And what the wanton *Flesh* desires to have:  
Quoth *VERTUE*, I will *Wisdom* give to thee,  
And those brave things, which noblest *Mindes* doe crave.  
Serve me said *VICE*, and thou shalt soone acquire  
All those *Achievements* which my *Service* brings:  
Serve me said *VERTUE*, and Ile raise thee higher,  
Then *VICES* can, and teach thee better things.  
Whil' it thus they strove to gaine me, I espyde  
Grim *Death* attending *VICE*; and, that her Face  
Was but a painted *Vizard*, which did hide  
The foul' it *Deformity* that ever was.  
LORD, grant me grace for evermore to view  
Her *Vglinesse*: And, that I viewing it,  
Her *Falscheeds* and *allurements* may eschew;  
And on faire *VERTUE* my *Affection* set;  
Her *Beauties* contemplate, her *Love* embrace,  
And by her safe *Direction*, runne my *Race*.

I pine





ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. I.

**H**e lick'rish Beare to rob the Honey Bees  
Among their stinging-Swarms thrusts in his paws;  
Adventureth to climbe up hollow Trees,  
And from their Cells, the well fill'd Combes he draws:  
Right so, the Sensual Man that he may gaine  
His brutish Lust, a thousand perills dares;  
And, that his Lawlesse will he may attaine,  
Not Conscience, Credit, Cost, nor Labour spares.

'Twere shamefull basenesse, therefore, if that he  
Who knoweth Vertue, and is thought her Lover,  
Should so by any Perills frighted bee,  
To make him such Affections to give-over.  
For, why should that Vaine-Crew whose Valour springs  
From beastly Fury, or inflamed-Passion,  
Enabled be to compasse bolder things,  
Then Sober-Wit, and Grave Consideration?  
Or, why should lipping Wantons, for their Lust  
So much adventure as one finger, there,  
Where we our Lives in hazard would not thrust  
For Vertues Glory, if it needfull were?  
For, though her Sweetnesse fast is closed in  
With many Thornes, and such a Prickling-guard,  
That we must smart, before that Prize we winne,  
The Paine is follow'd, with a Rich Reward.  
By Suffring, I have more Contentment had,  
Then ever I acquir'd by Sloshfull Ease;  
And, I by Griefe, so joyfull have beerie made,  
That I will beare my Crosse, while God shall please.

For, so at last my Soules may I procure,  
I care not, in my Flesh what I endure.



ILLVSTR. XXIIII.

Book. I.

**I**N vaine faire *Cynthia* never taketh paines,  
Nor faints in foll'wing her desired *Game*;  
And, when at any Marke her Bowe she straines,  
The winged Arrow surely hits the same.  
Her *Pictures*, therefore, in this place doth shew  
The Nature of their *Mindes* who *Cynthia*-like,  
With *Constance* their *Purposes* pursue,  
And faigt not till they compasse what they seeke.  
For, nought more *God-like* in this World is found,  
Then so *Resolv'd* a man, that nothing may  
His *Resolution* alter or confound,  
When any taske of *Worth*, he doth assay.  
Nor, is there greater *Base*nesse, then those *Mindes*  
That from an *Honest-purpose*, can be wrought  
By *Threatnings*, *Bribes*, *Smooth-Gales* or *Boyst'rous-Windes*,  
What ever colour or excuse be brought.

You then, that would, with *Pleasure*, *Glory* gaine,  
*Diana* like, those modest things require,  
Which truly may beseme you to attaine;  
And stoutly follow that which you desire:  
For, changing though the *Moone* to us appeare,  
She holds a firme Dependence on the *Sunne*;  
And, by a *Constant-Motion*, in her *Sphere*  
With him, doth in *Conjunction* often runne:  
So, *Constant-men*, still move their hopes to winne;  
But, never by a *Motion-indirect*;  
Nor will they stop the Course that they are in,  
Vntill they bring their purpose to effect.

For, whosoever *Honest-things* requires,  
A *Promise* hath of all that he desires.

Of Shooting, doth not Archers make;  
But, hitting right the Marke they take.

25



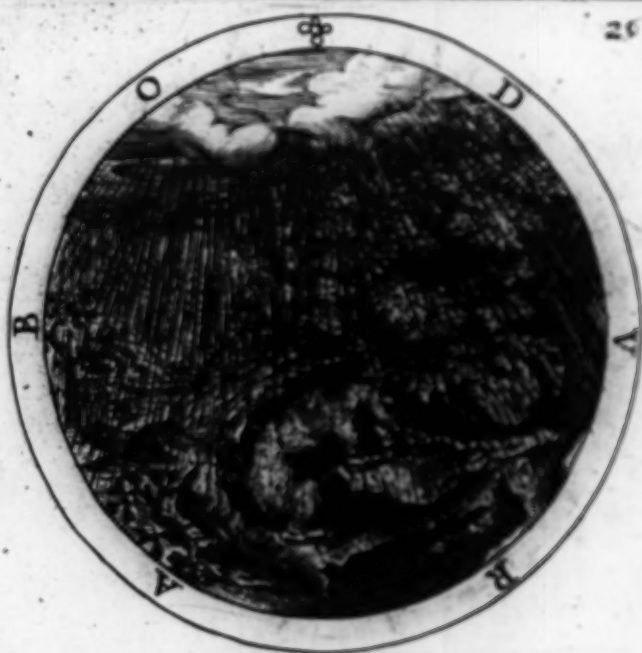
ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book. I.

**H**en to the Fields we walke to looke upon  
Some skillfull *Mark-man*; so much heede we not  
How many *Arrows* from his *Bowe* are gone,  
As we observe how nigh the *Marke* he shot:  
And, justly we deride that Man who spends  
His *Time* and *Shafts*, but never ayme doth take  
To hit the *White*; or foolishly pretends,  
The number of the Shots, doth *Archers* make.  
So, *God*, who marketh our Endeavours, here,  
Doth not by *tale*, account of them receive;  
But, heedeth rather how *well meant* they were,  
And, at his *Will* how rightly aym'd we have.

It is not mumbling over thrice a day  
A Set of *Ave Marias*, or of *Credits*,  
Or many houres formally to *pray*;  
When from a dull *Devotion* it proceedes:  
Nor is it, up and downe the Land to seeke  
To finde those well breath'd *Lecturers*, that can  
Preach thrice a *Sabbath*, and sixe times a weeke,  
Yet be as fith, as when they first beganne:  
Nor, is it, such like things perform'd by *Number*  
Which *God* respects: Nor doth his *Wisdom* crave  
Those many *Vanities*, wherewith some cumber  
Their *Bodies*, as if those their *Soules* could save.  
For, not *Much doing*, but *Well doing*, that  
Which *God* commands, the *Doe*, justifies.  
To pray without *Devotion*, is to *Prate*;  
And, *Hearing* is but halfe our *Exercise*.

We ought not, therefore, to regard, alone,  
How often, but how *Well*, the *Werke* be done.



ILLVSTR. XXVI.

Book. I.

**T**He little *Squirrell*, hath no other Food  
Then that which *Natures* thrifty hand provides;  
And, inpurveying up and downe the Wood,  
She many cold wet Stormes, for that, abides.  
She lyes not heartlesse in her Mossie Dray,  
Nor feareth to adventure through the Raine;  
But skippeth out, and beares it as she may,  
Vntill the Season waxeth calme againe.

Right thus, have I and others, often far'd;  
For, when we first into the World were brought,  
We found but little, for our Vse prepar'd,  
Save that, which by *Hard-Labour*, must be sought.  
In many Stormes, unheeded, we are faine  
To soeke out needfull things; and, smilingly  
To jest, at what some others would complaine:  
That, none might laugh at our *Necessity*.  
Yea, some have liv'd on *Huikes*, whil' st others fed  
On that which was their *Labours* due Reward;  
And, were pursu'd (till they almost were dead)  
Without the Worlds Compassion or Regard.  
Yet, by *Enduring*, they out-liv'd the Blast  
Of *Adverse-Fortune*; and, with good successe,  
(Expecting calmer Seasons) at the last,  
Arrived at the Port of *Happinesse*.

Their *Suffring-much*, hath made their *Suffrings* none;  
And brought forth *Hopes*, by which, perceive they may,  
That *Nights* have but their Turnes; and (they once gone)  
Their *Darkenesse*, makes much welcomer, the *Day*.

All *Griefe* shall have an ending, I am sure;  
And, therefore, I with *Patience*, will *Endure*.

Where



Where Hellen is, there, will be Warre;  
For, Death and Lust, Companions are.

27



ILLVSTR. XXVII.

Book. I.

**T**Heir foolish Guise, I never could affect,  
Who dare, for any cause, the *Stewes* frequent:  
And, thither, where I justly might suspect  
A *Strumpet* liv'd, as yet, I never went.  
For, when (as *Faules* pretend) they goe to seeke  
Experience, where more *Ill* then *Good*, they see;  
They venture for their *Knowledge*, *Adam* like;  
And, such as his, will their *Achievements* bee.

Let, therefore, those that would loose *Trulls* detest,  
Converse with none, but those that modest are;  
For, they that can of *Whoredoms* make a Jest,  
Will entertaine it, ere they be aware.  
*Chast-Company*, and *Chast-Discourse*, doth make  
The Minde more pleased with it, ev'ry day;  
And, *Frequent views of Wantonnesse*, will take  
The Sense and Hatred, of the *Vice* away.

Some, I have knowne, by *Harlots Wiles* undone,  
Who, but to see their *Fashions*, first pretended;  
And, they that went for *Company*, alone,  
By suddaine Quarrells, there, their *Dayes* have ended.  
For, in the Lodgings of a *Lustfull Woman*,  
Immodest *Impudence* hath still her Being;  
There, *Furie*, *Fraud*, and *Cruelties* are common:  
And, there, is *Want*, and *Shame*, and *Disagreeing*.  
Ev'n *Beauty*, of it selfe, stirres loose Desires,  
Occasioning both *Italousies*, and *Fears*;  
It kindleth in the Brest, concealed *Fires*,  
Which burne the Heart, before the *Flame* appears:  
And, ev'ry day, experienced are wee;  
That, there, where *Hellen* is, *Troyes Fate* will bee.



ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

Book. I.

**S**OME *Trees*, when Men oppress their Aged Heads,  
(With waighty Stones) they fructifie the more;  
And, when upon some *Herbs*, the *Garden* treads,  
They thrive and prosper, better then before:

So, when the Kings of *Egypt* did oppress  
The Sonnes of *Jacob*, through their Tyrannies;  
Their Numbers, every day, did more encrease,  
Till they grew greater then their Enemies.

So, when the *Jewes* and *Gentiles*, joyn'd their Powre  
The *Lord*, and his *Annoynted*, to withstand;  
(With raging *Furie*, lab'ring to devoure  
And roote the *Gospel*, out of ev'ry Land)

The more they rag'd, conspired, and envy'd,  
The more they slander'd, scorn'd, and murder'd;  
The more, the *Faithfull*, still, were multiply'd:  
And, still, the further, their *Profession* spread.

Yea, so it spread, that quite it overthrew  
Ev'n *Tyranny* it selfe; that, at the last,  
The *Patience* of the *Saints*, most pow'rfull grew,  
And *Persecutions* force, to ground was cast.

The selfe-same Pow'r, true *Patience*, yet retains,  
And (though a thousand *Sufferings* wound the same)  
She still hath *Hope* enough to ease her paynes;  
That *Hope*, which keepeth off, all *Fear* and *Shame*:  
For, 'tis not *Hunger*, *Cold*, nor *Fire*, nor *Steel*,  
Nor all the *Scornes* or *Slanders*, we can heare,  
Nor any *Torment*, which our *Flesh* can feele,  
That conquers us; but, our owne Tray't'rous *Fear*.

Where, *Honest Mindes*, and *Patient Hearts*, are Mates;  
They grow victorious, in their *Hardest Fates*.

By many Strookes, that Worke is done  
Which cannot be perform'd at One.

29



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. I.

**D**Espaire not Man, in what thou oughtest to doe,  
Although thou faile when one *Attempt* is made;  
But, adde a *New Endeavour* thereunto,  
And, then another, and another, adde:  
Yea, till thy Pow'r and Life shall quite be spent,  
Persist in seeking what thou shouldst desire;  
For, he that fallth from a good *Intent*,  
Deserves not that, to which he did aspire.  
Rich *Treasures*, are by *Nature*, placed deepe;  
And, ere we gaine them, we must pierce the *Rocks*:  
Such *Perills*, also, them, as *Guardians* keepe,  
That, none can winne them without wounds and knockes.  
Moreover, *Glories*, *Thrones* are so sublime,  
That, whosoever thinks their Top to gaine,  
Till many thousand weary steps he clime,  
Doth foole himselfe, by Musings which are vaine.

And, yet, there is a *Path way*, which doth leade  
Above the highest things that Man can see;  
And (though it be not knowne to all who tread  
The *Common-Track*) it may ascended be.  
As, therefore, none should greater things presume  
Then well becomes their strength; So, none should feare  
(Through *Folly*, *Slush*, or *Baseness*) to assume  
Those things upon them, which beseeching are.  
In *Time*, and by *Degrees* may things be wrought,  
That seem'd impossible to have beene done,  
When they were first conceived in the thought;  
And, such as these, we may adventure on.

Mine *Arme*, I know, in time will sell an *Oke*;  
But, I will nev'r attempt it, at a *Stroke*.

*Afflictions*



ILLVSTR. XXX.

Book. I.

**W**Hether the Salamander be a *Beast*,  
Or *Precious-Stone*, which overcomes the *Flame*,  
It skills not; Since, by either is exprest  
The Meaning which we purpose by the same:  
Both brooke the *Fire* unhurt; And (more then so)  
The fiercer and the longer *Heats* there are,  
The livelier in the same the *Beast* will grow;  
And, much the brighter, will the *Stone* appeare.

This *Crowned-Salamander* in the *Fire*,  
May, therefore, not unfitly, signifie  
Those, who in *Fiery Charriots*, doe aspire  
*Elijah-like*, to *Immortality*:  
Or, those *Heroicke-Spirits*, who unharm'd  
Have through the *Fires* of *Troubles*, and *Affliction*,  
(With *Vertue*, and with *Innocencie* arm'd)  
Walkt onward, in the *Path-way*, of *Perfection*.

The *Fiery-Tryall*, which like *Wood* and *Hay*,  
Consumes the *Workes* of ev'ry *Wicked-one*;  
(And maketh all their *Hopes* to fume away)  
Doth purifie what *Faithfull-men* have done.  
They triumph in the *Flames*, and shall obtaine  
The glorious *Crowne* of *Endlesse-Happinesse*,  
When all that show of *Blisse* appeareth vaine,  
Which *Worldly men* have seem'd to possesse.  
For, though some *Sinnes* and *Follies*, gilded are,  
And shine like purest *Gold*, and *Precious-Stones*;  
This *Test*, will finde of what *Alloy* they were,  
And, make them knowne but *Counterfeited Ones*:  
For, in this *Furnace*, all such *Wormes* expire;  
And, none but *Vertue* liveth in this *Fire*.



Hee, over all the Starres doth raigne,  
That unto Wisdome can attaine.

31



ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book. I.

**I** Am not of their Minde, who thinke the *Sun*,  
The *Moon*, the *Planets*, and those glorious *Lights*  
Which trim the *Spheres*, doe in their *Motions* run  
To no more purpose, then to please our *Sights*.  
Nor for distinguishment of *Nights*, and *Days*,  
Or of the *Seasons*, and the *Times*, alone,  
Can I suppose the Hand of *God* displays  
Those many *Starres*, we nightly gaze upon:  
For, both by *Reason*, and by *Common-sense*  
We know (and often feele) that from above  
The *Planets* have, on us, an *Influence*;  
And, that our *Bodies* varie, as they move.

Moreover, *Holy Writ* inferres, that these  
Have some such pow'r; ev'n in those *Places*, where  
It names *Orion*, and the *Pleiades*;  
Which, *Starres* of much inferiour Nature are.

Yet, hence conclude not, therefore, that the *Minds*  
Is by the *Starres* constrained to obey  
Their *Influence*; or, so by them inclin'd,  
That, by no means resist the same we may.  
For, though they forme the *Bodies* temp'rature,  
(And though the *Minds* inclineth after that)  
By *Grace*, another *Temper* we procure,  
Which guides the *Motions* of *Supposed Fate*.  
The *Soule* of *Man* is nobler then the *Spheres*;  
And, if it gaine the Place which may be had,  
Not here alone on *Earth*, the Rule it beares,  
But, is the *Lord*, of all that *God* hath made.

Be wise in him; and, if just cause there bee,  
The *Sunne* and *Moon*, shall stand and wayt on thee.

A Princes



ILLVSTR. XXXII.

Book. I.

**R**ight blest are they on whom *God* hath bestowne  
A *King*, whose *Vertues* have approved him  
To be an Ornament unto his *Throne*,  
And as a Lustre to his *Diadem*.

Hee seekes not onely how to keepe in awe  
His *People*, by those meanes that rightfull are;  
But, doth unto himselfe, become a *Law*,  
And, by *Example*, Pious *Wayes* declare.  
He, loveth *Peace*, and after it pursues;  
Yet, if of *Warre* a just occasion come,  
Doth nor *Bellona's* Challenges refuse,  
Nor feare, to beat *Defiance* on his *Drum*;  
He is as ready, also, to advance  
The Lib'rall *Arts*, and from his *Lands* to drive  
All false *Religion*, *Schisme*, and *Ignorance*,  
As other publike profits to contrive.  
And, such a *Prince* is not a *Casuall-thing*,  
The Glories of a *Throne*, by *Chance*, possessing;  
Nor meerely from his *Parents*, doth he spring,  
But, he is rather *Gods* immediate *Blessing*.

If thou desirest such a *Prince* to be,  
Or, to acquire that *Worth* which may allure  
Such *Princes* to vouchsafe some *Grace* to thee;  
Their Kingly *Vertues*, labour to procure.  
In *Military* Practices delight,  
Not for a wicked, or vaine-glorious end;  
But, to maintaine the Cause that is upright,  
Or thy distressed *Country* to defend.

And, strive that thou, as excellent mayst bee  
In *Knowledge*, as, thou art in thy *Degree*.

True



ILLVSTR. XXXIII.

Book. I.

**H**ee that shall say he *Loves*, and was againe  
So well-belov'd, that neither *He* nor *Shee*  
Suspects each other, neither needs to gaine  
New proofes, that they in all Desires agree;  
And, yet, shall coole againe in their *Affection*,  
(And leave to Love) or live till they are *Lovers*  
The second-time; It some grosse Imperfection  
In *One* (if not in *Both*) of them discovers.

It was not *Love* which did between them grow;  
But, rather, somewhat like unto the same,  
Which (having made a faire deceiving *Show*)  
Obtain'd, a while, that honorable Name.  
For, *False Affections* will together play  
So lovingly; and, oft, so act those Parts  
Which really seeme; that, for a time, they may  
Appare the *Children of Fugacious-Hearts*:  
Yea, Many-times, true *Twines* are deceiv'd  
By counterfeited *Passions*, till their *Love*  
Of her true *Object* finde, her selfe bereav'd;  
And, after it, is forced to remove:  
But, where *True-Love* begetteth, and enjoys  
The proper *Object*, which shee doth desire,  
Nor *Time*, nor *Injury* the same destroyes;  
But, it continues a *Perpetuall Fire*.

Like am'rous *Thisto* to her *Pyramus*,  
On all occasions, it continues true:  
Nor *Night*, nor *Danger*, makes it timorous;  
But, through all Perills, it will hum pursue.  
Thus, both in *Life*, in *Death*, in all estates,  
True-*Lovers* will be true-*Associates*.

When Two agree in their Desire,  
One Sparke will set them both on Fire.



ILLVSTR. XXXIV.

Book. I.

**T**He *Western-Indian*, when they want a Fire  
To warme their naked limbs, or dresse their Food,  
At ev'ry need, accomplish their Desire,  
By oftent rubbing of two *Sticks of Wood*.

From whence, these *Observations* we may take,  
First, that in them whose Natures gentlest are,  
A long *Contention* such a Change may make,  
As did, before, scarce possible appeare.

Next, that when *Two* in *Opposition* bee,  
Whose power and strength and Malice is the same,  
Their struggling Hearts but seldome doe agree,  
Till they beget, a *Selfe-devouring-Flame*.

And, thirdly, it informes, that those chaste *Fires*  
Which on *Loves Altars* keepe a Lasting-Heat;  
Are those, which in two Hearts, two *Like-Desires*  
Vpon each other, mutually beget.

Hence, therefore, learne thou, first, not to contemne  
Their *Mildnesse*, who to anger are not prone;  
Lest, many wrongs doe stirre up *Fires* in them,  
And worke thee *Mischiefe*, when thou look'st for none.

Be wary, next, though thou thy selfe be strong,  
How with a pow'rfull Foe thou dost contend;  
For, they that wrastle in *Contention*, long,  
Will, sure, bestrew their *Madnesse*, in the end.

And, if to warme thee by *Loves-Fires* thou seeke,  
Thy *Parts* in *Teares*, and *Manners*, pray to finde;  
Let both your *Aymes*, and *Longings*, be alike;  
Be one in *Faith*, and *Will*; and, one in *Minde*:  
So, you shall reape the fruits of your Desire,  
And warme each other with a kindly *Fire*.

Hic





ILLVSTR. XXXV.

Book. I.

**W**HEN I behold the Havocke and the Spoyle,  
Which (ev'n within the compasse of my Dayes)  
Is made through every quarter of this Ile,  
In Woods and Groves (which were this Kingdomes praise)  
And, when I minde with how much greedinesse,  
We seeke the present Gaine, in every thing;  
Not caring (so our *Last* we may possesse)  
What Dammage to *Posterity* we bring:  
They doe, me-thinks, as if they did foresee,  
That, some of those, whom they have cause to hate,  
Should come in *Future-times*, their Heires to be:  
Or else, why should they such things perpetrate?  
For, if they thinke their *Children* shall succeed;  
Or, can believe, that they begot their *Heires*;  
They could not, surely, doe so foule a Deed,  
As to deface the *Land*, that should be theirs.  
What our *Fathers* planted, we destroy:  
Nay, all Mens labours, living heretofore,  
And all our owne, we lavishly imploy  
To serve our present *Lusts*; and, for no more.

But, let these careless *Wasters* learne to know,  
That, as *Fame-Spoyle* is open Injury;  
So, *Planting* is a *Debt*, they truly owe,  
And ought to pay to their *Posterity*.  
*Self-love*, for none, but for it selfe, doth care;  
And, onely, for the present, taketh paine:  
But, *Charity* for others doth prepare;  
And, Joyes in that, which *Future-Time* shall gaine.  
If, *After-Ages* may my *Labours* blesse,  
I care not, much, how *Late* I possesse.



He, that his Course directly Steeres,  
Nor Stormes, nor Windy-Censures feares.

37



ILLVSTR. XXXVII. STAVART Book. I.

**W** E to the Sea, this World may well compare;  
For, ev'ry Man which liveth in the same,  
Is as a Pilot, to some Vessel there,  
Of little size, or else of larger frame.

Some, have the *Boats* of their owne *Life* to guide,  
Some, of whole *Families* doe row the *Barge*,  
Some, governe petty *Townships* too, beside,  
(To those compar'd, which of small *Barkes* have charge)  
Some others, rule great *Provinces*; and, they  
Resemble *Captaines* of huge *Argesies*:  
But, when of *Kingdomes*, any gayne the Sway,  
To *Generalls of Fleets*, we liken these.

Each hath his proper *Cause* to him assign'd,  
His *Card*, his *Compass*, his due *Tacklings*, too;  
And, if their *Businesse*, as they ought, they mind,  
They may accomplish all they have to doe.  
But, most Men leave the Care of their owne *Cause*,  
To judge or follow others, in their wayes;  
And, when their *Follies* make their *Fortunes* worse,  
They curse the *Destiny*, which they should prayse.  
For, *Waves*, and *Winds*, and that oft-changing *Weather*  
Which many blame, as cause of all their *Losses*,  
(Though they observe it not) helps bring together  
Those *Hopes*, which their owne *Wisdoms*, often crosses.  
Regard not, therefore much, what those things be,  
Which come, without thy fault, to thwart thy *Way*;  
Nor, how, *Rash-Lookers-on* will censure thee;  
But, faithfully, to doe thy part, assay:

For, if thou shalt not from this *Counsel* vary,  
Let my *Hopes* faile me, if thy *Hopes* miscarry.

*A sudden*



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII.

**W**hen th' *Ancients* made a solemn League or *Tow*,  
Their Custom was to ratifie it, thus;  
Before their *Idoll-God*, they slew a *Lamb*,  
And sayd aloud: *So be it unto us.*

Implying, that, if otherwise they did  
 Then had been vow'd; or, if within their Brest  
 A *Fraudulent-Intention* had beene hid,  
 They merited such Vlage, as that *Beast*.  
 For, by the *Swine* that they had slaughter'd so,  
 (Which, during Life, was helpfull unto none)  
 Of Life deprived by a sudden blow,  
 And, then, cast out, that none might feed thereon;  
 They, mystically did inferre; that, he  
 Who falsify'd that *Oath* which he had sworne,  
 Deserv'd, by *Sudden-Death*, cut off to be;  
 And, as a *Beast* uncleane, to lye forlorne.

That Heathenish *Mystery*, doth impley  
This *Christian Doctrine*; that, we should in *Vows*,  
In *Leagues*, and *Oaths*, assume no Liberty,  
But, what sincerest *Honesty* allowes.

By *Swine*, the babbling *Sophisters* are meant,  
In *Hieroglyphicall* Signification;  
Which wee doe *Sacrifice*, when our intent  
Is free from *Falsheood*, and *Equivocation*.  
And, this, let ev'ry Man endeavour for,  
Who loves the Blessings, for just men prepar'd;  
Or, if the Sinne he doe not much abhorre,  
At least, the Danger let him well regard:

For, to pursue him, *Vengeance* never leaves,  
That *falsely Swears*, or *willingly Deceives*.



Where strong Desires are entertain'd,  
The Heart 'twixt Hope, and Feare, is pain'd.

39



ILLVSTR. XXXIX.

Book. I.

**A** Troubled Minde, ore-charged with Desires,  
Betweene great Hopes, and no lesse Feares oppress'd,  
And payned inwardly with secret Fitts,

Was thus, by some, in former times exprest.

A Smoking Heart, they placed just betwixt

A Fastned Anchor, and a Bended Bow;

To which a Barbed Arrow seemed fixt,

And, ready from the Strayned String to goe.

The Smoke doth Sighes, the Anchor doth declare

That Hope, which keepes us from Despairing quite;

The Bow and Arrow, signifie that Feare,

Which doth, perpetually, the Soule affright.

And, by this Emblem, it appears to me

That they which are with strong Desires oppress'd,

(Though good or bad the Object of them be)

In seeking pleasures, finde no small unrest:

For, they are not by Feares, alone, disturbed,

But, as the Wiseman saith, ev'n Hope-Delayd

Torments the Heart; and, when Desire is curbed,

The Soule becommeth sad, and ill-apayd.

A Groundlesse-Hope, makes entrance for Despaire,

And with Deceiving, shoves the Heart betrays:

A Caselike Feare, doth Reasons force impaire,

And, terrifieth the Soule, in doubtfull wayes.

Yet, quite neglect them not; For, Hope repells

That Griefe sometimes, which would our Hearts oppress.

And, Feare is otherwhile the Sentinell

Which rouseth us from dang'rous Carelesnesse.

Thus, Both are good: but, Both are Plagues to such,

Who either Fondly feare, or Hope too much.

Those

Those Fooles whom Beauties Flame doth bli nde,  
Feete Death, where Life they thought to finde.



ILLVSTR. XL.

Book. I.

¶ Hen y<sup>e</sup>u doe next behold the wanton Flye  
About the shining Candle, c<sup>o</sup>me to play,  
Vnill the Lights thereof hath dimm'd their Eyes,  
Or, till the Flame hath sing'd their Wings away:  
Remember, then, this Emblem; and, beware  
You be not playing at such harmefull Games:  
Consider, if there sit no Female, there,  
That overwarms you, with her Beauties Flames,  
Take heed, you doe not overdally so  
As to inflame the Tinder of Desire;  
But, shun the Mischiefe, e're too late it grow,  
Lest you be scorched in that Foolish-Fire.

For, as those Wandring-Fires which in the Night,  
Doe leade unwary Travellers astray,  
Alluring them, by their deceiving Sights,  
Till they have altogether lost their way:  
Right so, fantasticke Beauty doth amaze,  
The Lust-full Eye, allures the Heart aside,  
Caprives the Senses (by a sudden blaze)  
And, leaves the Iudgement wholly stupify'd.  
Nay, if Men play too long about those Torchets,  
Such is the Nature of their wanton Flame,  
That, from their Bodies (unawares) it scorches  
Those Wings and Feet, on which they thither came.  
It wasteth (ev'n to nothing) all their Wealth,  
Consumes their precious Time, destroyes their Strength,  
Bespots their Honest-Fame, impaires their Health,  
And (when their Fatall Thread is at the length)  
That ring, on which their Hope of Life is plac'd,  
Shall bring them to Destruction, at the last.

Let him, that at Gods Altar stands,  
In Innocencie, wash his Hands.

41



ILLVSTR. XLI.

Book. I.

**W**Hen (*Reader*) thou hast first of all surveyd  
That Reverend *Priest*, which here engraven stands,  
In all his Holy *Vestments* array'd,  
Endeavouring for *Purify'd-Hands*;  
Collect from hence, that, when thou dost appeare  
To offer Sacrifice of *Praise* or *Prayer*,  
Thou oughtst the *Robes* of *Righteousnesse*, to weare,  
And, by *Repentance*, thy defects repaire.  
For, thou, that, with polluted *Hands* presum'st  
Before *Gods Altar* to present thy Face;  
Or, in the *Rags* of thine owne *Merits* com'st,  
Shalt reape *Displeasure*, where thou look'st for *Grace*.

Then, if thou be of those that would aspire  
A *Priest*, or *Pytlate*, in *Gods Church* to be;  
Besure, thou first those *Ornaments* acquire,  
Which, may be suring to that *High-Degree*.  
Intrude not, as perhaps too many doe,  
With *Gifts* unfit, or by an *Evill-meane*:  
Desire it with a right *Intention* too;  
And, seeke to keepe thy *Conversation* cleane.  
For, they that have assum'd this *Holy-Calling*,  
With *Hands* impure, and *Hearts* un sanctify'd,  
Defame the *Truth*; give others cause of *Falling*,  
And, scandalize their *Brethren*, too, beside:  
Yea, to themselves, their very *Sacrifice*  
Becomes unhallow'd; and, their *Thanks* and *Prayers*,  
The *God of Puritie*, doth so despise,  
That, all their *Hopes*, he turneth to *Despaire*:  
And, all their best *Endeavours*, countermands,  
Till they appeare with unpolluted *Hands*.

G

Nº



ILLVSTR. XLII.

Book. 1.

Ell-worthy of our better Heeding were,  
 That *Holy Pen-man's* Lesson, who hath sayd,  
 We should be *slow to Speake, and swift to Heare*;  
 If, well, the nature of the *Tongue* we waigh'd,  
 For, if we let it loose, it getteth *Wings*,  
 And, flies with wanton *Carelesnesse*, about;  
 It prateth in all places, of *All things*;  
 Tells *Truth* and *Lyes*, and babbleth *Secrets* out.  
 To speake, of things unknowne, it taketh leave,  
 As if it had all Knowledge in Possession;  
 And, *Mysteries* (which no Man can conceive)  
 Are thought fit Objects for the *Tongues* Expression.  
 With *Truth* it mixeth *Errors*; sayes, unsayes;  
 And, is the *Preacher* of all *Heresies*.  
 That Heart, which gives it motion, it betrayes;  
 And, utters *Curses*, *Oathes*, and *Blasphemies*.  
 It spreads all *Slanders*, which base *Envie* raiseh;  
 It moveth *Anger*, and begetteth *Hates*:  
 It blameth *Virtue*; filthy *Deeds* it praiseth;  
 And, causeth *Vproares*, *Murthers*, and *Debates*.  
 Yea, tis the chiefest *Fallow* for the *Devill*;  
 And, yet, with speeches feignedly-sincere,  
 It ootherwhile reproveth what is *Evill*,  
 And, will in *Lowly-words*, a *Saint* appeare.  
 Now this is knowne; we, next of all, should learne,  
 How we may shunne the *Mischiefe* being knowne;  
 How, we bad *Tongues*, in *Others*, may discern;  
 And, how to guide and moderate our *OWNE*.  
 And, reason good; for, none can apprehend,  
 What *Mischiefe* doth an *Evill Tongue* attend.





ILLVSTR. XLIII.

Book. 1.

**A** Heart, which bore the figure of an Eye  
Wide open to the *Sunne*, by some, was us'd,  
When in an *Emblem*, they would signifie  
A *Minde*, which on *Celestiall* Matters mus'd:  
Implying, by the same, that there is nought  
Which in this lower *Orbe*, our Eyes can see,  
So fit an Object for a manly thought,  
As those things, which in *Heav'n* above us be.

*God*, gave *Mankind* (above all other Creatures)  
A lovely *Forme*, and upward-looking *Eye*,  
(Among the rest of his peculiar *Features*)  
That he might lift his *Countenance* on high:  
And (having view'd the *Beauty*, which appears  
Within the outward *Sights* circumference)  
That he might elevate above the *Spheres*,  
The piercing *Eye*, of his *Intelligence*.  
Then, higher, and still higher strive to raise  
His *Contemplations* Eyes, till they ascend  
To gaine a glimpse of those eternall *Rays*,  
To which all undepraved *Spirits* tend.  
For, 'tis the proper nature of the *Minde*.  
(Till fleshly *Thoughts* corrupt it) to despise  
Those *Lusts* whereto the *Body* stands inclin'd;  
And labour alwayes, upward to arise.  
Some, therefore, thought those *Goblins* which appear  
To haunt old *Graves* and *Tombes*, are *Soules* of such,  
Who to these loathsome places doomed were,  
Because, they doted on the *Flesh* too much.  
But, sure we are, *well-minded Men* shall goe  
To live *above*, when others bide *below*.



ILLVSTR. XLIV.

Book. I.

¶ Hen, in the sweet and pleasant Month of *May*,  
 We see both Leaves and Blossomes on the Tree,  
 And view the *Meadowes* in their best array,  
 We hopefull are a *Ioyfull Spring* to see;  
 Yet, oft, before the following *Night* be past,  
 It chanceth, that a *Vapor*, or a *Frost*,  
 Doth all those forward bloomings wholly waste;  
 And, then, their *Sweetnesse* and their *Beautie's* lost.

Such, is the state of ev'ry mortall Wight:  
 In *Youth*, our *Glories*, and our *Lusts* we shew;  
 We fill our selves with ev'ry vaine Delight,  
 And, will most thinke on that which may insue.  
 But, let us learne to *heed*, as well as *know*,  
 That, *Spring* doth passe; that, *Summer* steales away;  
 And, that the *Flow'r* which makes the fairest show,  
 E're many Weekes, must wither and decay.

And, from this *Emblem*, let each *Lab'ring Swaine*  
 (In whatsoever course of life it be)  
 Take heart, and hope, amidst his daily paine,  
 That, of his *Travailes*, he good fruits shall see.  
 The Plow'd and Harrow'd *Field*, which, to thine eye,  
 Seemes like to be the *Grave*, in which the Seeds  
 Shall (without hope of rising) *buried* lye,  
 Becomes the fruitfull *Wombe*, where *Plenty* breeds.  
 There, will be *Corns*, where nought but *Mire* appeares;  
 The *Urry Seed*, will forme a greenish blade;  
 The *Blade*, will rise to *Stemmes* with fruitfull *Eares*;  
 Those *Eares*, will ripen, and be *yellow* made:

So, if in honest *Hopes*, thou persevere,  
 A *Ioyfull Harvest* will at last appeare.



ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book. I.

**W**hen some, in former Ages, had a meaning  
An Emblem, of Mortality, to make,  
They form'd an Infant, on a Deaths-head leaning,  
And, round about, encircled with a Snake.  
The Child so pictur'd, was to signifie,  
That, from our very Birth, our Dying Springs:  
The Snake, her Tail devouring, doth implic  
The Revolution, of all Earthly things.  
For, whatsoever hath beginning, here,  
Beginnes, immediately, to vary from  
The same it was; and, doth at last appeare  
What very few did thinke it should become.

The solid Stone, doth molder into Earth,  
That Earth, e're long, to Water, rarifies;  
That Water gives an Airy Vapour birth,  
And, thence, a Fiery-Comet doth arise:  
That, moves, untill it selfe it so impaire,  
That from a burning-Meteor, backe againe,  
It sinketh downe, and thickens into Aire;  
That Aire, becomes a Cloud; then, Drops of Raine:  
Those Drops, descending on a Rocky-Ground,  
There, settle into Earth, which more and more,  
Doth harden, still; so, running out the round,  
It growes to be the Stone it was before.

Thus, All things wheele about; and, each Beginning,  
Made entrance to it owne Destruction, hath.  
The Life of Nature, entreteth in with Sinning;  
And, is for ever, wayted on by Death:

The Life of Grace, is form'd by Death to Sinne;  
And, there, doth Life-eternall, straight beginne.

Though

Though very small, at first, it be,  
A Sprout, at length, becomes a Tree.



ILLVSTR. XLVI.

Book, I.

**V** Ee finde it common (but not comely thou)  
That, when a good *Endevour* is begot,  
Vnlesse, at very first, it equall grow  
With our Expectance, we regard it not.

Nor *Wit*, nor *Patience*, have we to conceive,  
That ev'ry thing, which may by Man be wrought,  
Proportionable *Time*, and *Meanes*, must have;  
Before it can be to *Perfection*, brought.

Yet, ev'ry day, in things of ev'ry kinde,  
*Experience* hath informed us, herein;  
And, that, in many things, a change we finde,  
Which, at the first, would scarce believ'd have bin.

For, though a *Gosling* will not prove a *Swan*,  
*Vnruely-Colts* become well-trayned *Steeds*;  
A *Silly Childe* grows up a *Mighty-Man*,  
And, *Lofly-Trees* doe Spring from *Little Seeds*.

Learne, therefore hence, that, nothing you despise,  
Because it may, at first, imperf: & seeme:  
And, know, how all things (in some sort) to praise,  
Although, you give them not the best esteeme.

From hence, moreover, learne, not to despaire,  
When you have just occasion, to pursue  
A toylefome worke, or any great affaire:  
Since, *all-things*, at the first, from nothing, grew.  
And, I my selfe will, also, learne, from hence,  
(Of all my Paines, though little fruits I see)  
Nor to repine, nor to receive Offence;  
But, rather joy in what befalleth mee.

For, though my *Hopes* appeare but meanelly growne,  
They will be *Great*, when some shall thinke them none.

When



When we above the Crosse can rise,  
A Crowne, for us, prepared lies.

47



ILLVSTR. XLVII.

Book. I.

**A** Serpent rais'd above the Letter *Tau*,  
Aspiring to a *Crowne*, is figur'd here:  
From whence, a *Christian-Morall* we may draw,  
Which worth our good-regarding will appeare.  
For, by those *Characters*, in brieft, I see  
Wh ch *Way*, we must to *Happinesse* ascend;  
Then, by what *Meanes*, that Path must clymed bee;  
And, what *Reward*, shall thereupon attend.

The *Crosse*, doth shew, that *Suffring* is the *Way*;  
The *Serpent*, seemes to teach me, that, if I  
Will overcome, I must not then, assay  
To *force* it; but, my selfe thereto *ap plye*.  
For, by embracing what we shall not shunne,  
We winde about the *Crosse*, till wee arise  
Above the same; and, then, what *Prize* is wonne;  
The *Crowne*, which overtops it, signifies.

Let me, O *God*, obtaine from thee the *Grace*,  
To be partaker of thy *Blessed Passion*;  
Let me, with *Willingnesse*, thy *Crosse* imbrace,  
And, share the *Comforts* of thy *Exaltation*.  
To beare that Part, whereto I doomed am,  
My *Heart*, with *Strength*, and *Courage*, *Lord*, inspire:  
Then, *Crucifie* my *Flesh* upon the same,  
As much as my *Corruption* shall require.  
And, when by thy *Assistance*, I am rear'd  
Above that *Barthen*, which lyes yet upon me;  
And, over all, which (justly may be fear'd)  
Shall, during *Life-time*, be inflicted on me;  
Among those *Blessed Soules*, let me be found,  
Which, with eternall *Glory*, shall be *Crown'd*.



ILLVSTR. XLVIII.

Book. I.

**E**t no man be so foolish as to dreame,  
Though all Men in their *Death* made equall are,  
That, therefore, they may gather by this *Theatrum*,  
That, *Parity*, in Life-time, sitting were.  
For, as the *Bodies* Members (which in *Death*  
Have all the like esteeme) had their Degrees,  
And Honours, differing in time of *breath*;  
The same (in *States*) Discretion comely sees.

Nor, should we hence inferre, that it were just  
To disesteeme the breathlesse *Carcasses*  
Of *Kings* and *Princes*, when they sleepe in Dust;  
For, *Civill-Reverence* is due to these.  
Nor, ought we, in their Life-time, to apply  
The Truth, which by this *Emblem* is declar'd,  
The *Dignities* of Men to villifie;  
Or, bring upon their *Persons* lesse regard.

That, which from hence, I rather wish to preach,  
Is this; that ev'ry Man of each degree,  
Would marke it so, that he, himselfe might teach  
What thoughts and deeds, to him most proper be.  
If he be great; let him remember, then,  
That (since, nor *Wealth*, nor *Title*, can procure him  
Exemption from the *Doomes* of other Men)  
He ought to seeke, how *Fortue* may secure him.  
If he be *Poore*; let him this *Comfort* take,  
That, though, awhile, he be afflicted here,  
Yet, *Death* may him as fully happy make,  
As he, that doth a *Crowne-Imperiall* wear.

For, when his *Fatall-blow*, *Death* comes to strike,  
He, makes the *Beggar*, and the *King*, alike.

What



ILLVSTR. XLIX.

Book. I.

**S**ome Foolish Boyes (and such a Boy was D)  
When they at Schoole have certaine houres to passe,  
(To which they are compell'd unwillingly)  
Much time they spend in shaking of the Glasse:  
Thus, what they practise, to make short their stay,  
Prolongs it more; for while they seeke to force  
The Sands, to runne more speedily away,  
They interrupt them; and, they passe the worst.

Right so, in other things, with us it fares;  
(And, seeming wise, we act a foolish part)  
For, otherwhile, what Time alone prepares,  
We seeke to make the subject of an Art.  
Sometimes, by Rashnesse, we endeavour what  
We ought with Leifure, and Advice, to doe:  
But, if a good Success doth follow, that,  
Our Wit was nothing helpfull thereunto.  
Sometime, againe, we prosecute a thing  
By Violence; when our desir'd effect,  
No other meanes so well to passe can bring,  
As Love and Gentlenesse, which we neglect.

But, let this Emblem teach us to regard  
What Way of Working, to each Worke pertaines:  
So, though some Portion of our Hopes be barr'd,  
We shall not, altogether, lose our paines.  
Some things are strong, and, other some are weak;  
With Labour, some; and, some with Ease be wrought;  
Although the Reed will bend, the Kewe will breake;  
And, what mends one thing, makes another mangle.  
Marke this; And, when much Haste will marre thy Speed,  
That, then, thou take good Leifure, take thou Heed.

Of Little-Gaines, let Care be had;  
For, of small Eares, great Mowes are made.



ILLVSTR. L.

Book. I.

**A**Mong the many Faylings of the Time,  
This Emblem giveth Cause to mention one,  
Which, unto me, doth seeme the greater Crime,  
Because, to many, it appeareth none.

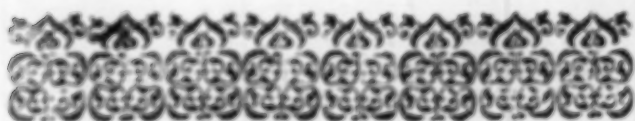
I finde, that petty things are so neglected  
(Well nigh of all) in *Losings* and in *Winnings*,  
As if, what ere they thought to have effected,  
Subsisted without *Members*, or *Beginnings*.  
The Man, that loseth every Month a Penny,  
May salve-up Twelve-months Losses, with a Shilling.  
But, if of other Losses he hath many,  
To save a Pin, at length, he shall be willing.  
For, he that sees his Wine-fill'd Vessel drop,  
(Although a Drop, in value, be but small)  
Should, thence, Occasion take, the Leaks to stop,  
Lest many *Droppings* draine him drye of all.  
Moreover, they, that will to *Greatness* rise,  
A Course, not much unlike to this, must keepe:  
They ought not *Small-Beginnings* to despise;  
Nor, strive to *runne*, before they learne to *creepe*.  
By many single *Eares*, together brought,  
The *Hand* is fill'd, by *Handfulls*, we may gaine  
A *Sheafe*, with many *Sheaves* a Barne is fraught:  
Thus, oft, by *Little*, we doe much obtaine.

Consider this; And, though I wish not thee  
Totake, of *Trifling-things*, too great a care;  
Yet, know thus much (for truth) it best will bee,  
If all things may be weighed as they are:

By slender Losses, great-ones are begunne;  
By many trifling Gains, much Wealth is wonne.

FINIS Libri primi.





## THE FIRST LOTTERIE.

1

**T**Hou dost overmuch respect  
That, which will thy harme effect;  
But, some other things there bee,  
Which will more advantage thee:  
Search thy heart; and, thou shalt, there,  
Soone discover, what they are:  
Yea, thine *Emblem* shewes thee, too,  
What to shunne; and, what to doe.  
See, *Emblem* I.

2

It is a little fear'd, that you  
Are to your owne *Designes*, untrue;  
And, that, if you more constant were,  
You would be richer, then you are,  
(It may be, also, wiser, too)  
Looke, therefore, what you are to doe:  
Then, follow it, and, you will say,  
That, well advis'd, you were, to day.  
See, *Emb.* II.

3

How rich or poore foe're thou be,  
Thou, art a *Prince*, in some degree;  
And, o're thy selfe, thou shouldst command;  
As doth a *Monarch*, in his Land.  
Within thy Heart, therefore, ingrave  
The Lawes, that *Grace* and *Nature* gave:  
For, thus (to counsell thee) inclines  
That *Emblem*, which, thy *Lot* assignes.  
See, *Emb.* III.

4

Much Liberty, thou hast assum'd;  
And, heretofore, so much presum'd  
On *Time*, which, alway rideth poast,  
That, for awhile, some *Hopes* are crost:  
But, loe, to keepe thee from *Despaire*,  
And, thy *Misfortune*, to repaire,  
Marke, what to thee, by *Lot*, befell,  
And, practise, what is counsell'd, well.  
See, *Emb.* IV.

5

Thou seekest *Honour*, to obtaine,  
 By meanes, which frustrate all thy paine.  
 Thy Predecessors rich were made,  
 By using of the *Plough* and *Spade*:  
 Thou, honourable wouldst be thought,  
 By taking *Courses*, that are naught;  
 But, if, right noble, thou wilt be,  
 Looke, what thine *Emblem* counsell thee.  
 See, *Emb. V.*

M

6

This Man, what ever he may seeme,  
 Is worthy of a high esteeme:  
 Though *Fortune* may, his person, grinde;  
 She, cannot harme him, in his *Minde*.  
 Right blest, this *Company* would be,  
 If all of them, were such, as *He*.  
 Reade that *Impresa*, which he drew;  
 For, that, in part, the same will shew.  
 See, *Emb. VI.*

M

7

If some, now present, this had got,  
 They, would have blushed, at their *Lot*;  
 Since, very fit, the same doth prove  
 For one, that's either light of *Love*,  
 Or, troubled with a fickle *Mate*:  
 If you enjoy a better *Fate*,  
 Yet, hearken, what your *Lot* doth say;  
 Lest, you, hereafter, need it may,  
 See, *Emb. VII.*

8

For ought, that, plainly, doth appeare,  
 You may out-live the longest, here;  
 Yet, seeing, now, of all this crew,  
 The *Lot* of *Death*, you, onely, drew,  
 See what, your *Emblem* hath injoynd;  
 And, still, that *Morall*, beare in minde:  
 So, *Deaths* deform'd and ghastly *Shade*  
 Shall, *Meanes* of *Life*, to thee, be made.  
 See, *Emb. VIII.*

9

Though you have *Wit*, and, know it well;  
 That, rash you are, your *Friends* can tell;  
 Yea, *Sleepe*, and *Ease*, possesse you so,  
 That, some doe feare, you'l sottish grow:  
 But, lo, your hind'rance, to prevent,  
 This *Lot*, was, peradventure, sent;  
 For, in the *Moralls*, that, insue,  
 Are *Counsell*s, fit, for such as you.  
 See, *Emb. IX.*

You

10

You, have beene wronged, many wayes,  
Yet, *patients* are; and, that's your praise:  
Your *Alliours*, also, seem'd upright;  
Yet, some there are, that, beare you spite:  
Lest, therefore, you discourag'd grow,  
An *Emblem*, you have drawne, to show  
What other *Innocents* have borne,  
And, how, the worlds despites, to scorne.

See, *Emb. X.*

11

11

Doubtlesse, you are either wooing,  
Or, some other *Bus'nesse*, doing;  
Which, you shall attempt, in vaine,  
Or, much hazzard all your paine:  
Yet, if good, your *meanings* are,  
Doe not honest *meanes* forbear;  
For, where things are, well, begunne,  
*God*, oft, workes, when Man hath done.

See, *Emb. XI.*

12

Be not angry, if I tell  
That, you love the *World*, too well;  
For, this *Lot*, perhaps, you drew,  
That, such *Faults*, you might eschew.  
Marke, to what their Soules aspire,  
Who, true *Blissfulness*, desire:  
For, if you can doe, like those,  
*Heav'n* you gaine, when *Earth* you lose.

See, *Emb. XII.*

13

You love the *Rich*, and, honour them;  
The needy-person, you contemne:  
Yet, *Wealth*, nor want of *Wealth*, is that,  
Which, *wretched* makes, or *fortunate*:  
From other *Caus'es*, those things flow;  
Which, since, you either doe not know,  
Or, heede not much, this *Emblem* came,  
That, you might learne to minde the same.

See, *Emb. XIII.*

14

14

Thy *Chance* is doubtfull, and, as yet,  
I know not, what to say of it;  
But, this I know, a foe thou art  
To what thine *Emblem* hath, in part,  
Expressed by a *Mimicke Shape*,  
Or, thou, thy selfe, art such an *Ape*.  
Now, which of these, pertaines to thee,  
Let them, that know thee, Iudges bee.

See, *Emb. XIV.*

Thy

15

Thy Vertues he may wrong, that sayes  
 Thou spend'st thy selfe, in wanton wayes;  
 But, some have thought, and sayd of late,  
 That, those thou lov'st, consume thy state:  
 Yet, spare nor *Time*, nor Substance, tho,  
 Where, them, thou oughtest to bestow;  
 But, to thine *Emblem* turne, and, see  
 When Life, and Wealth, well ventur'd bee.  
 See, *Emb. X V.*

16

Though *Troubles*, you may have (or had)  
 Enough, to make some others mad;  
 Yet, be content: for, they, that are  
 As weake, have had as much to beare;  
 And, that, which *Malice* did contrive,  
 To make them poore, hath made them thrive.  
 That *Emblem*, which, by *Lot*, you drew,  
 Prognosticates, as much, for you.  
 See, *Emb. X VI.*

17

Though, you suffer blame and paine,  
 You, at last, may Comfort gaine,  
 (Sharing *Honours*, truly gotten,  
 When, your Foes are dead, and rotten)  
 For, of this, you have a pawne,  
 In the *Lot*, that you have drawne;  
 And, by that, it may appeare,  
 What your paines, and wages, are.  
 See, *Emb. X VII.*

18

Take you serious heed, I pray,  
 Whither, you doe goe to day;  
 Whom you credite; and, for whom  
 You, ingaged, shall become;  
 And, unlesse you wish for Sorrow,  
 Be as provident, to morrow:  
 For, there are some traps and Snares,  
 Which, may take you unawares.  
 See, *Emb. X VIII.*

19

Your *Wit*, so much, you trust upon,  
 That, weaker *Means*, hith yours out-gone;  
 Sometime, you runne, when there is need  
 Of much more *Warinesse*, then *Speed*.  
 But, you, to *God* ward, worse have err'd;  
 And, yet, *Amendment* is deferr'd.  
 See, therefore, what your *Chance* doth say,  
 And, take good *Counsell*, while you may.  
 See, *Emb. X IX.*



20

Take heed, you doe not quite forget,  
That you are dauncing in a *Net* :  
More, then a few, your Course doe see,  
Though, you, suppose, unscene to be.  
Your Fault, we will no nearer touch ;  
Me-thinks your *Embleme* blabs too much :  
But, if, you mindē, what is amisse,  
You, shall be nere the worse, for this.

See, *Emble. XX.*

21

Let such, as draw this *Lot*, have care,  
For *Death*, and *Sorrow*, to prepare  
All times, to come, lest one of these,  
Their persons, unexpected, seize :  
For, them, or some of theirs, to slay,  
Pale *Death*, drawes neerer, ev'ry day.  
Yet, let them not, disheartned, bee :  
For, in their *Embleme*, they shall see,  
*Death*, may (though, in appearance, grim)  
Become, a *Blessing*, unto them.

See, *Emble. XXI.*

22

With *Mary*, thou art one of those,  
By whom, the better part, is chose ;  
And, though, thou tempted art, astray,  
Continu'it in a lawfull way.  
Gve *God* the praise, with heart unsain'd,  
That, he, such *Grace* to thee, hath gain'd ;  
And, view thy *Lot*, where thou shalt see,  
What *Hag*, hath layd a *Trap*, for thee.

See, *Emble. XXII.*

23

Although, that, thou demure appears,  
For *Pleasure*, there is no man here  
Will venture more : And, some there are,  
Who thinke you venture over farre :  
Hereof, consider well, therefore,  
Ere, so, you venture, any more ;  
And, in your *Lotted Embleme*, see,  
For what, your *Sufferings* ought to bee.

See, *Emble. XXIII.*

24

If ought, thou purpose, to assay,  
Pursue the same, without delay ;  
And, if thou meane to gather fruit,  
Be constant in thy *Hopes* pursuit :  
For, by thine *Embleme*, thou mayst finde,  
Thy *Stars*, to thee, are well-inclin'd ;  
Provided, thy *Attempts* be good :  
For, that, is ever understood.

See, *Emble. XXIV.*

Take

25

Take heed, thou love not their deceip,  
 Who *Number* give, in steed of *Weight*;  
 Nor, let their *Fancies*, thee abuse,  
 Who, such-like foolish *Customs*, use.  
 Perhaps, it may concerne thee, much,  
 To know the *Fanities* of such;  
 And, who they are: Marke, therfore, what  
 Thine *Emblem*, will, to thee relate.

See, *Emb.* XXV.

26

Thou, to *Impatience*, art inclin'd;  
 And, hast a discontented Minde;  
 That, therfore, thou mayst *Patience* learne,  
 And, thine owne *Over-sights* discerne,  
 Thy *Lot* (as to a Schoole to day)  
 Hath sent thee to the *Squirrells* Dray;  
 For, she instructs thee, to indure,  
 Till, thou, a better *state*, procure.

See, *Emb.* XXVI.

27

Your *Lot*, is very much to blame,  
 Or else, your person, or, your Name  
 Hath injur'd beene, or, may have wrong  
 By some loose wanton, ere't be long:  
 Therfore, e're, hence, you passe away,  
 Marke, what your *Emblem*, now, doth say.  
 Perhaps, by drawing of this *Lot*,  
 Some *Harmes* prevention may be got.

See, *Emb.* XXVII.

28

Vpon your head, those weights were laid,  
 Which, your *Endevours*, downward waigh'd;  
 For, those, who doe your *male* envie,  
 Much feare, your top will spring too high;  
 Nay, yet, some *Barthen*, you sustaine:  
 But, what their *Malice* will obtaine,  
 Your *Emblem* prophesies, if you,  
 With *Patience*, *Honest-ways*, pursue.

See, *Emb.* XXVIII.

29

This *Lot*, befell thee, for the nonce;  
 For, if things come not, all at once,  
 Thou, to despairing, soone, dost runne,  
 Or, leav'st the Worke, that's well begun:  
 Which, to prevent, regardfull be  
 Of what thine *Emblem* counsell's thee.

See, *Emb.* XXIX.

Afflictions

30

Afflictions, are thy chiefest *Lot*;  
Yea, great ones, too: yet, murre not.  
For, all, must fiery tryalls bide,  
And, from their Drosse be purify'd.  
Therefore, though this, in sport, be done,  
Thy Morall'd *Embleme*, looke upon;  
And, learne, those *Virtues* to acquire,  
Which, will not perish in the *Fire*.

See, *Emb. XXX.*

31

You seeke a *Lot*, which, proving bad,  
Would, peradventure, make you sad;  
But, this may please: for, you are taught  
To mend a Fortune, that is naught;  
And, armed, with such Counsell, here,  
Thar, you, no *Desire*, need feare.  
Now, if you come to Harme, or Shame,  
Vpon the *Starrs*, lay not the blame.

See, *Emb. XXXI.*

M

32

In *Court*, thou mayst have hope, to clime,  
This present, or some other time;  
But, something thou dost want, as yet,  
Which, for that place, must make thee fit.  
Presume not, therefore, on thy *Lot*,  
Till, those accomplishments are got,  
Which, in thine *Embleme*, are exprest;  
And, then, march on, among the best.

See, *Emb. XXXII.*

33

Some thinke, you love; 'tis true, you doe;  
And, are as well beloved too:  
But, you (if we the truth shall say)  
Love not so truly, as you may.  
To make a perfect *Love*, there goes  
Much more, then ev'ry *Love* knows.  
Your *Embleme*, therefore heede, and, then,  
Beginne, anew, to love agen.

See, *Emb. XXXIII.*

34

Now, some good *Counsell*, thou dost need;  
Of what we say, take, therefore, heed.  
Beware, lest thou, too much, offend  
A meeke, and, gentle-natur'd, *Friend*:  
Though pow'r thou hast, be carefull, too,  
Thou vexe not, long, thine able *Foe*;  
And, e're thou love, be sure to finde  
Thy *Match*, in *Manners*, and in *Minde*.  
If thou demand a Reason, why,  
To thee, thine *Embleme* will replie.

See, *Emb. XXXIV.*

I

Beware

35

Beware, thou share not in their crime,  
 Who care, but for the present time:  
 For, by thy *Let*, wee may suspect,  
 Or that, or things, to that effect.  
 If so it be, or if thy Minde,  
 To such an *Error*, be inclin'd,  
 Thy *Chance* unto an *Emblem*, brings,  
 Which, will advise to better things.

See, *Emb. XXXV.*

36

You, love to *seeme*; this, all Men see:  
 But, would you lov'd, as well, to *bee*.  
 If, also, better use were made  
 Of those good *Blessings*, you have had;  
 Your praise were more. Marke, therefore, well,  
 What *Moralls*, now, your *Emblem*, tell;  
 And, gather, from it, what you may,  
 To set you in a better way.

See, *Emb. XXXVI.*

37

To scape a Storme, great thought you take;  
 But, little heed, what *meanes* you make.  
 You, love your ease, and, Troubles, feare;  
 But, carelesse are, what *Course* you steere.  
 Which *Indiscretions*, to prevent,  
 You, to an *Emblem*, now, are sent:  
 Whereof, if you regardfull are,  
 You, lesse will feare, and better fare.

See, *Emb. XXXVII.*

38

What you have, done, consider, now;  
 For, this your *Chance*, doth seeme to show  
 That you have sworne, or vow'd, of late,  
 Or promised (you best know what)  
 Which, you have, since, unwilling bin,  
 To keepe; or, else, did faile, therein.  
 If it be so; repent, or els,  
 What will befall, your *Emblem* tells.

See, *Emb. XXXVIII.*

39

Thy *Hopings*, and thy *Fears*, are such,  
 That, they afflict, and paine thee, much;  
 Because, thou giv'st too great a scope  
 Vnto thy *Fear*, or to thy *Hope*:  
 For, they will paine, or pleasure thee,  
 As they enlarg'd, or curbed be.  
 But, lo; thine *Emblem*, if thou please,  
 Instructs thee, how, to manage these.

See, *Emb. XXXIX.*

Let



40

Let them, who get this *Chance*, beware,  
Lest *Cupid* snarle them in a *Snare*:  
For, by their *Lot*, they should be apt  
To be, in such-like *Ginnes*, intrapt.  
Some helpe, is by their *Embleme*, got,  
If they, too late, observe it not;  
But, then, no profit will be done them:  
For, *Counsell* will be lost upon them.

See, *Emb. X L.*

41

Whether, merely, *Chance*, or no,  
Brought this *Lot*, we doe not know:  
But, received, let it be,  
As, divinely, sent to thee:  
For, that, merits thy regard,  
Which, thine *Embleme* hath declar'd;  
And, the best, that are, have need,  
Such *Advisements*, well to heed.

See, *Emb. X L I.*

42

Thou, hast already, or, e're long,  
Shalt have some damage by the *Tangue*:  
But, fully, yet, it is not knowne,  
Whether the *Tangue* shall be thine owne,  
Or else, anothers *tangue*, from whom  
This Mischiefe, unto thee, shall come:  
But, much the better, thou shalt speed,  
If, now, thine *Embleme*, well thou heed.

See, *Emb. X L I I.*

43

Vnworthy things, thou dost affect,  
With somewhat overmuch respect;  
Vnto the *World*, inclining so,  
As if thy *Hopes* were all below:  
But, now, to rowse thee from this crime,  
Good *Counsell* comes in happy time.  
Make use thereof; and, thinke it not  
Meere casuall, or a needlesse *Lot*.

See, *Emb. X L I I I.*

44

Thou, either, too much love, hast plac't  
On things, that will not alway last;  
Or else, thou art a little scar'd.  
Because thy *Hopes* are long deferr'd:  
Nay, thou art touch'd, in both of these.  
Thy Profit, therefore, and thine ease,  
It will effect, if well thou minde  
What, in thine *Embleme*, thou shalt finde.

See, *Emb. X L V.*

45

When thou hast *Changes*, good, or bad,  
 Ore-joy'd, thou art, or over-sad;  
 As if it seemed very strange  
 To see the *Winds* or *Weather*, change:  
 Lo, therefore, to remember thee,  
 How changeable, things Mortall, bee,  
 Thou, art assisted by this *Lot*;  
 Now, let it be, no more, forgot.

See, *Emb.* XLV.

46

Of thy just *Aymes*, though means be flight,  
 Thou mayst attaine their wished height;  
 Vnlesse, thy Folly shall destroy  
 The Weale, thou seekest to enjoy,  
 By thy Despaire, or by neglect  
 Of that, which, may thy *Hopes* effect:  
 For, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayst know,  
 Great things, from small *Beginnings*, grow.

See, *Emb.* XLVI.

47

Thou must have *Crosses*; but they, shall,  
 To *Blessings*, be converted, all;  
 And, *Sufferings*, will become, thy Praise,  
 If, *Wisedome* order, well, thy wayes:  
 Yea, when thy *Crosses* ended are,  
 A Crowne of Glory, thou shalt weare.  
 Yet, note, how this to passe is brought:  
 For, in thine *Emblem*, it is taught.

See, *Emb.* XLVII.

48

If they, who drew this *Lot*, now be  
 Of great *Estate*, or high *Degree*,  
 They shall ere long, become as poore,  
 As those, that beg from doore to doore.  
 If poore they be; it plaine appears,  
 They shall become great *Princes* Peeres:  
 And, in their *Emblem*, they may know,  
 What very day, it will be, so.

See, *Emb.* XLVIII.

49

You, have attempted many a thing,  
 Which, you, to passe, could never bring;  
 Not, that, your Worke was hard to doe,  
 But, 'cause, you us'd wrong *Means*, thereto.  
 Hereafter, therefore, learne, I pray,  
 The *Times* of Working, and, the *Way*;  
 And, of thine *Emblem*, take thou heed,  
 If, better, thou desire to speed.

See, *Emb.* XLIX.

50

If you, to greater *Wealth*, will rise,  
You must not, slender *Gain*, despise;  
Nay, if, you minde not, to be poore,  
You must regard slight *Losses*, more:  
For, *Wealth*, and *Poverty*, doe come,  
Not all at once, but, some and some.  
If this, concerne you, any wayes,  
See, what your *Emblem*, further, sayes.

See, *Emb. L.*

51

Your *Fortune*, hath deserved thank,  
That she, on you, bestowes a *Blank*:  
For, as you, nothing good, have had;  
So, you, have nothing, that is bad.  
Yea, she, in this, hath favour showne,  
(If, now, your *Freedom* well be knowne)  
For, you, by *Lot*, these *Emblems*, mist,  
That you, may chuse out, which you list.

52

You, by an *Emblem*, seeke to get  
What Counsel your *Affaires* may fit;  
But, in particular, there's none,  
Which, you, by *Lot*, can light upon:  
And, why? because, no *Morall*, there,  
Doth, worthy of your Heed, appeare  
No, but because you rather, need,  
Of ev'ry *Emblem*, to take heed.

53

The *Stars*, are, now, no friends of your,  
Or this is not their lucky houre:  
For, at this time, unto your *Lot*,  
They, by an *Emblem*, answer not.  
If, therefore, you desire to know  
What good advice they will allow,  
Some further *Meanes*, you must assay,  
Or, trye your *Chance*, another day,

54

You, in your secret thoughts, despise  
To thinke an *Emblem* should advise,  
Or give you cause to minde or heed  
Those things, wher eof you may have need:  
And, therefore, when, the *Lot*, you try'd,  
An answer, justly, was deny'd.  
Yet (by your leave) there are but few,  
Who, need good *Counsel*, more then you.

55

In some extreame, you often are,  
 And, shoot too short, or else too farre;  
 Yea, such an errour, you were in,  
 When, for a *Lot*, you mov'd the *Pin*:  
 For, one touch more, or lesse, had layd  
 Our *Index*, where it should have stayd.  
 But, if you can be warn'd, by this,  
 To keepe the *Mean*, which oft you misse,  
 You have obtain'd as good a *Lot*,  
 As any one, this day, hath got.

56

Among these *Emblems*, none these be,  
 Which, now by *Lot* will fall to thee;  
 However, doe not thou repine:  
 For, this doth seeme to be a signe,  
 That, thou, thy Portion, shalt advance  
 By *Virtue*, not by sickle *Chance*.  
 Yet, notwithstanding, despise thou not  
 What, by good *Fortune*, may be got.

---

FINIS.

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A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
EMBLEMES,  
ANCIENT AND  
MODERNE:

Quickened  
VVith METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS; And,  
disposed into LOTTERIES, both *Morall*  
and *Divine*.

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered  
by an *Honest* and *Pleasant Recreation*.

---

By GEORGE WITHER.

---

*The Second Booke.*

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LONDON,  
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEVVES.  
MDCXXXIV.

A  
COLLECTION

EMBLEMS  
AND

OF THE  
HISTORY OF THE  
JEWISH NATION  
FROM THE  
BEGINNING OF THE  
WORLD TO THE  
DESTRUCTION OF  
JERUSALEM  
IN THE YEAR  
OF THE WORLD  
4102

By G. C. W. W.

THE



LONDON

Printed by A. D. N. S. S.

MDCXXIV

TO  
THE HIGH AND MIGHTY  
Prince, CHARLES, Prince  
of WALES, &c.

**F**Air't Blossoms of our hopes; and Morning-stars  
To all these *Planets*, which inclosed are  
By *Neptunes* armes, within our Northern climes,  
And who (wee trust) shall rise, in future times,  
To be the brightest *Light*, that then will shine,  
Betwixt the *Arctic Circle*, and the *Line*.

To You (as now you are) that I present  
These EMBLEMS, 'tis not so impertinent  
As those may thinke it, who have neither scene  
What, of your *Cradle-sports*, hath heeded beene;  
Nor heard how many serious *Questionings*,  
Your *Child-hood* frameth, out of trifling things:  
And, if mine aime I have not much mistooke,  
I come not ~~unseasonably~~ with such a *Booke*.

So long as in this *Infant-Age* you are,  
(Wherein, the speechlesse *Portraiture*s appear  
A pleasurefull delight) your HIGHNESSE may  
Among our *Emblems*, finde a *Harmlesse-play*:  
And, those mute *Objects* will from time to time,  
Still *Riper*, seeme, till you to *ripenesse* clime.  
When their dumb *Figures*, no more sport can make,  
Their *Illustrations*, will begin to speake;  
And, ev'ry day, new matter still disclose,  
Vntill your *Iudgement* to perfection growes.

They likewise, who their *Services*, to do  
Frequent your *Presence*, may have pleasure too,  
From this your *Play-game*: yea, and some perchance,  
May cure a *Folly*, or an *Ignorance*  
By that, which they shall either heare or view  
In these our *Emblems*, when they wait on You;  
Or, shall be called, by your EXCELLENCE,  
To try what *LOT*, they shall obtaine from thence.

It may, moreover, much increase the sport,  
Which is allowed in a vertuous COVRT;  
When they whose faults have long suspected bin,  
Shall draw forth private *Censures* of their Sin,

And, heare their EMBLEMS, openly, display,  
What others dare not, but in private, say :  
Nor will, to You, the MORALS be in vaine,  
Ev'n when to manly Knowledge you attaine ;  
For, though to Teach, it will not them become  
To be Remembrancers, they may presume :  
And, that which in their (bilde-hood, men shall heed,  
Will soonest come to minde, in time of need.  
Incourag'd by these Hopes, I thought it meet  
To lay this humble Present at your feet.  
Accept it, now, and, please to favour me,  
When I growe old, and, You a Man shall be.

To your Highnesse

most humbly devoted,

GEO: WITHER.



TO  
THE MOST HIGHBORNE  
and hopefull Prince *JAMES*,  
*Duke of YORKE, &c.*

Sweet PRINCE,

**Y**OUR hand I kisse; and, thus my Lines addresse  
Vnto your wife, and vertuous \* *GOVERNESSE*,

For, *MADAME*, (as his PROXY) it is fit,  
That You both Read, and answer for him, yet,  
To You for Him, I therefore tender, here,  
To welcome in the New-beginning Yeare,  
This harmelesse PLAY-GAME; that, it may have place,  
When somewhat ripen Daies, shall Make his GRACE,  
Affect such Objects: which, to looke upon  
May pleasure yeeld him, ere this Yeare be gone.

'Tis not the least Discretion, in great COVRTS  
To know what Recreations, and what Sports  
Become young PRINCES; or, to find out those,  
Which may, with harmelesse pleasantness, dispose  
Their Mindes to VERTVE: neither in their Cradles,  
Should this be heeded lesse, then in their Sables:  
Because, when first to know, we doe begin,  
A small Occasion, lets much Evill in.

Among those things, which both Instruct and please;  
'But few, (for Children) are surpassing these:  
For, they, to looke on Pictures, much desire;  
And, not to Looke alone, but, to enquire  
What things those are, that represented be,  
In ev'ry MAP, or EMBLEM, which they see.

And, that which they shall view, or shall be told,  
(By means of any Figure they behold)  
Experience breeds; assisteth Memory;  
Or, helps to forme a Witty Fantasie:  
And, if those Formes to good Instruction tend,  
Ofte stealeth them, also, till their lives have end.

Then, since ev'n all of us, much Good receive  
By Vertuous PRINCES; And should, therefore, strive  
To adde some helps, whereby they might acquire  
That Excellence, which wee in them desire.

\* The  
Countesse of  
Dorset.

I (being

I (being able, to present by GRACE,  
With nothing like a Rattle, or a Glasse,  
Or some such Cradle-play-game) bring, to day,  
This **BOOKE**, to be as usefull as it may:  
And, how, and when, it will most usefull grow,  
Without my Teaching, **YOU** can fully show.

For, what is of your Ableness belov'd,  
Through all these famous Ilands, hath receiv'd,  
A large applause, in that, from out of those  
Which ablest were, both King and State have choos'd  
Your Faith and Wisdom, to be **TREASURESSE**  
Of their chiefe Jewels; and the **GOVERNESSE**  
Of our prime Hopes. And, now I thus have weigh'd,  
Me thinks, there needs no more, by me, be said,  
But, (having pray'd your **HONOUR** to receive  
This **PRESENT** for the **DYKE**) to take my leave,  
And Versifie to him, some other day,  
When Hee can understand mee, what I say.

Till then, let it please your Honour sometimes to  
remember this, that

I am his Graces

daily and humble

Orator,

**GEO: WITHER.**

We best shall quiet clamorous Thronges,  
When, we our selves, can rule our Tongues.

63



ILLVSTR. I.

Book. 2

**W**hen I observe the Melanchollie Owles,  
Considering with what patience, they sustaine  
The many clamours, of the greater Fowles;  
And, how the little *Chirpers*, they disdain:  
When I remember, how, their Injuries  
They sleight, (who, causeles give them an offence)  
Vouchsafing, scarce to cast aside their eyes  
To looke upon that foolish Insolence.  
Me thinks, by their *Example*, I am taught  
To sleight the slanders of Injurious Tongues;  
To set the scoffes of *Conjurors*, at naught,  
And, with a brave *neglect*, to beare out *Wrongs*.  
Hec, doubtles, whom the *Psalmist*, long agoe,  
Vnto a lonely *Desert-Owl* compar'd,  
Did practise thus; And, when I can doe so,  
I, shall for all affronts, become prepar'd.  
And, (though, this Doctrine, Flesh and blood gaine-say)  
Yet, sure, to stopp the malice of *Despight*,  
There is no better, (nay, no other) way:  
Since, *Rage* by *Opposition* gathers *Might*.

Good God! vouchsafe, sufficient grace and strength,  
That (though I have not yet, such *Patience* gott)  
I may attaine this happy gift, at length;  
And, finde the cause, that, yet, I have it not.  
Though me, my Neighbours, and my Foes revile;  
Make me of all their words, a *Patience-bearer*:  
When'er I suffer, let me be, the while,  
As in the silent Lambe before the Shearer.

So, though my speakings, cannot quiet any,  
My *Patience* may restrain the Tongues of many.

L

When

When wee by Hunger, VVildome gains,  
Our Guts, are wiser then our Braine.



ILLVSTR. I I.

Book, 2

**H** He Crowe, when deepe within a close-mouth'd-Fat.  
She water finds, her thirstinesse to slake;  
(And, knoweth not where else it might be got)  
Her Belly, teacheth her, this course to take:  
She flies, and fetcheth many Pebbles thither;  
Then, downe into the Fissell, lets them drop;  
Vntill, so many stones are brought together,  
As may advance the water to the top.

From whence, we might this observation heed;  
That, Hunger, Thirst, and those necessities,  
(Which from the Bellies craving, doe proceed)  
May make a Foole, grow provident and wise.  
And, though (in sport) we say, the braines of some,  
Not in their Heads, but in their Guts, doe lye;  
Yet, that, by wants, Men wiser should become,  
Dissenteth not from true Philosophy:  
For, no man labours with much Willingnesse,  
To compasse, what he nought at all desires;  
Nor seeketh so, his longing to possesse,  
As, when some urgent neede, the same requires.  
Nay, though he might, a willingnesse, retaine,  
Yet, as the Belly, which is ever full,  
Breeds fumes, that cause a sottish-wiles-braine,  
So, plenteous Fortunes, make the Spirits dull.  
All, borne to Riches, have not all-times, wit  
To keepe, (much lesse, to better) their degree:  
But, men to nothing borne, oft, passage get,  
(Through many wants) renown'd, and rich to bee:  
Yea, Poverty and Hunger, did produce,  
The best Inventions, and, of chiefest use.

Though





ILLVSTR. III.

Book. 2

**T**O Musick, and the Muses, many beare  
Much hatred; and, to whatsoever ends  
Their *Soule-delighting-Raptures* tuned are,  
Such peevish dispositions, it offends.  
Some others, in a *Moral way*, affect  
Their pleasing *Strains* (or, for a sensuall use)  
But, in *Gods Worship*, they the same suspect;  
(Or, take it rather) as a great abuse.  
The *First* of these, are full of *Melancholy*;  
And, Pity need, or Comfort, more then blame;  
And, soone, may fall into some dangerous *folly*,  
Vnlesse they labour, to prevent the same.  
The *Last*, are *giddie things*, that have befool'd  
Their Iudgements, with *beguiling-Fantasies*,  
Which (if they be not, by discretion, school'd)  
Will plunge them into greater *Fanities*.

For, *Musick*, is the *Handmaid* of the L O R D,  
And, for his *Worship*, was at first ordayned:  
Yea, therewithall she fitly doth accord;  
And, where *Devotion* thriveth, is receyned.  
Shee, by a nat'rall power, doth helpe to raise,  
The *mind* to God, when joyfull Notes are sound:  
And, *Passions* fierce *Distemperatures*, alaies;  
When, by grave *Tones*, the *Melody* is bounded.  
It, also may in *Myficks sense*, imply  
What *Musick*, in *our selves*, ought still to be;  
And, that our *jarring-lives* to certifie,  
Wee should in *Voice*, in *Hand*, and *Heart*, agree:  
And, sing out, *Faiths* new-songs, with full concert,  
Vnto the *Lutes*, ten-stringed *Instrument*.

Marke, what Rewards, to Sinne, are due,  
And, learne, uprightnesse to pursue.



ILLVSTR. IIII.

Book. 2

**A** Sword unsheathed, and a strangling-Snare,  
Is figur'd here; which, in dumb-shewes, doe preach,  
Of what the Malefactor should beware;  
And, they doe threaten too, aswell as Teach.  
For, some there are, (would God, that summe were lesse)  
Whom, neither good Advice, nor, wholesome Law,  
Can turne from Pathwaies of Frightfullnesse,  
If Death, or Tortures, keepe them not in awe.  
These, are not they, whose Conscience for the sake  
Of Goodnesse onely, Godlinesse, pursues;  
But, these are they, who never scruple make  
What Guilt, but, what great punishment ensues.

For such as these, this Emblem was prepar'd:  
And, for their sakes, in places eminent,  
Are all our Gallow-trees, and Gibbets, rear'd;  
That, by the sight of them, they might repent.  
Let, therefore, those who feele their hearts inclin'd  
To any kind of Death-deserving-Crime,  
(When they behold this Emblem) change their mind,  
Lest, they (too late) repent, another time.  
And, let not those our Counsell, now, contemne,  
Who, doome pure Thieves to death; yet, guilty be  
Of more, then most of those whom they Condemne:  
But, let them Learne their perill to foresee.  
For, though a little while, they may have hope  
To seeme upright, (when they are nothing lesse)  
And, scape the Sword, the Gallows, and the Rope,  
There is a Iudge, who sees their wickednesse;  
And, when grim Death, shall summon them, from hence,  
They will be fully plagu'd for their offence.

That



ILLVSTR. V.

Book. 2

**A** Crowned Scepter here is fixt upright,  
Betwixt foure Fowles, whose postures may declare,  
They came from Coasts, or Climates opposite,  
And, that, they differing in their natures are.  
In which, (as in some others, that we finde  
Amongst these Emblems) little care I take  
Precisely to unfold our Authors minde,  
Or, on his meaning, Comments here to make.  
It is the scope of my Intention, rather  
From such perplext Inventions (which have nought,  
Of Ancient Hieroglyphick) sense, to gather,  
Whereby, some usefull Morall may be taught.

And, from these Figures, my Collections be,  
That, Kingdomes, and the Royall-dignitie,  
Are best upheld, where Subjects doe agree,  
To keepe upright the state of Sovereignty.  
When, from each Coast and quarter of the Land,  
The Rich, the Poore, the Swaine, the Gentleman,  
Lends, in all wants, and at all times, his hand,  
To give the best assistance that he can:  
Yea, when with Willing-hearts, and Winged-speed,  
The men of all Degrees, doe duely carry  
Their Aides to publike-works, in time of need,  
And, to their Kings, be freely tributary:  
Then shall the Kingdome gayne the gloriest height,  
Then shall the Kingly Title be renown'd,  
Then shall the Royall-Scepter stand upright,  
And, with supremest Honour, then, be Crown'd.

But, where this Day long neglect, they shall,  
The King will suffer, and, the Kingdome fall.

From that, by which I somewhat am,  
The Cause of my Destruction came.



ILLVSTR. V L.

Book. 2

**T**He little *Sparkes* which rak'd in *Embers* lie,  
Are kindly kindled by a gentle *blast* :  
And, *brands* in which the fire begins to die  
Revive by *blowing* ; and, flame out at last.  
The selfe same *wind*, becoming over strong,  
Quite bloweth out againe that very flame ;  
Or, else, consumes away (ere it be long)  
That wasting substance, which maintain'd the same.

Thus fares it, in a Thousand other things,  
As soone as they the *golden Meane* exceed ;  
And, that, which keeping *Measure*, profit brings,  
May, (by *excesse*) our losse, and ruine, breed.  
*Preferments* (well and moderately sought)  
Have helpt those men, new *Virtues* to acquire,  
Who, being to superiour places brought,  
Lest all their *goodnesse*, as they climed higher.  
A little *wealth*, may make us better able  
To labour in our *Callings* : Yet, I see  
That they, who being poore, were charitable,  
Becoming rich, hard-hearted grow to be.  
*Love*, when they entertaine it with discretion,  
More worthy, and more happy, maketh men ;  
But, when their *Love* is overgrowne with *Passion*,  
It overthrowes their happinesse, agen.  
Yea, this our *Flesh*, (in which we doe appeare  
To have that *being*, which we now enjoy)  
If we should overmuch the same endcare,  
Would our *Well-being*, totally destroy.  
For, that which gives our *Pleasures* nourishment,  
Is oft the poyson of our best *Content*.





ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. 2

**I**n this wheele, and he himselfe therton  
Is figur'd, and (by way of *Emblem*) here,  
Set forth, for *Guilty men* to looke upon;  
That, they, their wicked Courses might forbear.  
To gaine a lawlesse fauour he desired,  
And, in his wicked hopes beguiled was:  
For, when to claspe with *Iane*, he aspired,  
In stead of her, a *Cloud*, he did embrace.  
He, likewise, did incurre a dreadfull *Dreame*,  
(Which well befitted his presumptuous Crime)  
A terror, and, a warning, to become,  
For wicked men, through all succeeding time.  
As did his longings, and his after *Paine*,  
So, theirs affecteth, nor effecteth ought,  
But, that, which prooeth either false or vaine;  
And, their false *Pleasures*, are as dearly, bought:  
Yea, that, whereon they build their fairest *Hope*,  
May, bring them (in conclusion of the Deed)  
To clime the *Gallows*, and to stretch a *Rope*;  
Or, send them thither, where farre worse they speed:  
Ev'n thither, where, the *never-standing-Wheele*  
Of *everlasting-Tortures*, turneth round,  
And, racks the *Conscience*, till the soule doth feele  
All Paines, that are in *Sense*, and *Reason* found.  
For, neither doth black Night, more swiftly follow,  
Declining *Day-light*: Nor, with *Nimble Motion*  
Can *waves*, each other, downe their Channell follow,  
From high-raisd *Mountaines*, to the bigg-womb'd *Ocean*,  
Then, *Injustice* will, when she doth once begin,  
To prosecute, an *Unrepented-Sin*.

When



ILLVSTR. VIII.

Book 3

¶ Hen, all the yeare, our fields are fresh and greene,  
And, while sweet *Flowers*, and *Sunshine*, every day,  
(As oft, as need requireth) come betwene  
The Heav'ns and earth; they heedles passe away.  
The fulnes, and continuance, of a blessing,  
Doth make us to be senseles of the good:  
And, if it sometime flie not our possessing,  
The sweetnesse of it, is not understood.

Had wee no *Winter*, *Summer* would be thought  
Not halfe so pleasing: And, if *Tempests* were not,  
Such Comforts could not by a *Calm*, be brought:  
For, things, save by their *Opposites*, appeare not.  
Both *health*, and *wealth*, is tastles unto some;  
And, so is *ease*, and every other *pleasure*,  
Till *poore*, or *sicke*, or *grieved*, they become:  
And, then, they relish these, in ampler measure.

God, therefore (full as *kinde*, as he is *wise*)  
So tempereth all the *Favours* he will doe us,  
That, wee, his *Bounties*, may the better prize;  
And, make his *Chastisements* lesse bitter to us.  
One while, a scorching *Indignation* burnes  
The *Flowers* and *Blosomes* of our *HOPES*, away;  
Which into *Scarfitie*, our *Plentie* turnes,  
And, changeth *unmowne-Graffe* to *parched Hay*;  
Anon, his fruitfull *showres*, and pleasing *dewes*,  
Commixt with cheerefull *Royes*, he sendeth downe;  
And then the *Barren-earth* her cropp renewes,  
Which with rich *Harvests*, *Hills*, and *Vallies* Crowne:  
For, as to relish *Joyes*, he sorrow sends,  
So, Comfort on *Temptation*, still, attends.

To bridle for Gaine, the Cocke doth sleight;  
But, for his Females, he will fight.

71



ILLVSTR. IX.

Book, 2

**S**ome are so quarrellous, that they will draw,  
And *bridle*, and *fight*, for every toy they see;  
Grow furious, for the wagging of a straw,  
And, (otherwile) for lesse then that may be.  
Some, are more staid, a little, and will beare,  
Apparent wrongs (which to their face you doe);  
But, when they *see*, they cannot brooke to heare  
That any should be bold to tell them so.  
Another sort, I know, that *blowes* will take,  
Put up the *eye*, and give men leave to say  
What words they please; till spoile they seeke to make  
Of their estates; And, then, they'll kill and slay.  
But, of all *Hacksters*, farre the fiercest are  
Our *Cockrills of the game*, (Sir *Cupid's* knights)  
Who, (on their foolish *Cucumbers*) often weare  
The Scarres they get in their *Venerian* fights.  
Take heede of these; for, you may pacifie  
The *first*, by time: The *second*, will be pleas'd  
If you submit, or else your words denie;  
The *third*, by satisfaction, are appeal'd:  
But, he that for his *Female*, takes offence,  
Through Icalousy, or madnesse, rageth so;  
That, he accepteth of no recompence,  
Till he hath wrought his *Rivals* overthrow.  
Such Fury, shun; and, shunne their Vulgar minde,  
Who for base trash despitfully contend;  
But, (when a just occasion, thou shalt finde)  
Thy Vertuous *Mistresse*, lawfully defend.  
For, he, that in such cases turns his face,  
Is held a *Capon*, of a Dunghill Race.

M

If



Book 2

They worke, with most securitie, that know  
The *Times*, and best *Occasions* of *delay*;  
When, likewise, to be neither *swift*, nor *slow*;  
And, when to practise all the *speed*, they may.  
For, whether calme, or stormie-passages,  
(Through this life's *Ocean*) shall their *Bark* attend;  
This *double Vertue*, will procure their ease:  
And, them, in all necessities, befriend.

By *Speedinesse*, our works are timely wrought;  
By *Staydnesse*, they, to passe are, safely, brought.



They that in Hope, and Silence, live,  
The best Contentment, may achieve.

78



ILLVSTR. XI.

Book. 2

**I**F thou desire to cherish true Content,  
And in a troublous time that course to take,  
Which may be likely mischieves to prevent,  
Some use, of this our *Heteroglyphick*, make.  
The *Fryers Habit*, seemeth to import,  
That, thou (as ancient *Monks* and *Fryers* did)  
Shouldst live remote, from places of resort,  
And, in *retirednesse*, lye closely hid.  
The *closed-Booke*, doth warne thee, to retaine  
Thy *thoughts* within the compasse of thy breast;  
And, in a quiet *silence* to remaine,  
Vntill, thy minde may safely be exprest.  
That *Anchor*, doth informe thee, that thou must  
Walke on in *Hope*, and, in thy Pilgrimage,  
Beare up (without *despairing* or *distrust*)  
Those wrongs, and sufferings, which attend thine *Age*.

For, whenloere *Oppression* groweth rise,  
*Obscurenesse*, is more safe than *Eminence*;  
Hee, that then keepes his *Tongue*, may keepe his *Life*,  
Till Times will better favour *Innocence*.  
*Truth* spoken where *untruth* is more approved,  
Will but enrage the malice of thy foes;  
And, otherwhile, a wicked man is moved  
To cease from wrong, if no man him oppose.

Let this our *Emblem*, therefore, counsell thee,  
Thy life in safe *Retirednesse*, to spend:  
Let, in thy breast, thy thoughts reserved bee,  
Till thou art layd, where none can thee offend.

And, whilst most others, give their *Fancie scope*,  
Enjoy thy selfe, in *Silence*, and in *Hope*.



ILLVSTR. XII.

Book. 2

**B**Ee merry man, and let no causelesse feare  
Of *Constellation*, fatall *Destinie*,  
Or of those false *Decrees*, that publish'd are  
By foolish braines, thy *Conscience* terrifie.  
To thee, these *Figures* better *Doctrines* teach,  
Than those blind *Stoicks*, who necessitate  
*Contingent things*; and, arrogantly teach  
(For doubtlesse truths) their dreames of changelesse *Fate*.  
Though true it bee, that those things which pertaine,  
As *Ground-works*, to *Gods* glorie, and our blisse,  
Are fixt, for aye, unchanged to remaine;  
All, is not such, that thereon builded is.  
God, gives men power, to build on his *Foundation*;  
And, if their *works* bee thereunto agreeing,  
No *Power-created*, brings that *Variation*,  
Which can disturbe, the *Workmans* happy being.  
Nor, of those *workings*, which required are,  
Is any made impossible, untill  
Mans heart begins that *Counsell* to preferre,  
Which is derived from a *crooked-will*.

The *Starres*, and many other things, incline  
Our nat'rall *Constitutions*, divers wayes;  
But, in the Soule, *God* plac'd a *Power-divine*,  
Which, all those *Inclinations*, overwayes.  
Yea, *God*, that *Prudence*, hath infus'd, by *Grace*,  
Which, till *Selfe-will*, and *Lust*, betrayes a man,  
Will keepe him firmly, in that happy place,  
From whence, no *Constellation* move him can.

And, this is that, whereof I notice take,  
From this great *Starre*, enclosed by a *Snake*.

Their

Their Friendship firme will ever bide,  
Whose hands unto the Crosse are tide.

75



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. 2

**W**hen first I knew the world, (and was untaught  
By tryde experience, what true Friendship meant)  
That I had many faithfull friends, I thought;  
And, of their Love, was wondrous confident.  
For, few so young in yeares, and meane in fortune,  
Of their Familiars, had such troopes, as I,  
Who did their daily fellowship importune;  
Or, seeme so pleased in their company.  
In all their friendly meetings, I was one;  
And, of the *Quorum*, in their honest game:  
By day or night, I feldome fare alone;  
And, welcome seemed, where soere I came.

But, where are now those multitudes of Friends?  
Alas! they on a sudden flisht away.  
Their love begun, but, for some sensuall ends,  
Which sayling them, it would no longer stay.  
If I to vaine expences, would have mov'd them,  
They, nor their paines, nor purses, would have spared;  
But, in a reall need, if I had prov'd them,  
Small shoues of kindnesse, had bin then declared.  
Of thrice three thousands, two, perhaps, or three,  
Are left me now, which (yet) as Friends I prize;  
But, none of them, of that great number be,  
With whom I had my youthfull Iollities.

If, therefore, thou desire a Friend, on Earth,  
Let one pure faith betwixt you bee begot,  
And, seeke him not, in vanities, or mirth,  
But, let Afflictions tye your true-love-knot:

For, they who to the Crosse, are firmly tyde,  
Will fast, and everlasting Friends, abide.

M 3

A Candle

*A Candle that affords no light,  
What profits it, by Day, or Night?*



ILLVSTR. XIIIIL

Book. 2

**H**ere be of those in every *Common-wealth*,  
Whom to this *Emblem* we resemble may,  
The *Name* of none I purpose to reveale,  
But, their *Condition*, heere, I will display.  
Some, both by gifts of *Nature*, and of *Grace*,  
Are so prepared, that, they might be fit  
To stand as *Lights*, in profitable place,  
Yet, loose their *Talent*, by neglecting it.  
Some, to the *common Grace*, and *nat'rall parts*,  
(By helpe of *Nature*, and good *Discipline*)  
Have added an accomplishment of *Arts*,  
By which, their *Light* may much the brighter shine.  
Some others, have to this, acquired more:  
For, to maintaine their *Lampe*, in giving light,  
Of *Waxe*, and *Oyle*, and *Fatnesse*, they have store,  
Which over-flowes unto them, day and night.  
And, ev'n as *Lampes*, or *Candles*, on a *Table*,  
(Or, fixt on golden *Candlesticks*, on high)  
To light *Assemblies*, Great and Honourable,  
They, oft, have (also) place of *Dignitie*.  
By meanes of which, their *Splendor* might become  
His praise, who those high favours did bequeath:  
They might encrease the *Light* of *Christendome*,  
And, make them see, who sit in shades of *Death*.  
But, many of them, like those *Candles* bee,  
That stand unlighted in a *Branch* of gold:  
For, by their helpe wee nothing more can see,  
Than wee in grossest darkness, may behold.  
If such there be, (as there bee such, I feare)  
The question is, *For what good use they are.*

The





ILLVSTR. XV.

Book, 2

**N**O Age, hath had a people, to professe  
*Religion*, with a shew of holinesse,  
Beyond these times; nor, did men sacrifice,  
According to their foolish fantasies,  
More oft than at this present. One, bestowes  
On *pious-workes*, the hundreth part, of those  
Ill-gotten goods, which from the poore he seized,  
And, thinks his God, in that, is highly pleased.

Another, of her dues, the Church bereaves:  
And, yet, himselfe a holy man conceives,  
(Yea, and right bountifull) if hee can spare  
From those his thefts, the tenth, or twentieth share,  
To some new *Lecture*; or, a *Chapaine* keepe,  
To please *Himselfe*, or, preach his *Wife* asleepe.

Some others, thinke they bring sincere *Oblations*,  
When, fir'd with zeale, they roare out *Imprecations*  
Against all those, whom wicked they repute:  
And, when to God, they tender any lute,  
They dreame to merit what they would obtaine,  
By *praying-long*, with *Repetitions* vaine.

With many other such like *Sacrifices*  
Men come to God: but, he such gifts despises:  
For, neither gifts, nor *workes*, nor any thing  
(Which we can either *doe*, or *say*, or *bring*),  
Accepted is of God; untill he finde  
A *Spirit-humbled*, and a *troubled-minde*,  
A *contrite Heart*, is that, and, that alone,  
Which God with love, and pitie, looks upon.

Such he affects; therefore (*O Lord*) to thee;  
Such, let my *Heart*, and, such, my *Spirit* bee.

A King



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book. 2

**T**He Royall-Scepter, Kingly power, implies;  
The Crowne-Imperiall, GLORIE, signifies:  
And, by these joyn'd in one, we understand,  
A King, that is an honour to his Land.

A Kingdome, is not alwaies eminent,  
By having Confines of a large extent;  
For, Povertie, and Barbarousnesse, are found  
Ev'n in some large Dominions, to abound:  
Nor, is it Wealth, which gets a glorious-Name;  
For, then, those Lands would spread the widest Fame,  
From whence we fetch the Gold and Silver-ore;  
And, where we gather Pearles upon the shore:  
Nor, have those Countries highest exaltations,  
Which breed the strongest, and the Warlikst Nations;  
For, proud of their owne powre, they sometimes grow,  
And quarrell, till themselves they overthrow.  
Nor, doe the chiefeft glories, of a Land,  
In many Cities, or much People, stand:  
For, then, those Kingdomes, most renowned were,  
In which Puchristian Kings, and, Tyrants are.

It is the King by whom a Realme's renowne,  
Is either builded up, or overthrowne.  
By Solomon, more fam'd was Judah made,  
Then, by the Mpltrude of men it had:  
Great Alexander, glorified Greece,  
Throughout the World, which, else had bene a piece  
Perhaps obscure; And, Casar added more  
To Rome, then all her greatnesse did before.

Grant, Lord, these Iles, for ever may be blessed,  
With what, in this our Emblem is expressed.



ILLVSTR. XVII.

Book. 2

**T**hinke you would be wise; for, most men seeme  
To make of *Knowledge* very great esteeme.  
If such be your desires, this *Emblem* view;  
And, marke how well the *Figures*, counsell you.  
Wee by the Bird of *Athen*, doe expresse,  
That painefull, and that usefull *watchfulnessse*,  
Which ought to bee enjoyned, unto them,  
Who seeke a place, in *Wisdomes* Academ.  
For, as an *Owl* mewes up her selfe by *Day*,  
And watcheth in the *Night*, to get her prey;  
Ev'n so, good *Students*, neither must be such,  
As *daily* gad; or *nightly* sleepe too much.

That *open-booke*, on which the *Owl* is perch'd,  
Affords a *Morall*, worthy to be search'd:  
For, it informes, and, darkly doth advise,  
Your *Watchings* be not after *Vanities*;  
(Or, like their *Wakings*, who turne dayes to nights,  
In following their unlawfull appetites)  
And, that, in keeping *Home*, you doe not spend  
Your houres in sloth, or, to some fruitlesse end.  
But, rather in good *Studies*; and, in that,  
By which, true *Knowledge*, is arrived at.  
For, if your *Studies*, and your *Wakings*, bee  
To this intent; you shall that *Path-way* see  
To *Wisdome*, and to *Honour*, which was found,  
Of them, whose *Knowledge* hath been most renown'd.  
But, if your *Watchings*, and *Retirednesse*,  
Be for your *Loss*, or, out of *Sottishnesse*,  
You are not, what th' *Athenian-Owl* implies,  
But, what our *Englisb-Owlet* signifies.

When Mars, and Pallas, do agree,  
Great works, by them, effected bee.



## ILLVSTR. XVIII.

### Part 2

**I**T prospers ever best, in all Estates,  
When *Mars* and *Pallas* are continuall Mates,  
And those affaires but seldome luckie be,  
In which, these needfull *Powers*, doe not agree.  
That *Common-wealth*, in which, good *Arts* are found  
Without a *Guard*, will soone receive a wound:  
And, *Souldiers*, where good-*order* beares no sway,  
Will, very quickly, rout themselves away.

Moreover, in our private Actions too,  
There must bee both a *Knowledge*, how to doe  
The *worke* propos'd, and *strength* to finish it;  
Or, wee shall profit little by our *Wis.*  
*Discretion* takes effect, where *Vigour* failes;  
Where *Cunning* speeds not, *outward force* prevails;  
And, otherwhile, the prize pertains to neither,  
Till they have joyn'd their *Virtues* both together.

Consider this; and, as occasions are,  
To both of these your due respects declare.  
Delight not so in *Arts*, to purchase harmes  
By Negligence, or Ignorance of *Armes*:  
If *Martiall-Discipline* thou shalt affect;  
Yet, doe not *honest-Follie*, neglect.  
Improve thy *Minds*, as much as e're thou may;  
But foole thou not thy *Bodies* gifts away.  
The *Virtues* both of *Body*, and of *Mind*,  
Are, still, to be regarded in their kind.  
And, wee should neither of the two disgrace;  
Nor, either of them, raise above his place:

For when these two wee value as wee ought,  
Great works, by their *joynt power*, to passe are brought.

The



They, after suffering, shall be crown'd,  
In whom, a Constant-faith, is found.

81



ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. 2

**M**Arke well this *Emblem*, and, observe you thence  
The nature of true *Christian-confidence*.  
Her *Foot* is fixed on a *squared-Stone*,  
Which, whether side soe're you turne it on,  
Standi fast, and, is that *Corner-Stone*, which props,  
And firmly knits the structure of our *Hopes*.  
Shee, alwayes, beares a *Crosse*, to signifie,  
That, there was never any *Constancie*  
Without her *Tryalls*: and, that, her perfection;  
Shall never be attain'd, without *Affliction*.

A *Cup* shee hath, moreover, in her hand;  
And, by that *Figure*, thou mayst understand,  
That, shee hath draughts of *Comfort*, alwayes neere her,  
(At ev'ry brunt) to strengthen, and to cheare her.  
And, loe, her head is crown'd; that, we may see  
How great, her *Glorie*, and *Rewards*, will be.

Hertby, this *Fortne's* nature may be knowne:  
Now, practise, how to make the same thine owne.  
Discourag'd be not, though thou art pursu'd  
With many wrongs, which cannot be eschew'd;  
Nor yeeld thou to *Despairing*, though thou hast  
A *Crosse* (which threatens death) to be embrac't;  
Or, though thou be compell'd to swallow up,  
The very dregs, of *Sorrow's* bitter *Cup*:  
For, whensoever griefes, or torments, paine thee,  
Thou hast the same *Foundation* to sustaine thee:  
The selfe same *Cup* of *Comfort*, is prepared  
To give thee strength, when *fainting-spirits* are feared:  
And, when thy *time of tryall*, is expired,  
Thou shalt obtaine the *Crowne*, thou hast desired.



ILLVSTR. XX.

Book. 2

**I**F to his thoughts my Comments have assented,  
By whom the following Emblem was invented,  
I'll hereby teach you (*Ladies*) to discover  
A true-bred *Cupid*, from a fained *Lover*;  
And, shew (if you have *Wooers*) which be they,  
That worth'est are to beare your *Hearts* away.  
As is the *Boy*, which, here, you pictured see,  
Let them be *young*, or let them, rather, be  
Of *suiting yeeres* (which is instead of *youth*)  
And, wooe you in the *nakednesse*, of *Truth*;  
Not in the common and disguised *Clothes*,  
Of *Mimick-gestures*, *Complements*, and *Oathes*.  
Let them be *winged* with a swift *Desire*;  
And, not with *slow-affections*, that will tyre.  
But, looke to this, as to the principall,  
That, *Love* doe make them truly *Musicall*:  
For, *Love's* a good *Musician*, and, will show  
How, every faithfull *Lover* may be so.

Each *word* he speaks, will presently appeare  
To be melodious *Raptures* in your care:  
Each *gesture* of his body, when he moves,  
Will seeme to play, or sing, a *Song of Loves*:  
The very looks, and motions of his eyes,  
Will touch your *Heart-strings*, with sweet *Harmonies*;  
And, if the *Name* of him, be but express,  
T'will cause a thousand *quaverings* in your breast.  
Nay, ev'n those *Discords*, which occasion'd are,  
Will make your *Musicke*, much the sweeter, farre.  
And, such a mooving *Diapason* strike,  
As none but *Love*, can ever play the like.

Thy seeming-Lover, false will bee  
And love thy Money, more than Thee.

83



ILLVSTR. XXI.

Book. 2

What may the reason be, so many wed,  
And misse the blessings of a joyfull-Bed,  
But those ungodly, and improper ends,  
For which, this Age most *Marriages* intends?  
Some, love *plumps-flesh*, and, those as kinde will be  
To any gamefome *Wanton*, as to thee.  
Some, dote on *Haners*, and, all such will prize  
Thy *Person*, meerely, for thy *Dignities*.  
Some, fancy *Pleasures*, and, such *Flirts* as they,  
With ev'ry *Hibby-kiss*, will runne away.  
Some (like this *Couple* in our *Emblem*, here)  
Wooe hard for *Wealth*, and, very kind appeare,  
Till they have wonne their prize: but, then they show  
On what their best *Affections* they bestow.

This *Wealth*, is that sweet *Beastie*, which preferres  
So many to their *Executioners*.

This, is that rare *Perfection*, for whose sake,  
The *Politician*, doth his *Marriage*, make.  
Yea, most of those whom you shall married find,  
Were coufned, (or did coufn) in this kind,  
And, for some *by-reasons*, they came together,  
Much more, than for the sakes, of one another.  
If this concerne thee, now, in any sense,  
For thy instruction, take this warning hence:  
If thou hast err'd already, then, lament  
Thy passed crime, and, beare thy punishment.  
If thou, as yet, but tempted art to erre,  
Then, let this *Emblem* be thy *Counsellor*:

For, I have said my mind, which, if thou slight,  
Goe, and repent it, on thy *wedding night*.

Give Credit; but, firſt, well beware,  
Before thou truſt them, who they are.



ILLVSTR. XXII.

**I** Rather would (becauſe it ſeemeth juſt)  
Deceived be, than cauſeleſly diſtruſt:  
Yet, whom I credited; and, then, how ſure,  
Bee Cautious, which I thought worth heeding were:  
And, had not this been taught me long agoe,  
I had been poorer, if not quite undone.

That, others to ſuch warineſſe, may come,  
This Emblem, here, hath filled up a roome;  
And, though a vulgar Figure, it may ſeeme,  
The Morall, of it, meriteth eſteeme.  
That Seeing-Palme, (endowed with an Eye,  
And handling of a Heart) may ſignifie  
What warie Watchfulneſſe, obſerve we muſt,  
Before we venter on a weightie Truſt:  
And, that, to keepe our kindneſſe from abuſe,  
There is of double-diligence, an uſe.  
Mens hearts, are growne ſo false, that moſt are loath  
To truſt each others Words, or Bands, or Oath:  
For, though wee had in every part an Eye,  
We could not ſearch out all Hypocriſie;  
Nor, by our utmoſt providence, perceive  
How many wayes, are open to deceive.

Now, then (although perhaps thou art ſo wiſe,  
To know already, what I would adviſe)  
Yet may this Emblem, or this Motto, bee  
Inſtead of ſome Remembrancer, to thee.  
So, take it therefore; And, be ſure, if either  
This Warning, or thy Wit, (or both together)  
Can, ſtill, ſecure thee from deceitfull hearts,  
Thy luck exceedeth all thy other parts.





ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book, 2

**Q**uod? what a coyle is here! and what a pother,  
To save and get? to scratch and scrape together  
The Rubbish of the world? and, to acquire  
Those vanities, which *Faust* doth desire?  
What *Patience* is used, and what *Cunning*?  
What nightly *Watchings*, and what daily *Running*?  
What *ferrowes* felt? what *difficulties* entred?  
What *losses* hazarded? what *perills* ventred?  
And, still, how fortitly, doe wee persevere  
(By all the power, and meanes wee can endeavor)  
To wheele our selves, in a perpetuall *Round*,  
In quest of that, which never will be found?  
In *Objells*, here on *Earth*, we seeke to finde  
That perfect solidnesse, which is confinde,  
To things in *Heaven*, though every day we see,  
What emptinesse, and faylings, in them be.

To teach us better; this, our *Emblem*, here,  
Assayes to make terrestriall things appeare  
The same they be, (both to our eares and eyes)  
That, wee may rightly their Condition prize.  
The best, which of earths *best things*, wee can say,  
Is this, that they are *Grasse*, and will be *Hay*.  
The rest, may be resembled to the *Smoke*,  
(Which doth but either blind the sight, or choke)  
Or else, to that uncleanly *Mashrum-hall*,  
Which, in some Countries, wee a *Puff-seyst* call;  
Whose *out-side*, is a nastie rotten *skin*,  
Containing durt, or smoking-dust, *within*.

This is my *mind*; if wrong you thinke I've done them,  
Be *Fooles*; and, at your perills, dote upon them.

I beare

*I beare, about mee, all my store;  
And, yet, a King enjoyes not more.*



ILLVSTR. XXIIII.

Book, 2

**T**His Emblem is a *Tortoise*, whose owne shell  
Becomes that *house*, where he doth rent-free dwell;  
And, in what place soever hee resides,  
His *Arched-Lodging*, on his backe abides.  
There is, moreover, found a kind of these,  
That live both on the shore, and in the Seas;  
For which respects, the *Tortoise* represents  
That man, who in himselfe, hath full contents;  
And (by the *Vertues* lodging in his minde)  
Can all things needfull, in all places, finde.

To such a *Man*, what ever doth betide;  
From him, his *Treasures*, nothing can divide.  
If of his *outward-means*, Theeves make a prise;  
Hee, more occasion hath to exercise  
His *inward-Riches*: and, they prove a *Wealth*,  
More usefull, and lesse lyable to stealth.  
If, any at his harmelesse person strike;  
Himselfe hee streight contracteth, *Tortois-like*,  
To make the *Shell* of *Suffrance*, his defence;  
And, counts it *Life*, to die with *Innocence*.  
If, hee, by hunger, heat, or cold, be payn'd;  
If, hee, be flaudred, sleighted, or disdayn'd;  
Hee, alwayes sleepe and carries, that, within him,  
Which may, from those things, *ease* and *comfort*, win him.  
When, him unclothed, or unhous'd, you see;  
His *Resolutions*, clothes and houses bee,  
That keepe him safer, and, farre warmer too,  
Than *Palaces*, and princely *Robes*, can doe.

*God give mee wealth, that hath so little Cumber;  
And, much good doe't the World with all her Lumber.*

To Learning, I a love should have,  
Although one foot were in the Grave.

87



ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book. 2

**H**ere, we an *Aged-man* described have,  
That hath *one foot*, already, in the *Grave*;  
And, if you mark it (though the *Sunne* decline,  
And horned *Cynthia* doth begin to shine)  
With open *booke*, and, with attentive eyes,  
Himselfe, to compass *Knowledge*, he applies:  
And, though that *Evening*, end his last of dayes,  
Yet, *I will study, more to learne*, he sayes.

From this, we gather, that, while time doth last,  
The time of *learning*, never will be past;  
And, that, each houre, till we our *life* lay downe,  
Still, something, touching *life*, is to be knowne.  
When he was old, wise *Cato* learned *Greece*:  
But, we have *aged-folkes*, that are to seeke  
Of that, which they have much more cause to learne;  
Yet, no such minde in them, wee shall discerne.  
For, that, which they should studie in their *prime*,  
Is, oft, deferred, till their *latter-time*:  
And, then, *old-age*, unfit for *learning*, makes them,  
Or, else, that common *dulnesse* overtakes them,  
Which makes ashamed, that it should be thought,  
They need, like *little-children*, to be taught.  
And, so, out of this world, they doe returne  
As wise, as in that weeke, when they were borne.

*God*, grant me grace, to spend my *life-time* so,  
That I my duty still may seek to know;  
And, that, I never, may so farre proceed,  
To thinke, that I, more *Knowledge*, doe not need:

But, in Experience, may continue growing,  
Till I am fill'd with fruits of pious knowing.

O

Good

Good-fortune, will by those abide,  
In whom, True-vertue doth reside.



ILLVSTR. XXVL

Book. 2

**M**Arke, how the *Cornucopias*, here, apply  
Their *Plenties*, to the *Red of Mercury*;  
And (if it seeme not needlesse) learne, to know  
This *Hieroglyphick's* meaning, ere you goe.  
The *Sages* old, by this *Mercurian-wand*  
(*Caduceus* nam'd) were wont to understand  
*Art*, *Wisdome*, *Vertue*, and what else we finde,  
Reputed for endowments of the *Minde*.  
The *Cornucopias*, well-knowne *Emblems*, are,  
By which, great *wealth*, and *plenties*, figur'd were;  
And (if you joyne together, what they spell)  
It will, to ev'ry *Vnderstanding*, tell,  
That, where *Internall-Graces* may be found,  
*Eternall-blessings*, ever, will abound.

For, this is *truth*, and (though some thoughts in you  
Suggest, that this is, often times, untrue)  
This, ever is the *truth*; and, they have got  
Few right-form'd *Vertues*, who believe it not.  
I will confesse, true *Vertue* hath not ever  
All *Common-plenties*, for which most indavour;  
Nor have the *Perfectest-Vertues*, those high places,  
Which *Knowledge*, *Arts* (and, such as have the faces  
Of outward *beauty*) many times, attaine;  
For, these are things, which (often) those men gaine,  
That are more *flesh*, then *spirit*; and, have need  
Of *carvall-helpers*, till higher they proceede.  
But, they, of whom I speake, are flowne so high,  
As, not to want those *Teyes*, for which wee cry:  
And, I had showne you somewhat of their store,  
But, that, this *Page*, had room to write no more.

The





ILLVSTR. XXVII.

Book. 2

**H**is moderne Emblem, is a more expressing  
Of Gods great Mercies, in a Moderne-blessing;  
And, gives me, now, just cause to sing his praise,  
For granting me, my being, in these dayes.  
The much-desired Messages of Heav'n,  
For which, our Fathers would their lives have giv'n,  
And (in Groves, Caves, and Mountains, once a yeare)  
Were glad, with hazard of their goods, to heare;  
Or, in lesse bloody times, at their owne homes,  
To heare, in private, and obscured roomes.  
Lo, those, those *teyfull-tydings*, we doe live  
Divulg'd, in every Village, to perceive;  
And, that, the sounds of Gladnesse, eccho may,  
Through all our goodly Temples, ev'ry day.

*This was (Oh God) thy doing, unto thee,  
Ascrib'd, for ever, let all Prayses bee.  
Prolong this Mercie, and, vouchsafe the fruit,  
May to thy Labour, on this Vine-yard, suit:  
Lest, for our fruitlesnesse, thy Light of grace,  
Then, from our Golden candlestick, displace.*

*We doe, we thinke, already, Lord, beginne  
To wantonize, and let that loathing in,  
Which makes thy Manna tastelesse; And, I feare,  
That, of these Christians, who, more often heare,  
Then praise, what they know, we have too many:*

*And, I suspect my selfe, as much as any.*

*Oh! mend me so, that, by amending mee,  
Amends in others, may increased be:*

*And, let all Graces, which thou hast bestow'd,  
Returne thee honour, from whom, first, they flow'd.*

The Bees, will in an Helmet breed;  
And, Peace, doth after Warre, succeed.

72



ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

Book. 2

**V**hen you have heeded, by your Eyes of sense,  
This *Helmet*, hiving of a Swarme of *Bees*,  
Consider, what may gather'd be from thence,  
And, what your Eye of *Vnderstanding* sees.

That *Helmet*, and, those other *Weapons*, there,  
Betoken *Warre*; the Honey-making, *Flyes*,  
An *Emblem* of a happy *Kingdome*, are,  
Injoying *Peace*, by painfull *Industries*:  
And, when, all these together are exprest,  
As in this *Emblem*, where the *Bees*, doe seeme  
To make their dwelling, in a *Plumed-Crest*,  
A *Morall* is implied, worth esteeme.

For, these inferre, mysteriously, to me,  
That, *Peace*, and *Art*, and *Thrift*, most firme abides,  
In those *Re-publiques*, where, *Armes* cherish bee;  
And, where, true *Martiall-discipline*, resides.  
When, of their *Stings*, the *Bees*, disarm'd, become,  
They, who, on others *Labours*, use to prey,  
Incurag'd are, with violence, to come,  
And, beare their *Honey*, and, their *Waxe*, away.

So when a *People*, meere, doe affect  
To gather *Wealth*; and (foolishly secure)  
Defences necessary, quite neglect;  
Their *Foes*, to spoyle their *Land*, it will allure.  
Long *Peace*, brings *Warre*; and, *Warre*, brings *Peace*, againe:  
For, when the smart of *Warfare* seizeth on them,  
They crye, *Alarme*; and, then, to fight, are faine,  
Vntill, their *Warre*, another *Peace*, hath wonne them;  
And, on their old rusty *Helmets*, then,  
New *Bees* doe swarme, and, fall to worke agen.

The



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. 2

**T**His Emblem, with some other of the rest,  
Are scarce, with seemly Properties, exprest,  
Yet, since a vulgar, and a meane Intention  
May yield some Fruit, and shew a good Intention;  
He, hence, as well informe your Intellects,  
As if these Figures had not those defects.

The *Booke*, here shadow'd, may be said, to show  
The *Wisdom*, and *Experience*, which we know  
By Common means, and, by these *Creatures*, here,  
Which to be plac'd below us, may appeare.

The *Winged-heart*, betokens those *Desires*,  
By which, the *Reasonable-soule*, aspires  
Above the *Creature*; and, attempts to clime,  
To *Mysteries*, and *Knowledge*, more sublime:  
Ev'n to the *Knowledge* of the *Three-in-one*,  
Implied by the *Tetragrammaton*.

The *Smokings* of this *Heart*, may well declare  
Those *Perturbations*, which within us are,  
Vntill, that Heavenly wisdom, we have gain'd,  
Which is not, here, below, to be attain'd;  
And, after which, those *Hearts*, that are upright,  
Enquire with daily studie, and delight.

To me, Oh Lord, vouchsafe thou, to impart  
The gift of such a Rectified-heart.  
Grant me the *Knowledge* of *Inferiour things*,  
So farre, alone, as their *Experience*, brings  
The *Knowledge*, which, I ought to have of thee,  
And, of those *Duties*, thou requir'st of mee:

For, thee, Oh God, to know, and, thee to feare,  
Of truest *Wisdom*, the *Perfections* are.

Where



ILLVSTR. XXX.

Book. 2

**D**Oe men suppose, when Gods free-giving Hand,  
 Doth by their *Friends*, or, by *Inheritance*,  
 To *Wealth*, or *Titles*, raise them in the Land,  
 That, those, to *Lasting-glories*, them advance?  
 Or, can men thinke, such *Goods*, or *Gifts* of Nature,  
 As *Nimble-apprehensions*, *Memory*,  
 An *Able-body*, or, a comely *Feature*  
 (Without improvement) them, shall dignifie?  
 May Sloth, and Idlenesse, be warrantable,  
 In us, because our *Fathers* have been rich?  
 Or, are wee, therefore, truly honourable,  
 Because our *Predecessours*, have beene such?  
 When, nor our *Fortunes*, nor our *naturall parts*,  
 In any measure, are improved by us,  
 Are others bound (as if we had deserts)  
 With Attributes of *Honour* to belye us?  
 No, no; the more our *Predecessours* left,  
 (Yea, and, the more, by *nature*, we enjoy)  
 We, of the more esteeme, shall be bereft;  
 Because, our *Talents*, we doe mis-employ.  
 True *Glory*, doth on *Labour*, still attend;  
 But, without *Labour*, *Glory* we have none.  
 She, crownes good *Workmen*, when their *Works* have end,  
 And, *Shame*, gives payment, where is nothing done.  
 Laborious, therefore, bee; But, lest the *Spade*  
 (which, here, doth *Labour* meane) thou use in vaine,  
 The *Serpent*, thereunto, be sure thou adde;  
 That is, Let *Prudence* guide thy taking-paine.  
 For, where, a *wise-endavour*, shall be found,  
 A *Wreath* of *Glory*, will inclose it round.

Behold



Behold, you may, the Picture, here,  
Of what, keeps Man, and Childe, in feare.

93



ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book. 2

**H**ere, are the great'st *Afflictions*, most men have,  
Ev'n from their *Nursing-cradle*, to their *Grave* :  
Yet, both so needfull are, I cannot see,  
How either of them, may well spared bee.  
The *Rod* is that, which, most our *Child-hood* feares ;  
And, seemes the great'st *Affliction* that it beares :  
That, which to *Man-hood*, is a plague, as common  
(And, more unsufferable) is a *Woman*.

Yet, blush not *Ladies* ; neither frowne, I pray,  
That, thus of *Women*, I presume to say ;  
Nor, number mee, as yet, among your *foes* ;  
For, I am more your *friend*, then you suppose :  
Nor smile ye *Men*, as if, from hence, ye had  
An Argument, that *Woman-kinde* were bad.  
The *Birch*, is blamelesse (yea, by nature, sweet,  
And gentle) till, with stubborn *Boyes*, it meet :  
But, then, it smarts. So, *Women*, will be kinde,  
Vntill, with froward *Husbands*, they are joyn'd :  
And, then indeed (perhaps) like *Birchen* boughes,  
(Vvhich, else, had beene a trimming, to their House)  
They, sometimes prove, sharpe *whips*, and *Rods*, to them,  
That *Wisdom*, and, *Instruccion* doe contemne.

A *Woman*, was not given for *Correllion* ;  
But, rather for a furtherance to *Perfection* :  
A precious *Balme of love*, to cure *Mans* grieve,  
And, of his *Pleasures*, to become the chiefe.  
If, therefore, she occasion any smart,  
The blame, he merits, wholly, or in part :  
For, like sweet *Honey*, she, good *Stomacks*, pleases ;  
But, paines the *Body*, subject to *Diseases*.

Death's

Death's one long-Sleepe; and Life's no more,  
But one short-Watch, an houre before.



ILLVSTR. XXXII.

Book. 2

Then, on this Child-like-figure, thou shalt looke,  
Which, with his *Light*, his *Hour-glasse*, and his *book*,  
Sits, in a *watching-posture*, formed here;  
And, when thou hast perus'd that *Motto*, there,  
On which he layes his hand: thy selfe apply  
To what it counselleth; and, *learne to die*,  
While that *Light* burnes, and, that *short-houre* doth last,  
Which, for this *Lesson*, thou obtained hast.

And, in this *bus'nesse*, use thou no delayes;  
For, if the bigger *Motto* truly, sayes,  
There is not left unto thee, one whole *Watch*,  
Thy necessary labours, to dispatch.  
It was no more, when first thy *Life* beganne;  
And, many *Glasses* of that *Watch* be runne:  
Which thou observing, shouldst be put in minde,  
To husband well, the *space* that is behind.

Endeavour honestly, whilst thou hast *light*:  
Deferre thou not, thy *Journey*, till the *night*,  
Nor, sleepe away, in Vanities, the *prime*,  
And *floure*, of thy most acceptable *time*.  
So watchfull, rather, and, so carefull be,  
That, whensoever the *Bridegroom* summons thee;  
And, when thy *Lord* returnes, unlookt for, home;  
Thou mayst, a *Partner*, in their joyes, become.

And, oh my God! so *warie*, and so *wise*,  
Let me be made; that, this, which I advise  
To other men (and really have thought)  
May, still, in practice, by my selfe, be brought:  
And, helpe, and pardon me, when I transgresse,  
Through humane frailtie, or, forgetfulness.

What

What ever God did fore-decree,  
Shall, without faile, fulfilled be.

95



ILLVSTR. XXXIII.

Book, 2

**M**E thinks, that *Fate*, which God weighs forth to all,  
I, by the *Figure* of this *Even-Scale*,  
May partly show; and, let my *Reader*, see  
The state, of an *Immutable-decree*;  
And, how it differs, from those *Destinies*,  
Which carnall understandings, doe devise.  
For, this implies, that ev'ry thing, *to-come*,  
Was, by a steady, and, by equal *doome*,  
Weigh'd out, by *Providence*; and, that, by *Grace*,  
Each thing, each person, ev'ry time, and place,  
Had thereunto, a *power*, and *portion* given,  
So proper to their nature (and, so even  
To that ju't measure, which, aright became  
The *Workings*, and, the being, of the same)  
As, best might helpe the furthering of that end,  
Which, God's eternall *wisdom*, doth intend.  
And, though, I dare not be so bold, as they,  
Who, of God's Closet, seeme to keep the *Key*;  
(And, things, for absolute *Decrees*, declare,  
Which, either *false*, or, but *Contingents* are)  
Yet, in his *Will-reveal'd*, my *Reason*, sees  
Thus much, of his *Immutable-decree*:  
That, him, a *Doome-eternall*, reprobateh,  
Who scorneth *Mercie*; or, *Infruition* hateth,  
Without *Repenting*: And, that, whensoever,  
A *Sinner*, true amendment, shall indeavour;  
Bewaile his *Wickednesse*, and, call for *grace*;  
There shall be, for *Compassion*, time, and place.  
And, this, I hold, a branch of that *Decree*,  
Which, Men may say, shall never changed be.

My Fortune, I had rather beare;  
Then come, where greater perills are.



ILLVSTR. XXXIV.

Book. 2

**M**Arke well this *Caged-fowle*; and, thereby, see,  
What, thy estate, may, peradventure, be.  
She, wants her *freedome*; so, perhaps, dost thou,  
Some *freedomes* lacke, which, are desired, now;  
And, though, thy *Body* be not so confin'd;  
Art straitned, from some liberty of *Mind*.

The *Bird in thrall*, the more contented lyes,  
Because, the *Hawke*, so neere her, she espyes;  
And, though, the *Cage* were open, more would feare,  
To venture out, then to continue there:  
So, if thou couldst perceive, what *Birds of prey*,  
Are hov'ring round about thee, every day,  
To seize thy *Soule* (when she abroad shall goe,  
To take the *Freedom*, she desireth so)  
Thou, farre more fearefull, wouldst of them, become,  
Then thou art, now, of what thou flyest from.

Not *Precepts*, but *Experience*, thus hath taught me;  
Which, to such resolutions, now have brought me,  
That, whatsoever mischiefs others doe me,  
I make them yield some true Contentments to me;  
And, seldome struggle from them, till I see,  
That, *smoother-fortunes* will securer be.  
What spight soere my Foes, to me, can doe,  
I laugh thereat, within an houre or two:  
For, though the *World*, and I, at first, believe,  
My Sufferings, give me cause enough to grieve;  
Yet, afterward, I finde (the more to glad me)  
That, better *Fortunes*, might farre worse have made me.

By some young *Devills*, though, I scratched am,  
Yet, I am hopefull, I shall scape their *Dam*.

Tie



The more contrary Windes doe blow,  
The greater Vertues praise will grow.

97



ILLVSTR. XXXV. Book. 2

**O**bserve the nature of that *Firry flame*,  
Which on the *Mainstaine* top so brightly shewes;  
The *Winds* from every quarter, blow the same,  
Yea, and to blow it out, their *fury* blowes;  
But, lo; the more they *flame*, the more it *blowes*;  
At every *Blast*, the *Flame* ascendeth higher;  
And, till the *Fuels* want, that rage containeth,  
It, will be, still, a great, and glorious *Fire*.

Thus fares the man, whom *Fortune*, Beacon-like,  
Hath fixt upon the *Hills* of Eminence,  
At him, the *Tempests* of mad *Envy* strike,  
And, rage against his *Piles* of Innocence;  
But, still, the more they wrong him, and the more  
They seeke to keepe his worth from being knowne,  
They, daily, make it greater, then before;  
And, cause his *Fame*, the further to be blowne.

When, therefore, no selfe-doting *Artificer*,  
But, *Fortune*, cover'd with a modest vail,  
Breake through *obscurity*, and, thee advance  
To place, where *Envy* shall thy worth assaile;  
Discourage not thy selfe: but, stand the shockes  
Of wrath, and fury. Let them snarle and bite;  
Pursue thee, with *Detraction*, *Slanders*, *Mockes*,  
And, all the venom'd Engines of *Dispight*,  
Thou art above their malice, and, the blaze  
Of thy *Celestiall* fire, shall shine so cleare,  
That, their befooted soules, thou shalt amaze;  
And, make thy *Splendour*, to their shame, appeare.

If this be all, that *Envy*es rage can doe,  
Lord, give me Vertues, though I suffer too.

Even as the Smoke doth passe away;  
So, shall all Worldly-pompe decay.



ILLVSTR. XXXVI.

Embl. 2

**S**ome better *Arguments*, then yet I see,  
I must perceive; and, better causes, why,  
To those gay things, I should addicted bee,  
To which, the Vulgar their *Affections* tye.  
I have consider'd, *Scorpers, Misers, Crownes,*  
With each appurtenance to them belonging;  
My heart, hath search'd their *Glories*, and *Renownes*;  
And, all the pleasant things about them thronging:  
My *Soule*, hath truly weigh'd, and, took the measure,  
Of *Riches* (which the most have so desired)  
I have distill'd the Quintessence of *Pleasure*,  
And, scene those *Objects*, that are most admired.  
I, likewise feele all *Passions*, and *Afflictions*,  
That helpe to cheat the *Reason*, and perswade  
That those poore *Vanities*, have some perfections,  
Whereby their Owners, happy might be made.

Yet, when that I have rouz'd my *Understanding*,  
And cleans'd my Heart from some of that Corruption,  
Which hinders in me *Reason* free commanding,  
And, shewes things, without vailles, or interruption;  
Then, they, me thinkes, as fruitlesse doe appeare,  
As *Bubbles* (wherewithall young-children play)  
Or, as the *Smoke*, which, in our *Emblem*, here,  
Now, makes a show, and, straight, consumes away.

Be pleas'd, Oh God, my *value* may be such  
Of every Outward-blessing, here below,  
That, I may neither love them ever much,  
Nor underprize the Gifts, thou shalt bestow:

But, know the use, of all these fading *Smokes*;  
And, be refresh'd, by that, which others chokes.

Death



ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. 2

**E**Pon an Altar, in this Emblem, stands  
A *Burning-heart*, and, therewithall, you see  
Beneath *Deaths-head*, a paire of *Loving-hands*,  
Which, close, and fast-united, seeme to be.  
These moderne *Hieroglyphicks* (vulgarly  
Thus bundled up together) may afford  
Good-meanings, with as much *Propriety*,  
As best, with common *Judgements*, will accord.

It may imply, that, when both *Hand* and *Heart*,  
By sympathizing dearenesse are invited,  
To meet each others nat'rall *Counterpart*,  
And, are by sacred *Ordinances* united:  
They then have entred that strict *Obligation*,  
By which they, firmly, ev'ry way are ty'd;  
And, without meanes (or thought of separation)  
Should in that *Union*, till their *Deaths*, abide;

This, therefore, minde thou, whatsoere thou be  
(Whose *Marriage-ring*, this *Covenant*, hath sealed)  
For, though, thy Faith's infringement, none can see;  
Thy secret fault, shall one day, be revealed.  
And, thou that art at liberty, take heed,  
Lest thou (as over great a number doe)  
Of thine owne person, make a *Privy-deed*,  
And, afterwards, deny thy doing so.  
For, though there be, nor *Church*, nor *Chappell*, nigh thee  
(Nor outward witnesses of what is done)  
A *Power-invisible* doth alwayes eye thee;  
And, thy pretended *Love*, so looks upon,  
That, if thou be not, till thy *dying*, true;  
Thy *Falschood*, till thy *dying*, thou shalt rue.

Falfe

*False Weights, with Measures false of cheere,  
And, give to ev'ry man, their Due.*



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII.

Book 2

**W**orth of a Cloud (with Scale and Rule) extended  
An *Arme* (for this next *Emblem*) doth appear;  
Which hath to us in *silent-flowers*, commended,  
A *Virtue*, that is often wanting, here.  
The World, is very studious of *Deceits*;  
And, he is judged wisest, who deceives.  
*False-measures*, and, *Adulterated-weights*,  
Of many does, the needy-man bereaves.  
Ev'n *Weights* to sell, and, other *Weights* to buy  
(*Two sorts of weights*) in practice are, with some;  
And, both of these, they often falsifie,  
That, they to great, and *suddaine-wealth*, may come.

But, Conscience make of rayfing your estates,  
By such a base, and such a wicked way:  
For, this Injustice, *God* expressly hates;  
And, brings, at last, such *thrivers* to decay.  
By *Weight* and *measure*, *He*, on all bestowes  
The *Portions due*; That, *Weight* and *Measure*, then,  
Which Man to *God*, or to his *Neighbour* owes,  
Should, justly, be returned backe agen.  
Give ev'ry one, in ev'ry thing his owne:  
Give *honour*, where an *honour* shall be due;  
Where you are *loved*, let your *love* be showne;  
And, yield them succours, who have succour'd you.  
Give to thy *Children*, breeding and *Corrections*;  
Thy *Charities*, ev'n to thy *Poor* extend:  
Give to thy *wife*, the best of thy *Affections*;  
To *God*, thy *selfe*, and, all thou hast, commend:  
And, lest thou faile, Remember who hath sayd,  
Such *measure*, as thou *giv'st*, shall be *repay'd*.

Hec



He needs not feare, what fighr can doe,  
Whom Vertue friends, and Fortune, too.

101



ILLVSTR. XXXIX.

Book. 2

**W**Hen, in this *Emblem* here, observe you shall  
An *Eagle*, perched, on a *Winged-ball*  
Advanced on an *Altar*, and, have ey'd  
The *Snakes*, assailing him, on ev'ry side:  
Me thinks, by that, you straight should apprehend  
Their state, whom *Wealth*, and *Fortune*, doe befriend.

My Iudgement, by that *Altar-stone*, conceives  
The solidnesse, which, true *Religion* gives;  
And, that fast-grounded *godlyne*, which, we see,  
In grave, and sound *Morality*, to be.  
The *Flying-ball*, doth, very well, expresse  
All *Outward blessings*, and, their *sicknesse*.  
Our *Eagle*, meaneth such *Contemplatives*,  
As, in this world, doe passe away their lives,  
By so possessing that which they have got,  
As if they car'd not, though, they had it not.  
The *Snakes*, may well resemble those, among them,  
Who, meerely out of *envie*, seeke to wrong them;  
And, all these *Figures* (thus together layd)  
Doe speake to me, as if these words, they sayd:

That man, who builds upon the best foundation,  
(And spreads the widest wings of Contemplation)  
Whilst, in the flesh, he bides, will need some props  
Of earthly-fortunes, to support his hopes:  
And, other-while, those things, may meanes become,  
The stings of *Envie*, to secure him from.  
And, hence, I learne; that, such, as will abide,  
Against all *Envie*, strongly fortify'd,

Must joyne, great *Vertues*, and great *Wealth*, together.  
God helpe us, then, poore-soules, who scarce have either!

Time



ILLVSTR. XL.

Book. 3

**I**ve *Termes*, there be, which five, I doe apply  
To all, that *was*, and *is*, and, *shall be done*.

The *first*, and *last*, is that ETERNITIE,  
Which, neither shall have *End*, nor, *was begunne*.  
BEGINNING, is the *next*; which, is a space  
(Or moment rather) scarce imaginarie,  
Made, when the first *Materiall*, formed was;  
And, then, forbidden, longer time to tarry.  
TIME entered, when, BEGINNING had an *Ending*.  
And, is a *Progress*, all the workes of *Nature*,  
Within the circuit of it, comprehending,  
Ev'n till the *period*, of the *Outward-creature*.  
END, is the *fourth*, of those five *Termes* I meane;  
(As bricfe, as was *Beginning*) and, ordayned,  
To set the last of *moments*, to that *Scene*,  
Which, on this Worlds wide *Stage*, is entertayned.  
The *fifth*, we EVERLASTING, fitly, call;  
For, though, it once *beganne*, yet, shall it never  
Admir, of any *future-end*, at all;  
But, be extended onward, still, for ever.

The knowledge of these *Termes*, and of what *allies*,  
To each of them belongs, would set an end,  
To many Controversies, and Distractions,  
Which doe so many trouble, and offend.

TIME's nature, by the *Fading-flowre*, appears;  
Which, is a *Type*, of Transitory things:  
The *Circled-snake*, ETERNITIE declares;  
Within whose *Round*, each fading Creature, springs.

Some *Ridales* more, to utter, I intended,  
But, lo; a sudden stop, my words have ended.

When



ILLVSTR. XLI.

Book. 2.

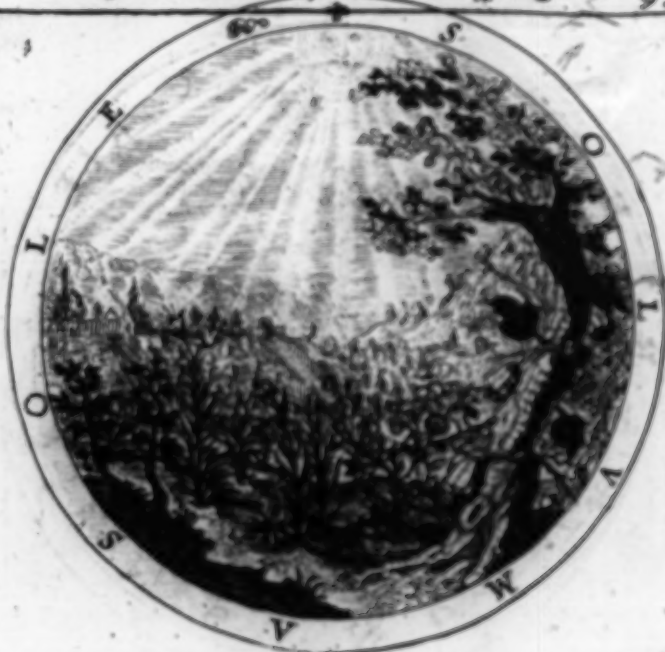
**I**F (Reader) thou desirous be to know  
What by the *Centaur*, seemeth here intended;  
What, also, by the *Snake*, and, by the *Lion*,  
Which in his hand, he beareth alway bended:  
Learne, that this *half-a-man*, and *half-a-horse*,  
Is ancient *Hieroglyphicks*, teaching thee,  
That, *Wisedome* should be joynd with outward *force*,  
If prosperous, we desire our workes to be.  
His *Upper-part*, the shape of *Man*, doth beare,  
To teach, that, *Reason* must become our *guide*.  
The *hinder-parts*, a *Horses* Members are;  
To shew, that we must, also, *strength* provide:  
The *Serpent*, and the *Lion*, doth signifie  
The same (or matter to the same effect)  
And, by two *Types*, one *Morall* to imple,  
Is doubled a *fore-warning* of neglect.  
When *Knowledge* wanteth *Power*, despis'd we grow,  
And, know but how to aggravate our paine:  
Great *strength*, will worke it owne sad overthrow,  
Vnlesse, it guided be, with *Wisedomes* reine.

Therefore, Oh God, vouchsafe thou so to marry  
The gifts of Soule and Body, both, in me,  
That, I may still haue all things necessary,  
To worke, as I commanded am, by thee.  
And, let me not possesse them, Lord, alone,  
But, also, know their use; and, so well know it,  
That, I may doe each duty to be done;  
And, with upright Intentions, alwayes doe it.  
If this be more, then, yet, obtaine I may,  
My will accept thou, for the deed, I pray.

Q

The

*The Ground brings forth all needfull things ;  
But, from the Sunne, this vertue springs.*



ILLVSTR. XLII.

Book, 2

**W**E doe acknowledge (as this Emblem shewes)  
That *Fruits and Flowres*, and many *pleasant-things*,  
From out the *Ground*, in ev'ry season growes ;  
And, that unto their *being*, helpe it brings.  
Yet, of it selfe, the *Ground*, we know is dull,  
And, but a *Willing-patient*, whereupon  
The *Sunne*, with Beames, and Vertues wonderfull,  
Prepareth, and effecteth, what is done.  
We, likewise, doe acknowledge, that our eyes  
Indowed are with faculties of *Seeing*,  
And, with some other nat'rall *properties*,  
Which are as much our owne, as is our *Being*.  
However, till the *Sunne* imparts his light,  
We finde, that we in *darkenesse* doe remaine,  
Obscured in an everlasting night ;  
And, boast our *Seeing-faculties*, in vaine.

So, we, by nature, have some nat'rall powers :  
But, *Grace*, must those abilities of ours  
First move ; and, guide them, still, in moving, thus,  
To worke with *God*, when *God* shall worke on us :  
For, *God* so workes, that, no man he procures  
Against his *nature*, ought to chuse, or shun :  
But, by his *holy-Spirit*, him allures ;  
And, with sweet mildnesse, proveth ev'ry one.  
The *Sunne* is faultlesse of it, when the birth  
Of some bad *Field*, is nothing else but *Weeds* :  
For, by the selfe-same *Sun-shine*, fruitfull Earth  
Bears pleasant Crops, and plentifully breeds.  
Thus, from our selves, our *Vices* have increase,  
Our *Vertues*, from the *Sunne* of *Righteousnesse*.





ILLVSTR. XLIII.

Book. 2

**T**his is the *Pests-horse*, a *Palfrey*, *Sins*,  
(That may be ridden, without rod or spurres)  
Abroad, more famous then *Bucephalus*,  
Though, not so knowne, as *Banks* his horse, with us;  
Or some of those *fleet-horses*, which of late,  
Have runne their *Masters*, out of their estate.  
For, those, and *Hobby-horses*, best besit  
The note, and practice of their moderne wit,  
Who, what this *Horse* might meane, no knowledge had,  
Vntill, a *Taverne-figure*, they saw it made.

Yet, this old *Emblem* (worthy veneration)  
Doth figure out, that *winged contemplation*,  
On which the *Learned* mount their best *Invention*,  
And, climbe the *Hills* of highest *Apprehension*.  
This is the nimble *Gennet*, which doth carry,  
Their *Fancie*, thorow *Worlds* imaginary;  
And, by *Idas* feigned, shewes them there;  
The nature of those *Truths*, that reall are.  
By meanes of *this*, our *Soules* doe come to know  
A thousand secrets, in the *Deeps* below;  
Things, here on *Earth*, and, things above the *Skies*;  
On which, we never fixed, yet, our eyes.

No thorny, miery, sleepe, nor craggy place,  
Can interrupt this *Courser*, in his race:  
For, that, which others, in their passage troubles;  
Augments his courage, and his vigour doubles.  
*Thus*, fares the *Minde*, *insu'd* with brave desires;  
*It flies* through *Darknesse*, *Dangers*, *Flouds*, and *Fires*:  
And, in despite of what her *ayme* resisteth:  
*Pursues* her hopes, and takes the way she listeth.



Things, to their best perfection come  
Not all at once; but, some and some.

107



ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book. 2

**W**hen, thou shalt visit, in the Month of *May*,  
A costly *Garden*, in her best array; (Bowers,  
And view the well-grown Trees, the wel-trimm'd  
The Beds of Herbs, the knots of pleasant flowers,  
With all the deckings, and the fine devices,  
Perteyning to those earthly *Paradises*,  
Thou canst not well suppose, one day, or two,  
Did finish all, which had beene, there, to doe.  
Nor dost thou, when young Plants, or new-sowne Lands,  
Doe thirst for needfull Waterings, from thy hands,  
By *Flood-gates*, let whole Ponds amongst them come;  
But, them besprinklest, rather, *some* and *some*;  
Lest, else, thou marre the *Flowers*, or chill the *Seed*,  
Or drowne the *Saplings*, which did moysture need.

Let this experiment, which, to thy thought,  
May by this *Emblem*, now perhaps, be brought,  
Perswade thee to consider, that, no actions,  
Can come, but by *degrees*, to their perfections;  
And, reach thee, to allor, for every thing,  
That *leisurely-proceeding*, which may bring  
The ripeness, and the fulnesse, thou expectest:  
And, though thy *Hopes*, but slowly thou effectest,  
Discourage not thy selfe; since, oft they prove  
Most prosperous actions, which at leisure move.  
By many drops, is made a mighty *shower*;  
And many *minutes* finish up an *hour*:  
By *little*, and by *little*, we possesse  
Assurance of the greatest *Happinesse*.

And, oft, by too much *haste*, and, too much *cost*,  
Great *Wealth*, great *Honours*, and, great *Hopes*, are lost.

Affliction,

Affliction, doth to many adde  
More value, then, before, they had.



ILLVSTR. XLVI.

Book. 2

**T**Hough I am somewhat soberer to day,  
I have been (I confesse) as mad as they,  
Who think those men, that large Possessions have,  
Gay Clothes, fine Furnitures, and Houses brave,  
Are those (nay more, that they alone are those)  
On whom, the stile of *Rich*, we should impose.

But, having, by experience, understood  
His words, who sayd, *his troubles did him good*,  
I, now perceive, the *Worldly-rich* are poore,  
Vnlesse of *Sorrowes*, also, they have store.  
Till from the *Straw*, the *Flaile*, the *Corne* doth beat;  
Vntill the *Chaffe*, be purged from the *Wheat*,  
Yea, till the *Milk*, the *Graines* in pieces teare,  
The richnesse of the *Floure*, will scarce appeare.

So, till mens persons great *Afflictions* touch  
(If *worth* be found) their *worth* is not so much,  
Because, like *Wheat*, in *Straw*, they have not, yet,  
That value, which in *threshing*, they may get.  
For, till the bruising *Flailes* of *God's* *Corrections*,  
Have threshed out of us our vaine *Afflictions*;  
Till those *Corruptions*, which doe misbecome us,  
Are by thy *Sacred-spirit*, winnowed from us;  
Vntill, from us, the *straw* of *Worldly-treasures*;  
Till all the dusty *Chaffe* of empty *Pleasures*;  
Yea, till his *Flaile*, upon us, he doth lay,  
To thresh the huske of this our *Flesh* away;  
And, leaveth the *Soule* uncover'd; nay, yet more,  
Till *God* shall make, our very *Spirit* poore;

We shall not up to highest *Wealth* aspire:  
But, then we shall; and, *that is my desire*.

Though



Though Fortune, haue a powerfull Name,  
Yet, Vertue overcomes the same.

109



ILLVSTR. XLVII.

Book. 2

**A** Snake, (which was by wise *Antiquitie*  
Much us'd, the type of *Prudence* to be)  
Hemmes in a *Winged-ball*, which doth imply,  
That *Fickle-fortune*, from which, none are free.  
Above this *Ball*, the *Snake* advanceth too,  
The *Laurell*, and the *Sword*, which, *Emblems* are,  
Whereby our *Author* maketh much adoe,  
A *Conquest* over *Fortune*, to declare.  
And, well enough this purpose it befits,  
If (*Reader*) any one of those thou be,  
Whose *Fortunes* must be mended by their *Wits*;  
And, it affords instructions fit for thee:  
For, hence, thou mayst collect, that, no estate  
Can, by *Misfortunes* means, become so bad,  
But, *Prudence* (who is *Mistresse* over *Fate*)  
May rule it so, that, good it might be made.

Though *Fortunes* our lawes, on thy *Riches* prey,  
By *Wisedome*, there is meanes, of getting more;  
And, ev'ry rub that's placed in thy way,  
Shall make thee walke more safely, then before.  
Nor *Poverty*, nor *Paynes*, nor *Spightfulness*,  
Nor other *Mischiefes*, that *Mischance* can doe thee,  
Shall bring thee any sorrow or distresse,  
Which will not be, at last, advantage to thee.

Lord, give me such a *Prudence*: for my *Fortune*  
Puts many *foyles*, and cruell thrusts upon me:  
Thy helpe, long since, it made me to importune;  
And, thou didst grant it, or she had undone me.  
Still, daigne me thy assistance, Lord, and, than,  
Let all *Misfortunes*, doe the worst they can.

A life,

*A Life, with good-repute, Ile have,  
Or, winne an honourable Grave.*



ILLVSTR. XLVIII.

Book 2

**I**N this our Emblem, you shall finde exprest  
A Man, incounting with a Salvage-beast;  
And, he resolveth (as his Motto sayes)  
To live with honour; or, to dye with praise.  
I like the Resolution, and the Deed,  
In which, this Figure teacheth to proceed.  
For, us, me thinkes, it counselleth, to doe,  
An act, which all men are oblig'd unto.  
That ugly Bore (wherewith the man in strife  
Here seemes to be) doth meane a Swinish-life,  
And, all those beastly Vices, that assay  
To root becomming Vertues quite away;  
Those Vices, which not onely marre our features,  
But, also, ruinate our manly nar ires.

The harmefull fury, of this raging Bore,  
Oppose courageously, lest more and more,  
It get within you; and, at last, appeare  
More prevalent, then your defences are.  
It is a large-growne Pig, of that wilde Swine,  
Which, ev'ry day, attempts to undermine  
Our Safeties Fort: Twas he, which long agoe,  
Did secke the Holy Vineyard's overthrow:  
And, if we charge him not with all our power,  
The Sire, or hee, will enter and devoure.

But, what's our strength, O Lord! or, what are wee  
In such a Combate, without ayde from thee?  
Oh, come to helpe us, therefore, in this Fight;  
And, let us be enabled in thy might:

So, we shall both in life-time, Conquests have;  
And, be victorious, also, in the Grave.

Shee

Shee shall increase in glory, still,  
Vntill her light, the world, doth fill.

III

99



ILLVSTR. XLIX.

Book. 2

**H**at in this *Emblem*, that mans meanings were,  
Who made it first, I neither know nor care;  
For, whatsoere, he purposed, or thought,  
To serve my purpose, now it shall be taught;  
Who, many times, before this Taske is ended,  
Must picke out *Moralls*, where was none intended.

This knot of *Moones* (or *Crescents*) crowned thus,  
Illustrate may a *Mystery* to us,  
Of pious use (and, peradventure, such,  
As from old *Hieroglyphicks*, erres not much)  
Old-times, upon the *Moone*, three names bestow'd;  
Because, three diuerse wayes, her selfe she show'd:  
And, in the *sacred-bookes*, it may be showne,  
That *holy Church*, was figur'd by the *Moone*.

Then, these three *Moones* in one, may intimate  
The *holy-Churches* threefold blest estate.  
The *Moone*, still, biding in our *Hemisphere*,  
May typifie the *Church*, consisting, here,  
Of men, yet living: when she shewes her light  
Among us here, in *portions of the night*;  
The *Church* it figures, as consist she may  
Of *them*, whose *bodies* in the *Grave* doe stay;  
And, whose blest *sprits*, are ascended thither,  
Where *Soule* and *Body* meet, at last, together.  
But, when the *Moone* is hidden from our eyes,  
The *Church-triumphant*, then, she signifies;  
Which, is a *Crescent* yet, that, some, and some,  
Must grow, till all her parts together come:

And, then, this *Moone* shall beames, at full, display;  
LORD, hasten this great *Coronation-day*.

R

True

True Vertue is a Coat of Maile,  
'Gainst which, no Weapons can prevaile.

100



ILLVSTR. L.

Book. 2

**T**Ord, what a coyle men keepe, and, with what care  
Their *Pishols*, and, their *Swords* doe they prepare,  
To be in readinesse? and, how they load  
Themselves with Irons, when they ride abroad?  
How wise and wary too, can they become,  
To fortifie their persons up at home,  
With lockes, and barres? and such *domestick-Arms*,  
As may secure their bodies, there, from harmes?

However, when all's done, we see, their foes  
Breake in, sometimes, and worke their overthrowes.  
For, though (about themselves, with Cable-quoiles,  
They could inclose a hundred thousand miles)  
The *gunshot* of a slanderous *tongue*, may smite,  
Their *Fame* quite through it, to the very *White*.  
Yea, more (though, there, from others, they were free)  
They wounded, by themselves, to death might be,  
Except their *Innocence*, more guards them, than  
The strength of twenty royall *Armies*, can.

If, therefore, thou thy *Spylers*, wilt beguile,  
Thou must be armed, like this *Crocodile*;  
Ev'n with such nar'rall *Armour* (ev'ry day)  
As no man can bestowe, or take away:  
For, spitefull *Malice*, at one time or other,  
Will pierce all borrowed *Armours*, put together.

*Without*, let *Patience* durifie thy Skin;  
Let *Innocence*, line thy heart *within*;  
Let constant *Fortitude*, unite them so,  
Thar, they may breake the force of ev'ry blow:  
And, when thou thus art *arm'd*, if ill thou speed;  
Let me sustaine the *Mischief*, in thy stead.

*Finis Libri secundi.*





## THE SECOND LOTTERIE.

1

**S**ome friends, and foes, of thine, there be,  
That make a *wandering-flocke* of thee;  
Some other over-much, of late,  
To thy dishonour boldly prate,  
And, peradventure, to thy face,  
E're long, they'l doe thee some disgrace:  
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, doth advise  
That thou should'st make them no replies;  
And shoves that *silent-patience*, than  
Shall stead thee more then *Answers* can.

See, *Emblem*, I.

2

By such as know you, it is thought,  
That, you are better *fed* then *taught*:  
And, that, it might augment your *wit*,  
If you were sometimes *hunger-bit*.  
That *Emblem*, which by *Lat* you drew,  
To this effect doth somewhat shew:  
But 'twill goe hard, when you are faine,  
To feed your *Bowels*, by your *Braine*.

See, *Emb*. II.

3

Perhaps you may be one of those,  
Whom, from the *Church*, an *Organ* blowes;  
Or, peradventure, one of them,  
Who doth all melody contemne:  
Or, one, whose *life* is yet untaught,  
How into *tune* it should be brought.  
If so, your *Lat*, to you hath sent  
An *Emblem*, not impertinent.

See, *Emb*. III.

4

God blesse thee, whosoe're thou art,  
And, give thee still an honest heart:  
For, by the fortune of thy *Lat*,  
That *Sword*, and *Halter*, thou hast got,  
Which threatens *death*, with much disgrace;  
Or, promises the Hang-mans's place.

R 2

But,

But, be not griev'd ; for, now and than,  
 The Gallies makes an honest man ;  
 And, some, who scape an outward curse,  
 Both in their *lives* and *deaths* are worse,  
 See, *Emb. IV.*

M 5  
 Thou would'st be loth, we should suspect,  
 Thou didst not well thy *King* affect;  
 Or, that, thou should'st be so ingrate,  
 To sleight the welfare of the *State* :  
 Yet, thou, perchance, art one of those,  
 Who *discard* through the *Kingdome* sowes.  
 We know not, but if such thou be,  
 Marke, what thine *Emblem* teaches thee.  
 See, *Emb. V.*

6  
 In you, a naturall desire  
 Beginnes to blow *Affliction's* fire ;  
 But, by *discretion*, guide the blast,  
 Lest, it consume you, at the last ;  
 Or, by the fury of the same,  
 Blow out some necessary *Flame*.  
 Yea, that, which doth your *Profit* breed,  
 May harme you, if you take not heed.  
 See, *Emb. VI.*

7  
 Be carefull, what you goe about ;  
 For, by this *Lot*, there may be doubt,  
 That you, some wickednesse intend,  
 Which will undoe you, in the end.  
 If you have done the *deed*, repent :  
 If purpos'd ill, the same prevent.  
 Else, though in *jest*, this *Counsell* came,  
 In *earnest*, you may rue the same.  
 See, *Emb. VII.*

8  
 Thou art afflicted ; or, ere long  
 Shalt sing some lamentable Song :  
 And, of those troubles, take some share,  
 Which, thou art very loth to beare.  
 But, be not overmuch dismayd,  
 Nor pine, what ere on thee be layd,  
 For, comfort shall thy joy restore,  
 And, make thee gladder, then before.  
 See, *Emb. VIII.*

9  
 If this thy *Chance* hath done thee right,  
 Thou art, or hast beene apt to fight ;  
 And, wilt upon occasion small,  
 Beginne, sometimes, a needlesse *brawle*.

To shew thee, therefore, thy defect;  
Or, that thy folly may be check't,  
And, fit thy minde for better things,  
Thine *Emblem*, some good *counsell* brings.  
See, *Emb. I X.*

10

What thing soere thou undertak'st,  
Thou seldome good conclusion mak'st;  
For, still, when thou hast ought to doe,  
Thou art too *hasty*, or too *slow*;  
And, from that equall temper stray'st,  
By which, thy worke effect thou may'st.  
To mend this fault thou counsell'd art,  
Be wiser, therefore, then thou wert.  
See, *Emb. X.*

11

Thou hast in publicke lived long,  
And, over freely us'd thy *tongue*;  
But, if thy safety thou desire,  
Be *silent*, and, thy selfe *retire*.  
And, if thou wilt not be undone,  
Possesse thy *joyes*, and *hopes*, alone:  
For, they, that will from harmes be free,  
Must *silent*, and *obscured*, bee.  
See, *Emb. XI.*

12

Thy *Fortune*, thou dost long to heare,  
And, what thy *Constellations* are:  
But, why should'st thou desire to know,  
What things, the *Planets* doe foreshow;  
Seeke, rather, *Wisedome* to procure,  
And, how, all *Fortunes* to indure:  
So, thou shalt gaine a blest estate,  
And, be the *Master* of thy *Fate*.  
See, *Emb. XII.*

13

Thou, seem'st to have great store of *friends*,  
But, they affect thee, for their ends.  
There is, in those, but little trust,  
Who love, for *profit*, *mirth*, or *lust*.  
Learne, therefore, when, thou may'st be sure,  
Thy *Friend's* affection will indure;  
And, that this *Knowledge* may be got,  
Good notice take thou of thy *Lot*.  
See, *Emb. XIII.*

14

It is conceiv'd, that meanes thou hast,  
Or, might'st have had good meanes, at least,  
To bring those matters to effect,  
Which thou dost carelesly neglect;

And,

And, good for many might'ſt have done,  
Who, yet, haſt pleaſur'd few, or none.  
If this be true, thy *Lot* peruſe,  
And, *God's* good gifts, no more abuſe.  
See, *Emb. XIV.*

15  
Religious thou would'ſt faine be deem'd,  
And, ſuch, to many thou haſt ſeem'd:  
But, to this matter more there goes,  
Then zealous lookes, and formall ſhewes.  
Looke, therefore, that thy heart be true,  
What e're thou ſeeme in outward view,  
And, if *God's* favour thou would'ſt have,  
Obſerve what *Off'rings*, he doth crave.  
See, *Emb. XV.*

16  
That *Emblem*, which this *Lot* will bring,  
Concernes the honour of a *King*:  
How, therefore, thee it may concerne,  
By thy diſcretion ſeek to learne.  
Perhaps, the *Royall power* hath ſeem'd  
To thee, not ſo to be eſteem'd,  
As well it merits, to be priz'd.  
If ſo, now better be advis'd.  
See, *Emb. XVI.*

17  
Both learn'd, and wiſe, thou would'ſt become,  
(Elſe thou haſt much deceived ſome)  
But, if thy *hopes* thou wilt effect,  
Thou muſt not likely *meanes* neglect,  
And, what the likelyeſt *meanes* may bee,  
Thine *Emblem* hath adviſed thee:  
For, by a *Fowle*, that's ſteekish thought,  
Good *counſell* may to thee be taught.  
See, *Emb. XVII.*

18  
If, to *preferment* thou wilt riſe,  
Thou muſt not *Arts*, nor *Armes*, deſpiſe;  
Nor ſo in *one* of theſe delight,  
Thar, thou the *other*, wholly ſleight.  
Nor, to thy *Body* be inclin'd,  
So much, as to neglect thy *Minde*.  
This, by thine *Emblem*, thou mayſt learne;  
And, much thy good it may concerne.  
See, *Emb. XVIII.*

19  
Thy *fortunes* have appeared bad;  
For, many *ſuff'rings* thou haſt had:  
And *tryalls* too, as yet made knowne  
To no mans knowledge, but thine owne.

But,



But, let not losse, nor fame, nor smart,  
From constant hopes remove thy heart:  
And, as thine *Emblem* doth forthew,  
A good conclusion will insue.

See, *Emb.* XIX.

19

20

Your *Lot* informeth how to know  
Where, best your *Love* you may bestow:  
And, by the same it may appeare  
What *Mischiefe* most affects your care.  
Denye it not; for (by your leave)  
Wee by your looks, your heart percieve.  
And, this perhaps you'll thinke upon  
(To purpose) when you are alone.

See, *Emb.* XX.

21

This *Lot* may make us all suspect,  
That some wrong *shall* you affect;  
And, that, where deareness you pretend,  
It is not for the noblest end.  
What mischief from such *fallshood* flowes,  
Your *Emblem* very truly showes;  
And, may more happy make your *Fate*,  
If counsell be not come too late.

See, *Emb.* XXI.

22

To trust on others, thou art apt;  
And, hast already beene intrapt;  
Or, may'st er'e long be much deceiv'd  
By some, whom thou hast well believ'd.  
Be heedfull, therefore, of thy *Lot*;  
And, let it never be forgot:  
So, though some hazzard thou mayst run,  
Yet, thou shalt never be undone.

See, *Emb.* XXII.

23

It seemes thou tak'st too great a care  
For things, that vaine, and fading are;  
Or else, dost overprize them so,  
As if all blisse from them did flowe.  
That, therefore, thou mayst view their worth,  
In *Hieroglyphicks* shadow'd forth,  
Thy *Lot* befriends thee: marke the same,  
And, be in this, no more to blame.

See, *Emb.* XXIII.

24

Though some should thee, for one, mistake,  
Whole *wealth* is all upon his backe,  
If what thou hast, bee all thine owne,  
God, hath enough on thee bestowne.

A *Princes* ranfome, wee may beare,  
In *Jewells*, which moft precious are;  
And, yet, to many men may feeme,  
To carry nothing worth efteeme.  
Therefore, though fmall thy fubftance be,  
Thine *Emblem*, fomewhat comforts thee.

See, *Emb. XXIV.*

25

By this your *Emblem*, wee difcerne,  
That, you are yet of age to learne;  
And, that, when elder you fhall grow,  
There, will be more for you to *know*:  
Prefume not, therefore of your *wit*,  
But, ftrive that you may better it.  
For, of your age, we many view,  
That, farre more *wifedome* have, then you.

See, *Emb. XXV.*

26

By thy complaints, it hath appear'd,  
Thou think'ft thy *Virtues* want reward;  
And, that, if they their merit had,  
Thou *rich*, and *nabler* fhould'ft be made.  
To drive thee from that partiall thought,  
Thou, by an *Emblem*, fhalt be taught,  
That, where true *Virtue* may be found,  
The trueft *wealth* will ftill abound.

See, *Emb. XXVI.*

27

By this thy *Lot*, thou doft appeare  
To be of thofe, who love to heare  
The *Preacher's* voyce; or, elfe of them,  
That undervalue, or contemne  
Thofe dayly *fhewes* of whofome *words*,  
Which *God*, in thefe our times, affords.  
Now, which foere of thefe thou bee,  
Thine *Emblem*, fomething, teaches thee.

See, *Emb. XXVII.*

28

Thou deal'ft, when thee thy *fat* offends,  
As if, you never fhould be *friends*.  
In *peace*, thou fo fecure doft grow,  
As if, thou could'ft not have a *fat*.  
How, therefore, *Peace* and *Warre* purfues  
Each other, this thine *Emblem* fhewes,  
That, thou mayft learne, in ev'ry tide,  
For future chances, to provide.

See, *Emb. XXVIII.*

29

What e're thou art in outward fhew,  
Thy Heart is ever very true,

And,

And, to those *Knowledge* aspires,  
Which every prudent *Soule* desires:  
Yet, be not proud that thou hast got  
This testimonie, by thy *Lot*.  
But, view thine *Embleme*, and endeavor  
In search of *Knowledge* to perleever.  
See, *Emb. XXIX.*

<sup>30</sup>  
If *Glory*, thou desire to get,  
Thy *Witt*, thou must on working set;  
And, *Labour* unto *Prudence* adde,  
Before true *Honor* will be had:  
For, what thy *Friends*, or *Parents* brought,  
To make thee *famous*, profits nought;  
But, rather will procure thy *shame*,  
Vnlesse, thou shalt improve the same.  
See, *Emb. XXX.*

*M* <sup>31</sup>  
The time hath beene, that of the *Rad*,  
Thou wert more fearefull, then of *God*;  
But, now unlesse thou prudent grow,  
More cause thou hast to feare a *shrowd*;  
For, from the *Rad*, now thou art free,  
A *Woman*, shall thy torment be.  
At her, yet doe not thou repine,  
For, all the fault is onely thine.  
See, *Emb. XXXI.*

<sup>32</sup>  
It seemes, thy *Time* thou dost *mispend*;  
To warne thee, therefore of thine *end*;  
To shew, how short thy *Life* will be;  
And, with what speed it flies from thee;  
This *Lot* was drawne: and, may advize,  
That, thou thy time shouldst better prize.  
Which, if accordingly thou doe,  
This, will be *short*, and profit too.  
See, *Emb. XXXII.*

<sup>33</sup>  
It may be, thou art one of those,  
Who, dost not all aright suppose,  
Of *Gods Decrees*, or, of the state  
Of an inevitable *Fate*.  
That, therefore, so thou maist beleve,  
(And, of these *Mysteries* conceive)  
As thou art bound, this *Lot* besell.  
Peruse, and minde thine *Embleme* well.  
See, *Emb. XXXIII.*

<sup>34</sup>  
Thou, at thy *Fortune*, hast repin'd,  
And, seem'st imprison'd in thy minde,

Because thou art not straight releast  
From those things which have thee oppress.  
To thee, a *Lot* is therefore sent,  
To qualifie thy *discontent*,  
By shewing, that thy present *Fate*  
Preserves thee, from a worle estate.

See, *Emb. XXXIV.*

35  
Thy *Vertues* and thy *Worth* are such,  
That, many doe envie thee much;  
And, they that hate thee, take delight  
To doe thee mischief and despight.  
But, heart assume, and follow on  
The *course* that thou hast well begunne;  
For, all their spight shall doe no more,  
But, make thee greater then before.

See, *Emb. XXXV.*

36  
In outward pompe, thy pleasures are;  
Thy hope of blisse is placed there;  
And, thou this *folly* wilt not leave,  
Till, all *content*, it shall bereave,  
Vnlesse, thou timely come to see  
How vaine, all earthly *Glories* bee.  
An *Emblem*, therefore, thou hast gain'd,  
By which, this *Knowledge* is obtain'd.

See, *Emb. XXXVI.*

37  
It may be feared, that thou hast  
In publicke, or in private, past  
Some *promise*, or else made some *vow*,  
That's broke, or else indanger'd, now.  
If so; this *Lot* is come, in time,  
To mend, or to prevent this crime;  
And, shew what should by them be done,  
'Twixt whom *Affection* is begunne.

See, *Emb. XXXVII.*

38  
Thou art reproved of *deceit*,  
In faulty *Measures*, and in *Weight*;  
And, overbackward hast been knowne,  
In giving ev'ry one his owne.  
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, counsell thee,  
That, thou more just, hereafter be.  
For, that, which is by *falsehood* got,  
Makes likely shewes, but prospers not.

See, *Emb. XXXVII.*

39  
So highly, thou dost *Vertue* prize,  
That, thou dost *Fortunes* helpe despise,



As if, where *Virtues* present are,  
Her favours alwayes needlesse were:  
But, sometimes there's enough to doe,  
For *Fortune*, and for *Virtue* too,  
The pow'r of envious tongues to charme,  
And, keepe an *Innocent* from harme.  
Therefore, make both of *these*, thy friends;  
For, thereunto thine *Emblem* tends.

See, *Emb. XXXIX.*

40  
Thou mayst be one of those, perchance,  
Who *Schisme*, and *Heresies* advance,  
Because they *Times* and *Termes* mistake,  
And, *diff'rence* know not how to make  
Twixt that, which *temp'rall* doth appeare,  
And, those things which *eternall* are.  
Thou, by thy *Lot*, art therefore warn'd,  
To search what should of these be learn'd.

See, *Emb. XL.*

41  
Great workes to doe, thou hast a *minde*;  
But, *pow'r* thereto thou canst not finde.  
Sometime, thy *pow'r* is not unfit;  
But, then thou failest in thy *wit*.  
Such *Vndertakings*, therefore, chuse  
(If thou wilt not thy time abuse)  
As to thy *pow'r*, and *wits* agree;  
And, let them both employed bee.

See, *Emb. XLI.*

42  
When any *Blessing* thou hast gain'd,  
Thou mind'st not whence it was obtain'd;  
But, bear't it thy selfe, as if the same  
By thine owne *pow'r*, or *merit*, came:  
That, therefore, thou mayst better heed  
From whence, all *Graces* doe proceed,  
Thou, hast an *Emblem*, by this *Lot*,  
From which, good *Cautions* may be got.

See, *Emb. XLII.*

43  
By this thy *Lot*, it should appeare,  
The *Masters* thy acquaintance are;  
Or, that thou art (at least) of those,  
Who, of their *Steed* ambitious growes.  
If thou hast *wit*, his *Reynes* to guide,  
Vpon his backe, mount up and ride;  
But, if thou finde thy selfe to weake,  
Forbeare him, lest thy necke he breake.

See, *Emb. XLIII.*

44  
In many things, the worst thou art,  
By thy despayring, fainting heart;

And, oft, thy labour, and thy cost,  
For want of *hopefulness*, is lost.  
This indiscretion to prevent,  
Thou, therefore, by thy *Lot*, art sent,  
The *Plough-man's* hopefulness to see:  
Observe it; and, reformed bee.

See, *Emb. X L I V.*

45  
As soone as e're thy *Seeds* are sowne,  
Thou *fruits* expectest, fully growne.  
And, if they ripe not in a day,  
Thou, foolest all thy hopes away:  
That wiser, therefore, thou mayst grow,  
Thy *Lot*, an *Emblem* doth bestow,  
To teach, that *works* both faire and great,  
By *small-degrees*, are made compleat.

See, *Emb. X L V.*

46  
Thou hadst, or hast, or thou shalt have  
Much trouble, ere thou fill thy *Grave*;  
And, may'st, when thou expectest rest,  
With paine, or sorrowes, be oppress'd.  
But, be content, and waile not much:  
For, *Poverty* shall make thee *rich*.  
The paine will soone be overpast,  
And, thou shalt happy be at last.

See, *Emb. X L V I.*

47  
Thy *Fortune*, be it good or bad,  
May, by thy *wit*, be better made;  
Yea, whatsoere *mischances* fall,  
By *prudence*, thou may'st helpe them all.  
That, hopefull, therefore, thou mayst bide,  
What change soever, shall beride,  
Thou, by thy *Lot*, informed art,  
What succours, *Wisdomes* doth impart.

See, *Emb. X L V I I.*

M 48  
A man at *Armes*, thou wouldst be thought,  
And, hast the Crowne of *Honour* sought;  
But, thou hast much mistooke the *wayes*,  
Which tend to well-deserved *praise*.  
How, *Honour*, therefore, may be got,  
Thou art informed by thy *Lot*;  
And, with what *Foes*, and, for what *end*,  
Thou shouldst be ready to contend.

See, *Emb. X L V I I I.*

49  
Perhaps, thou mayst be one of those,  
Who doth *God's* holy Church oppose;

For,

For, over many in these dayes,  
Disturbe her *Peace*, and sleight her *Praise*:  
That her *esteem*, therefore may bee  
Increased, or preserv'd, by thee,  
Thine *Emblem*, now, to thee, will show,  
To what perfection she will grow.

See, *Emb. X L I X.*

50

Thou *safety* lov'st, and wouldst have *Armes*,  
Thy person to secure from harmes:  
But, most of those thou hast prepar'd,  
Are but a weake uncertaine *Guard*,  
And, if thou take not greater heed,  
May faile thy trust, in time of need.  
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, hath exprest,  
What *Armes*, for thy defence are best.

See, *Emb. L.*

51

Of *Planetary-Calculations*,  
Of *Superstitious-Observations*,  
Of *Lets*, and *Dreames*, and *Accidents*,  
Which have but casuall events,  
Thou art so fond; and, unto such,  
Thou dost adhere, and trust so much,  
That, it succeedeth very well,  
No *Emblem*, now, to thee befell:  
Lest, these, which onely *Counsells* bee,  
Might seeme firme *Definites* to thee.

52

He that by drawing, here, his *Lot*,  
Some caveat or advice hath got,  
Did, peradventure, need alone  
That *Caution*, which he lighted on:  
But, unto thee, so needfull are  
All *Warnings*, and, all *Counsells* here,  
That, *Fortune* will not one bestow,  
Lest, thou may'st thinke thou need'st no more.

53

You, may be glad, you drew not that,  
Which, in your thought, you guessed at;  
For, so it points out that *condition*,  
Whereof you give a great suspicion,  
That, had it such an *Emblem* nam'd,  
As fits you right, you had beene sham'd.  
Since, then, your fault is unreveal'd,  
Amend, and keep it still conceal'd.

54

The *Muses* Oracle is dumbe,  
Because to tempt them you are come;

For,

For, in your *heart*, you much despise,  
 To follow that, which they advise:  
 Their admonitions, you doe scorne,  
 And, scorne to helpe your *Wisedome*, here.  
 The *Majes*, therefore, leave you, still,  
 To be as foolish, as you will.

5

It would, perhaps, have made thee proud,  
 If, now, thy *Lot* had beene allow'd  
 To let an *Emblem* shadow forth  
 What is conceived of thy *worth*.  
 Or, if thy *Virtues* were descri'd,  
 Perchance, thou wouldst be more envy'd  
 Then prayesd, when they are exprest;  
 A *Blanke* for thee, was therefore best.

6

No *Emblem*, to this *Lot*, replies;  
 Minde, therefore, well (I thee advise)  
 What from the *Preacher's* voice thou hear'st,  
 When in the *Church*, thou next appear'st:  
 Yea, there indeavour thou, to seeke  
 Thy *Lot* of *Counsell*, ev'ry weeke.  
 For, at all seasons, there will bee  
 Such *Prophecies*, concerning thee,  
 That, if of those, thou takest heed,  
 These *Emblems*, thou shalt never need.

---

*FINIS.*

---



125

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
EMBLEMES,  
ANCIENT AND  
MODERNE:

Quickened  
VVith METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS, both  
*Morall and Divine*: And disposed into  
LOTTERIES.

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered  
by an *Honest and Pleasant Recreation*.

---

By GEORGE WITHER.

---

*The third Booke.*

---



---

LONDON,  
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEVVES.  
MDCXXXIV.

COLLECTION

EMBLEMES

ANCIENT AND

MODERN

Original

From the original designs of the

Emblemes Anciens et Modernes

de la France

The Emblemes and the

Emblemes Anciens et Modernes

From

the

MDCXXIV

# TO THE MOST ILLVSTRIOUS

Princesse, *FRANCIS*, Dutchesse Do-

wager of *RICHMOND*, and *LENNOX*, &c.

**F**AME says (great PRINCESSE) that the *Pow'rs above*,  
Will soone forgive; which, I desire to prove:

For, I am guilty of a *crime*, *sin*,  
Against your GRACE, and have remain'd therein  
Without an *Absolution*, so long time,

That, now, my *Conscience* chocks me for the *Crimes*,  
And, to reprove me for it, will not cease,  
Till I have, someway, sought to make my *Peace*:

To palliate my *Fault*, I could produce  
Enough, perhaps, to stand for an *Excuse*,  
But, when I mind what *Penury*, and what *Poore*,  
I might have purchased unto my *Name*,  
(By taking *Counsel*, to have done my best)

I dare not make *Excuses*; but, request  
Your pardon, rather, and that some *Oblation*  
May gaine my *Pardon*, for my *Crimes*,  
To that intent, this *humble offering*, here,

Within your graces presence, doth appeare,  
And, that is my the more content your eye,  
Well-graven *Figures*, help to beuillie  
My lowly *Gifts*: And, villed are in these,  
A *Treasury* of *Golden Sentences*,  
By my well-meaning *Muse*, interpreted,

That with your *News*, their *Monies* may be spread  
And scatted; *Edgewise*, (at your commanding)  
To helpe enrich the *Power* in *Understanding*.

If You accept the *Tender*, I shall know,  
Your GRACE is pleased with your *Servant*, so,  
As, that there may be hope, my future Actions,  
Will give the more contenting *Satisfactions*:

And, your *Encouragements*, my *Pow'rs* may raise,  
To make the *Beauties* of your *Later dayes*,  
More glorious, far, then your fresh *Youth's* perfection,  
Though, knowne to be, the *Lead-stone* of *Affection*.

For, like the loving *Tytler*, you have stood  
So constant, in your vowed *Widow-hood*;  
So strictly, kept a *solitarie* state;  
So faithfull home, to your deceased *Mate*;  
So firmly true, and truly kinde, to *them*,  
Which are the *Branches* of his *Princely-stemme*;  
And, personated in so high a *Straine*,  
The parts of *HONOUR*; that, my rusticke *vaine*,  
Must raised be, before it can ascend  
To say, how much, your *Fame*, doth your commend.

Yet, if these *Lints*, (or, that they Visiter in)  
For me, some *Passage* may, anew, begin  
To your *Esteeme*; I, may so happily,  
Illustrate forth, the *Golden-History*

Of those *Afflictions*, which within your Brest,  
Have to the world remained unexpressed.

That, future times, to your applause may read,  
The matchlesse *Patience* of a *Widowed bed*,  
Which you have drawne, for those to imitate  
Who can; and, for the rest to wonder at.

For, what (thereto) yet wanteth, in my *Muse*,  
Your *GRACES*, as my *Minerva*, may infuse.

Nor, will it be in vaine, to shew the worth  
Of those *Perfections*, truly blazed forth,  
Which you may personate: Nor, shall it be  
To your *Censure* unusefull, when you see  
The *Best part of your selfe*, (as in a *Glasse*)  
Disclosed, and set up, before your *GRACES*,  
To represent those *Beauties*, wherein lurkes,  
More sweetnesse, than in *Picture-drawers* Works;  
And shew, howe *temp'ral Glories*, and *Afflictions*,  
Have hourly ripened you, for those *Perfections*  
That, make *Immortal*; and, which are that *End*,  
Whereto, all Earthly *GRACES*, ought to tend.

Then, if your *Excelsiour*, desire to heare,  
Those *Muses*, honour you, whose prayes are  
Attending *Virtue*; and, shall please to live  
That *Life of Glory*, which my *Verses* can give;  
Your *GRACES* favour, (when you please) hath pow'r  
To make both *Mee*, and all my *Masters* yours.  
And, wee are hopefull, that, so well wee know  
Your *Merits*, and those *Duties*, which wee owe,  
That, wee shall raise, your *Honours*'s *Trophies* high,  
Though, *Wee are selves*, upon the pavement lie.

Thus, I have made mine *Offering*; and I stand  
Attending, now, to kisse your *GRACES* hand.

*Your GRACES*

*in all humilitie,*

**GEO: WITHER.**



# TO THE HIGH AND MIGHTY

Prince, JAMES, Duke

of LENNOX, &c.

**VV**HEN RICHMOND, your beloved Viceroy, liv'd;  
(For whose departure, all this Empire grieves;  
And, yet laments) his GRACE did never cease

To deigne respects, to my obscur'd MYSE;  
Nor scorne, from Highest-worth, to stoop so low;  
As, mee, in my despis'd esse, to know:  
And, had not Bashfulness restrain'd my Wit,  
From pressing-on, (when he encourag'd it,)  
My PROSAVS, had learn'd, ere now, to rise,  
Which, yet, with lame, and sickly Feathers flies.

But, HEE hath left us; and, I thought not on  
The losse I had of HIM, till he was gone;  
Nor could I dreame, till he did hence ascend,  
What it was to want an Honourable friend:  
Nor, what they feele, whom Fate constraines, to lary  
On stormy Plaines, without a SANCTUARY.

As soon, as from among us, he made wing,  
My Hopes did waine, and, I began to sing  
A Mournfull-song, not easie to forget;  
Because, I beare the burthen of it, yet.  
Nor was I silent (though my Epicede  
Appear'd not, for the publike eye to read)  
But, griev'd in private, as one wanting Art,  
To give, the Life of pralle, to his desert:  
Which, if I could have equall'd with his Name,  
His Death had gain'd my Verse, a living-Fame.

And, why expresse I this? except it give  
Your GRACE, a fit occasion to perceive,  
That, my decayed Hopes I would renew,  
And, faint derive them downe, from HIM to YOU?  
That, as you branched from his Princely Stemme;  
(Are, honour'd with his Ducall-Diadem)  
And, imitate his Vertue; So, you might  
Be Lord, in mee, of that, which was his right:  
And, for his Noble sake, vouchsafe to own  
A Servant, which, to you, is yet unknowne.

As Prologue, to the service I intend,  
This PRESENT comes: and, without Hope, or End,  
Of gaining further Grace, or more Esteeme,  
Than may, with humblest modestie, beseeeme  
His Love, and Honest-meaning, to expect;  
Whose Merits have, no visible effect,  
Conducing to your profit; and, from whom  
The best of his intents, are yet to come.

I cannot think, these Lots, or Emblems, are  
So worthy in themselves, as they'll appeare  
In your acceptance; Or, that they can give,  
Such Grace to YOU, as they'll from you receive.

Yet, if **YOV** please, they may be, otherwise,  
A profitable Means, to help beguile  
A Melancholy thought; And, have the power  
To shorten (without losse) a tedious houre.

Sometime (no doubt) I content you are to walke  
In Artlesse Groves, Or, to admit the talk  
Of Rustick Swaines (though ev'ry day you visit  
Your self in Gallies, or a garden-bower, delight  
Or, heare the learned Muses, when you please)  
Ev'n so, for change, you may, perhaps, in these  
A Recreation finde; and, in some measure,  
A Profit, intermixed with your Pleasure.

I will not make, my Promises large,  
Lest, my Performances, they overcharge  
With Expectation; but, I leave them, still,  
To Bee, and to be thought, the same they are.  
And, if your **EXCELLENCE**, when you behold  
The Ground wherein I first became so bold,  
To make this Entrance, shall touch safe to daunt  
Those Favours, which, I dare not thinke to want  
By Meer-deserving; you may thus, perchance,  
My Willingnesse, to Ablesse advance;  
And reap in mee (when ripened they are grown)  
Some timely fruits, of that which you have sown.

Till then, let it suffice, that I profess  
A cheerefull, and a thankfull Readinesse  
To honour Yov; and, openly to shew  
The Dutie, which, it may appeare, I owe  
To **HIM** that's gone. And, let your **GRACE** descend  
To take this Pledge, of what I more intend.

Who am in all humilitie

Your GRACES to be

commanded,

**GEO: WITHER.**

If well thou dost, and well intend,  
Thou shalt be crowned, in the end.

135



ILLVST. I.

Book.3

¶ Hen, many, for the chiefeſt *Garland* runne,  
That height of *Glory*, can befall but one;  
Yet, *Wreaths* there are, for ev'ry man prepar'd,  
According as he meriteth reward:

And, though the *Works* deſerveth little meed,  
*Grace*, prints a worth, on ev'ry willing-deed,  
Which formes it currant; and, doth gracious make  
Man's weake endeavors, for *God's* promise ſake.

All ſeek the ſelfe ſame price; but, doe not ſeek,  
With *minde*, and, with *endeavors*, all alike.  
Moſt, with the *Wreath*; but, few thoſe things will doe,  
That may be helpfull to attaine thereto:  
And, ſome (that will be doing) more delight  
In doing their *owne* will, then doing right.

One, thinks by *airie titles*, to achieve  
The *Palme* he ſeekes; Another, doth believe  
Tis gain'd, by giving to his *Appetite*,  
The fulneſſe of his *Senses* vaine delight:  
To reach their *aims*, ſome others nourish hopes,  
By ſcrambling up unto the dunghill-tops  
Of temp'ral *Riches*; and, of all the wayes,  
Moſt thinke this *course* deſerves the greateſt *praiſe*.

But, this our *Emblem's* Motto, doth implic,  
That, nothing Man poſſeſſeth outwardly  
Can purchaſe him the *Crowne*, that ſhould be ſought,  
Like *rightly-doing*, what is *rightly-taught*.  
And, that *God* never puffed any *dream*,  
To barre their *bliffe*, who righteous would become:

For, ev'nto *Cain* he ſaid (of ſinne detected)  
If well thou doſt, thou ſhalt be well rewarded.

V

A linke

*A little Wit, may stand in stead,  
When Strength doth faile, in time of need.*



ILLVSTR. II.

Book. 3

**Q** He *Squirrel*, when shee must goe seeke her food,  
By making passage through some neighb'ring *floud*,  
(And feares to be deuoured by the *Stream*.)

Thus, helps her weaknesse, by a *Stratagem*.  
On *b'locks*, or *chips*, which on the waves doe flote,  
She nimble leaps; and, making them her boate  
(By helpe of *Windes*, of *Current*, and of *Tide*)  
Is waisted over to the further side.

Thus, that, which for the *Body* proves unfit,  
Must often be acquired by the *Wit*.  
And, what our outward *Fortune* shall denye,  
Our *providence* must labour to supply.  
Those *Casualties*, which may our need befriend,  
We should with heedfull diligence attend;  
And, watch to seize those *opportunities*,  
Which, men of abler fortunes may despise.

Some *Birds*, when they an *Oyster* would unlock,  
Mount up, and let it fall upon a *Rock*;  
And, when the *Cockles* on the *Shores* lye gasping,  
(At ev'ry *Tides* approach their *Shells* unclasping)  
Crowes cast in *Pebbles*, and so take that meate  
By *craft*, which by their *force* they could not get.

Wee, by indeav'ring thus, may gaine, at length,  
That, which at first appears above our strength.  
By little *Screwes* an entrance we may make,  
Where *Barres of Iron* cannot passage breake.  
Small *Engines*, lift huge weights; and, we have heard,  
That one *Wise-man* (though poore without regard)  
May save a *City*, when the *Men of Warre*,  
And, all their *Capitales*, at a *non plus* are.



137



ILLVSTA, III.

Zent. 3

Hence thou beholdest, upon a *Day of State*,  
 The *King* (or, some inferiour *Magistrate*)  
 Walks forth in publicke, and the royall *Mace*,  
 The *Sword*, or *Scepter* borne before his face:  
 Suppose thou not, that those are carried, so,  
 In ostentation, or for idle show.  
 These vulgar *Emblems*, are significant;  
 And, that *authority*, which *Princes* grant  
 To *Bodies politick*, was, heretofore  
 Declared, by those *Emblems*, which they bore.  
 The beuzing *Mace* (although, perhaps, with us,  
 It be not in these times, restrained thus)  
 That branch of *Royall-power* did signifie,  
 Which doth by *Fines*, or *loss of liberty*,  
 Correct Offenders. By the *Sword*, they meant,  
 That larger branch of *pow'r*, to represent,  
 Which takes the *Malefactor's* life away;  
 And, armes it selfe, when *Rebells* disobay.  
 As often, therefore, as thou shalt espie  
 Such *Hieroglyphicks* of *Authority*;  
 Be mindefull, and advis'd (how meane soere  
 The *Persons*, or the *Places* may appeare,  
 Who get this *pow'r*) that still thou honour them:  
 But, thou in those, the *pow'r* of *God* contemne.  
 If not for theirs, yet for thy *Sov'reigns* cause,  
 Whom these doe personate; Or, for the *Laws*,  
 (Which threaten punishment) thy selfe submit;  
 And, suffer what *Authority* thinks fit:  
 For, whatsoever they be that guide the *Reyns*,  
 He, gave the *pow'r*, who gave it, nor, in vaine.

*He, that concealed things will finde,  
Must looke before him, and behinde.*



ILLVSTR. IV.

Book. 3

**T**hat Head, which in his Temple, heretofore,  
The well-knowne figure of old Ianus bore,  
Retain'd the forme, which pictur'd here you finde,  
*A Face before him, and a Face behinde.*

And this old Hieroglyphicke doth comprize  
A multitude of Heathenish Mysteries;  
Which, wee omitting, will insist on what  
This Emblem's Motto, chiefly poynteth at.

In true Divinity, 'tis God alone,  
To whom, all hidden things are truly knowne.  
Hee, onely, is that ever-present-being,  
Who, by the vertue of his pow'r all-seeing,  
Beholds, at one aspect, all things that are,  
That ever shall be, and that ever were.

But, in a Morall-sense, we may apply  
This double-face, that man to signifie,  
Who (whatsoever he undertakes to doe)  
Lookes, both before him, and behinde him, too.  
For, he shall never fruitfully forecast  
Affaires to come, who mindes not what is past:  
And, such as doe not, oft, before them looke,  
May lose the labour, that's already tooke.  
By, sometimes, looking backward, we behold  
Those things, which have been done in times of old;  
Py looking wisely forward, we foresee  
Such matters, as in future-times will bee:  
And, thus, we doe not onely fruits receive,  
From that short space of time, in which we live;  
But, by this meanes, we likewise have a share,  
In times to come, and, times that passed are.

Good

Good Fortune will with him abide,  
That hath true Vertue, for his guide.

139



ILLVSTR. V.

Book. 3

**T**He Gryphon, is the figure of a creature,  
Not found within the Catalogues of Nature;  
But, by those Wits created, who, to shew  
Internal things, external Figures drew:  
The Shape, in which this Fillion they express,  
Was borrow'd from a Foele, and, from a Beast;  
Importing (when their parts were thus combin'd)  
The Vertues, both of Body, and of minde:  
And, Men are sayd on Gryphons backs to ride,  
When those mixt Vertues, them have dignify'd.  
The Stone (this Brute supporting) may expresse  
The firme abiding, and the solidesse  
Of all true Vertues. That, long-winged Ball,  
Which doth appeare fast-linked therewithall,  
The gifts of changing Fortune, doth impley:  
And, all those things together, signifie,  
That, when by such like Vertues Men are guided,  
Good Fortune cannot be from them divided.

If this be true (as true I this believe)  
Why should wee murmur, why repine, or grieve,  
As if our Studies, or our honest paines,  
Deprived were of some deserved gaine?  
Why should we thinke the world hath done us wrong,  
Because wee are not register'd among  
Those thriving men, who purse up ev'ry day,  
For twelve hours labour more then twelve months pay?  
If wee our paines rewarded cannot see,  
Wee count our Merits greater then they be.  
But if we bide content, our worth is more,  
And rich we are, though others think us poore.

When

When prosperous our Affaires doe growe;  
God's Grace is it, that makes them so.



ILLVSTR. VI.

Book. 3

**S**uch pleasant *Flowers*, as here are shadow'd out  
(Full grown, well-trim'd, and strongly fence'd about)  
At first, perchance, had planting (where they stand)  
And, husbanding, by some good *Gard'ners* hand:  
But, when to perfect ripeness, they are grown,  
(And, spread forth leaves, and blossomes, fully blowne)  
They draw it from the Vertue of the *Sunne*,  
Which worketh, when the *Gard'ners* worke is done:  
For, lost were all his Travaile, and his praise,  
Vlesse that *Planet* cheare them with his rayes.

In this our *Pilgrimage*, it fares with us  
(In all our *hopes*, and all our *labours*) thus.  
For, whatsoever bus'nesse wee intend,  
On *God*, our good successes doe depend.  
Our Hands may build; but, structures vaine we make,  
Till *God*, to be *Chiefe-builder*, undertake.  
To wall a *City*, wee may beare the cost;  
But, he must *guard* it, or, the *Towne* is lost:  
The *Plow-man* useth diligence to sowe;  
But, *God* must blesse it, or, no *Corn* will grow:  
Yea, though *Paul* plant, and, though *Apollo* water,  
They spend their sweat, upon a fruitlesse matter,  
Till *God*, from heaven, their labours please to blesse,  
And crowne their traualles, with a good increase.

Let, therefore, those that flourish, like this *Floure*,  
(And, may be wither'd, e're another houre)  
Give *God* the praise, for making of their *Seeds*  
Bring forth sweet *Flowers*, that, else, had proved *Weeds*:  
And, me despise not, though I thrive not so;  
For, when, *God* pleaseth, I shall flourish too.





ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. 3

**S**ome *Sells* are found, who so believing be,  
They thinke themselves from *legall-workings* free;  
And, so they live, as if they stood in feare  
That, with *God-work*, their *God* offended were.  
Another sort we know, who credit not,  
That any hope of *Mercie* can be got,  
Till they themselves, by their *externall-deed*,  
Have *merited* the favours they shall need:  
And, so they prize their *workings*; that, for *Grace*;  
They seeme to disallow all usefull place.  
Both sorts, their errors may be purged from,  
When to the *Fiery-tryall* they shall come.

So, likewise, may another *Fallshon* too,  
That erre more deadly then these former doe.  
These doe (forsooth) affirme, that *God's* decree  
Before all *Worlds* (what Words can fouler be e)  
D-barr'd the greatest part of *humane-race*,  
Without respecting sinne, from hope of *Grace*;  
And, that, howere this number shall indeaver,  
They must continue *Reprobates*, for ever.

The first, are errors of *Impiety*;  
But, this, ascends the top of *blasphemy*;  
Dispayles *Religion* wholly of her fruits;  
And, wrongeth *God* in all his *Attributes*.  
These *Errors*, therefore shunne, and, so believe,  
That wee thy *Faith*, may by thy *Workes* perceive.  
So *work*, that thy *believing* may approve  
Thou wrought'st not for thy *Wages*; but, for *love*.

For (whatsoever thou be) if thus thou doe,  
Thou mayst have hopes, and, *God* will grant them too.

By



ILLVSTR. VIII.

Book. 3

**T**He *Laurell*, which is given for a Crowne  
(To men deserving Glory, and renowne)  
Is figur'd here, those noble deeds to shew,  
For which, the *Wreaths* of Honour, we bestow.  
Two *Serpents* (*WISDOME's Emblems*) twisted are  
About this branch of *Laurell*, to declare,  
That, *Wisdome* is the surest meane to save  
Our Names and Actions, from *Oblivion's* Grave.  
The *Snakes* are two, perhaps, to signifie  
That *Morall-wit*, and *Christian-politic*  
(Vnited both together) doe contrive  
The safest guard, and best preservative.

Consider this, all yee, that trust your Names  
To Marble Monuments; or, mount your *Fames*  
By those poore meanes, which Fooles and Knaves pursue;  
And, may effect as easily as you:  
Nay, with more ease; and, overtop you too,  
When you have done the best, your wits can doe.  
I say, consider this; and, let the *Pen*  
Of learned, wise, and understanding men,  
Renowne your worths, and register the story  
Of your deserved, and, well-gotten glory;  
Lest, else, it suffer close-imprisonments,  
Within the walls of such poore *Monuments*,  
As oft are built, to leave it quite forgotten,  
Whose bones they cover'd, e're those bones be rotten.  
But, you shall best preserve your *Honest-fame*,  
Your *Workes*, your *Hopes*, and *Honours* of your Name,  
If you your selves be wise; and, so provide  
That *Prudence*, all your *Workes*, and *Speeches* guide.

Good

Good Hopes, we best accomplish may,  
By lab'ring in a constant Way.

143



ILLVSTR. IX.

Book. 3

**S**OME Folkes there are, (and many men suppose,  
That I my selfe, may passe for one of those)

Who many likely Businesses intend,  
Yet, bring but very few, unto an end.  
Which folly to prevent, this *Emblem*, here,  
Did in a luckie houre, perhaps, appeare.  
For, as to draw a *Circle*, with our hand,  
We cause the brazen *Compasses* to stand  
With one foot firmly fixed one the ground;  
And move the other in a *Constant-round*:  
Right so, when we shall purpose to proceed  
In any just, and profitable deed,  
We first, should by a *constant-resolution*,  
Stand firme, to what we put in execution:  
And, then, with *perseverance*, labour out  
Those workings, which we are employ'd about.

For, we with *constant-liking*, must elect  
Those Businesses, we purpose to effect:  
Or els, our *time*, our *labour*, and our *cost*,  
Will, oft, be much in vaine, or wholly lost.  
With *constant-labour*, we must follow, too,  
Those things, which we resolved are to do;  
Or, els, our hopes will never be effected,  
How warily soe're we have projected.  
Long Journeys I abhorre, yet, otherwhile  
I meane a *Furlong*, and performe a *Mill*.  
I greatly feare *Long-labours* to begin,  
Yet, some I finish, when I'me entred in:  
And, if in *Labour*, I more *constant* grow,  
How I improve, hereafter, you shall know.

Ere thou a fruitfull-Cropp shalt see,  
Thy ground must plough'd and harrow'd be.



ILLVSTR. X.

Book. 3

**B**Efore the *Plowman* hopefull can be made,  
His untill'd earth good Hay or Corne will yeeld,  
He breakes the hillocks downe, with *Plough* or *Spade*,  
And, harrowes over, all the cloddie Field.  
Then, from the *leave'd-ground*, at last, he mowes  
That Cropp of grasse, which he had hope to gaine;  
Or, there, doth reape the fruit of what he sowes,  
With profit, which contents him for his paine.

Our *craggie-Nature* must be tilled, thus,  
Before it will, for *Herbes of Grace*, be fit.  
Our *high conceits*, must downe be broke in us;  
Our heart is proud, and God must humble it.  
Before good *Seed*, in us will rooting take,  
*Afflictions* ploughes and harrowes, must prepare us:  
And, that the truer *levell*, he may make,  
When we are *sunk* too low, *Gods* hand must reare us.  
Then, neither stormings of *Adversitie*,  
Shall drowne the *Seedes of Hope*, which we have sowne;  
Nor shall the *Sunne-beames* of *Prosperitie*,  
Dreie up their moisture, ere they ripe are growne.

Oh *Lord*, thou know'st the nature of my *minde*;  
Thou know'st my *badges* tempers what they are;  
And, by what meanes, they shall be best inclin'de  
Such *Fruits* to yeeld, as they were made to beare.  
My barren *Soule*, therefore, *manure* thou so;  
So, harrow it; so emptye, and so fill;  
So raise it up, and bring it downe, so low  
As best may lay it *levell* to thy *Will*.

In this *De fire*, the worke is well begunne;  
Say thou the *Word*, and all is fully done.

True





ILLVSTR. XI.

Book. 3

**B**Y viewing this *fixt-Head*, enwreath'd with *Bayes*,  
(And, what the *Motto* round about it sayes)  
Your Apprehension's eye, may partly see  
What *constant Vertues*, in true *Knowledge* be.

For, if right plac'd it be, it ever will  
Continue in the same condition, still:  
And, though it make mens manners to be chang'd;  
Yet, never is it, from it selfe, estrang'd:  
Nor doth, nor can it, cease to be a *Friend*,  
What *Fate* soever, shall on us attend.

When *Wealth* is lost, or faileth to besteed us;  
Shee findes out honest meanes to cloath and feede us.  
In *farre*, and *furraigne Lands*, shee will become,  
As kinde, and as familiar, as at home;  
And, *travelleth*, without the costly cumber,  
Of Carriages, or Clokebagges full of Lumber.  
No *Place* can from our presence, her enclose;  
Nor is she frighted from us by our *Foes*.  
No *Pickthankes*, of her Favours, can bereave us;  
No *Promises*, can woo her to deceive us.  
In *Youth*, in *Age*, in *Sickness*, and in *Griefe*,  
Shee bringeth Consolation and reliefe:  
And, is in all estates, a blessing to us,  
So constant (and so apt, all helpes to doe us)  
That, he for whom, such *Knowledge*, God provideth,  
Enjoyes a *Friend*, that alwaies firme abideth.

Lord, I am *friendlesse* left; therefore, to me,  
This *Knowledge*, and this *Friend*, vouchsafe to bee:  
For, thou that *Wisdom* art, (from heav'n descending)  
Which, neither hath *beginning*, *change*, nor *ending*.



ILLVSTR. XII.

Book, 3

**W**hen Emblems, of too many parts conſiſt,  
Their Author was no choice Emblematiſt:  
But, is like thoſe, that waſt whole houres, to tell  
What, in three minutes, might be ſaid as well.  
Yet, when each member is interpreted,  
Out of theſe vulgar Figures, you may read  
A Morall, (altogether) not unfit  
To be remembred, ev'n, by men of wit.  
And, if the Kernell prove to be of worth,  
No matter from what ſhell we drew it forth.

The Square whereon the Globe is placed, here,  
Muſt Vertue be; That Globe upon the Square,  
Muſt meane the World; The Figure, in the Round,  
(Which in appearance doth her Trumpet ſound)  
Was made for Fame; The Booke ſhe beares, may ſhow,  
What Breath it is, which makes her Trumpet blow:  
The Wreath, incloſing all, was to intend  
A glorious Praise, that never ſhall have end:  
And, theſe, in one ſumm'd up, doe ſeeme to ſay;  
That, (if men ſtudy in a vertuous-way)  
The Trumpet of a never-ceaſing Fame,  
Shall through the world proclaime their praiſefull Name;


Now Reader, if large Fame, be thy ambition,  
This Emblem doth informe, on what condition  
She may be gain'd. But, (herein, me beleeve)  
Thy ſtudie for meere-praiſe, will thee deceive:  
And, if thy Vertues, be, but onely, thoſe  
For which the vulgar Fame, her Trumpet blowes,  
Thy Fame's a blaſt; Thy Vertues, Vices be;  
Thy Studie's vaine; and, ſhame will follow thee.

Above



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. 3

 *Xalt thou not thy selfe,* though, plac'd thou be,  
Vpon the topp of that old *Olive-tree*,  
From whence the nat'rall branches prun'd have bin,  
That, thou, the better, mightst be grafted in.  
Be not so *ever-wise*, as to presume  
The *Gard'ner*, for thy goodnesse, did assume  
Thy small *Crab-Olive*, to insert it, there,  
Where, once, the *sweetest-berries*, growing were:  
Nor let thy Pride those few *old-boughes* contemne,  
Which, yet, remaine upon their ancient *Stemmes*;  
Because, thy new-incorporated *Sprays*,  
Doe more enjoy the *Sunnes* refreshing raies:  
But, humbled rather, and, more awfull bee;  
Left, *hee* that cut off *them*, doe breake downe *thee*.

Be *wise*, in what may so thy good, belong;  
But, seeke not *Knowledge*, to thy neighbours wrong:  
Be thankfull for the *Grace* thou hast receiv'd,  
But, judge not those, who seeme thereof bereav'd;  
Nor into those forbidden *secrets* peepe,  
Which *God-Almighty*, to himselfe doth keepe.  
Remember what our Father *Adam* found,  
When he for *Knowledge*, sought beyond his bound.  
For, doubtlesse, ever since, both *good* and *ill*  
Are left with *Knowledge*, intermingled still;  
And, (if we be not humble, meeke, and warie)  
We are in daily danger, to miscary.  
Large, proves the fruit which on the *Earth* doth lie;  
*Winds*, breake the twigge, that's grafted *over-high*;  
And, he that will, beyond his bounds, be *wise*,  
Becomes a very *Foole*, before he dies.



ILLVSTR. XIV.

Book. 3

**E** more should thrive, and erre the seldomer,  
If we were like this honest *Carpenter*,  
Whose *Emblem*, in reproofe of those, is made,  
That love to meddle, farther then their *Trade*.  
But, most are now exceeding cunning growne  
In ev'ry mans affaires, except their owne:  
Yea, *Coblers* thinke themselves not onely able,  
To censure; but, to mend *Apelles* Table.

*Great-Men*, sometime, will gravely undertake  
To teach, how *Broomes* and *Morters*, we should make.  
Their Indiscretions, *Peasants* imitate,  
And boldly meddle with affaires of *State*.  
Some *Henswives* teach their *Teachers* how to pray,  
Some *Clarks*, have shew'd themselves, as wise as they;  
And in their Callings, as discreet have bin,  
As if they taught their *Grandames* how to *spinne*:  
And, if these *Customes*, last a few more Ages,  
All Countries will be nothing els, but *Stages*  
Of evill-acted, and mistaken parts;  
Or, *Gallemaufries*, of imperfect *Arts*.

But, I my selfe (you'l say) have medlings made,  
In things, that are improper to my *Trade*.  
No; for, the *MUSES* are in all things free;  
Fit subject of their *Verse*, all Creatures be;  
And, there is nothing nam'd so meane, or great,  
Whereof they have not Liberty to treat.  
Both *Earth* and *Heav'n*, are open unto these;  
And (when to take more libertie they please)  
They *Worlds*, and *things*, create, which never were;  
And, when they list, they play, and meddle, there.





ILLVSTR. XV.

Book. 3

**T**He Figure of a *Stork* in elder dayes,  
Was us'd in *Hieroglyphick*, many wayes:  
But, when *one Foote*, thus grasp'd a *People-stone*,  
The other being firmly fixed on  
The *Staffe Episcopall*, in that position,  
It makes an *Emblem*, of a late edition:  
By some, thought not improper, to expresse  
Their painefull, and their serious, *watchfulnesse*,  
Who take upon themselves, the *Pastorall care*;  
And, in that *Function*, truly *watchfull* are.

The *Shepherds-Crooke*, doth some expression make  
Of that regard, which, of their *Flocks*, they take.  
The *Peble in the Foote*, doth seeme to shewe,  
That, these must farther diligence bestowe,  
(And, use their utmost pow'r) themselves to keepe  
From *slothfull Ease*, and from intemp'rate *sleeps*:  
For, he that hath such *Duties* undertooke,  
(And, must the lives of others overlooke)  
Shall finde himselfe, unto himselfe become  
A burthen, and a Charge more troublesome  
Then all his *Flocke*, unles, he still provide  
His owne, as well as others *waies*, to guide.

Now, though this *Emblems Morall* doth concerne  
The *Clergie* most; yet, hence we all may learne  
Strict *watch* to keepe; since, unto all that bee,  
A *Watchmans* place belongs, in some degree.  
Which, to discharge, if wee endeavour, still,  
Our universall *Shepherd* aide us will,

And us from haimes, and error he will keepe,  
For, *Hee that guardeth Isr'ell doth not sleepe.*

OUT

Our Dayes, untill our Life hath end,  
In Labours, and in Hopes, wee spend.



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book. 3

**A**S soone as our first Parents disobey'd,  
Forthwith a *Curse*, for their offence, was layd,  
Inforcing them, and their succeeding race,  
To get their Food, with swearings of the Face.  
But, afterward, this *Doune* to mitigate,  
(And ease the miseries of their estate)  
God gave them *Hope*, that she might helpe them beare  
The burthens of their Travaile, and their care.

A Woman with an *Anchor*, and a *Spade*,  
An *Emblem* of that *Mystery* is made:  
And, this Estate, wee all continue in,  
By God's free *Mercie*, and our proper *Sinne*.  
By *Sinne*, the *Labour* is on us intail'd;  
By *Grace*, it is, that *Hoping* hath not fail'd;  
And, if in *Hope*, our Labours wee attend,  
That *Curse* will prove a *Blessing*, in the end.

My Lot is *Hope*, and *Labour*; and, betweene  
These *Two*, my Life-time hath prolonged beene:  
Yer, hitherto, the best of all my *Paine*,  
With most of all my *Hopes* have beene in vaine;  
And to the *VVorld*-ward, I am like to wast  
My time in fruitlesse *Labours*, till the last.

However, I have still my *Hopes* as faire  
As hee, that hath no temptings to *Despaire*;  
And, change I will not, my *last houres* for theirs,  
Whose *Fortune*, more desirable appeares;  
Nor cease to *Hope* and *Labour*, though, of most,  
My *Hope* and *Labour* be adjudged lost:

For, though I lose the *shadow* of my *Paines*,  
The *substance* of it, still, in God, remains.

Man's

*Man's life, no Temper, more doth blosse,  
Then Simple-prudent-harmekesse.*

151



ILLVSTR. XVII.

Book. 3

¶ Hen from the harmekesse *Turt*, and the *Snake*,  
Their most commended *properties* wee take,  
(And mixe them well) they make a composition,  
Which yelds a *temper* of the best condition.  
Yet, *wickednesse*, or *ferrow*, doth abound,  
Where, any one of these, *alone*, is found:  
For, whenlo'e're the *Serpents* *braine* we find,  
With which, there is no *Dove* like *meeknesse* joyn'd,  
(Without all *peradventure*) thence proceedes,  
All ha-mefull fraud, and all injurious deedes.  
And, where such *meeknesse* as doth seeme to be  
In harmekesse *Doves*, divided you shall see  
From that *discretion*, and that *politic*,  
Which in the *Serpents* head, is thought to lie;  
They liable to ev'ry wrong become,  
And, to it selfe, make *Virtue* burthenlome.  
But, where these two are joyned, they procure  
A life: so sweet, so rich, and so secure,  
That, all the *pow'rs* of *Malice* cannot shake  
Their out *works*, nor within them, terrors make.

*Vouchsafe thou oh my God! vouchsafe, to me,  
That these two Vertues may united be,  
Such Prudence give, as never will disdaine  
The Dove-like Innocencie, to retaine,  
That meeknesse, grant me, which enlighteth not;  
It selfe, with indiscretion, is beset:  
But, let these two, each other so defend,  
And, so, in me continue, till my end,  
That, simple prudence, I may still possess,  
Although the World shall count it foolishnesse.*

Y

Where

Where'er we dwell, the Heav'n is neere;  
Let us but fly, and wee are there.



ILLVSTR. XVIII.

Book. 3

**W**hy, with a trembling faintnesse, should we feare  
The face of *Death*? and, fondly linger here,  
As if we thought the *Journey* to be gone  
Lay through the shades of *Styx* or *Acheron*?  
Or, that we either were to travell downe  
To uncount *Depths*, or up some *heights* unknowne?  
Or, to some place remote, whose nearest end  
Is further then *Earth*'s limits doe extend?  
It is not by one halfe that distance, thither  
Where *Death* lets in, as it is any whither:  
No not by halfe so farre, as to your bed;  
Or, to that place, where you should rest your head,  
If on the ground you layd your selfe (ev'n there)  
Where at this moment you abiding are.  
This *Emblem* shewes (if well you looke thereon)  
That, from your *Glasse of life*, which is to run,  
There's but one step to *Death*; and, that you tread  
At once, among the *Living*, and, the *Dead*.  
In whatsoever *Land*, we live or die,  
*God* is the same; And, *Heav'n* is, there, as nigh  
As in that place, wherein, we most desire  
Our *Soules*, with our last breathing, to expire.  
Which things, well heeding; let us not delay  
Our *Journey*, when we summon'd are away,  
(As those inforced *Pilgrims* use to doe,  
That know not whither, nor, how farre they goe)  
Nor let us dreame that we in *Time*, or *Place*,  
Are farre from ending our uncertaine *Race*.  
But, let us fixe on *Heav'n*, a faithfull eye,  
And, still, be flying thither, till wee die.



His Pace, must wary be, and slow,  
That hath a Slippery-way to goe.

153



ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. 3

**T**raveller, when he must undertake  
To seek his passage, o're some *Frozen Lake*,  
With *leisure*, and with *care*, he will assay  
The glassy smoothnesse of that *Ice-way*,  
Lest he may *slip*, by walking over-fast;  
Or, break the crackling *Pavement*, by his hast:  
And, so (for want of better taking heed)  
Incur the mischiefs of *Frovery-foot*.

We are all *Travellers*, and, all of us  
Have many passages, as dangerous,  
As *Frozen-lakes*, and, *Slippery-ways*, we tread,  
In which our *Lives* may loone be forfeited,  
(With all our hopes of *Life-eternall*, too)  
Unlesse, we well consider what we doe.  
There is no private *Way*, or publicke *Path*,  
But rubs, or holes, or slipp'rinesse it hath,  
Whereby, wee shall with *Mischiefes* meet; unlesse,  
Wee walke it, with a *steadfast-warinesse*.

The steps to *Honour*, are on *Pinacles*  
Compos'd of melting *Snow*, and *Icicles*,  
And, they who tread not nicely on their tops,  
Shall on a suddaine slip from all their *hopes*.  
Yea, ev'n that way, which is both sure and holy,  
And, leades the *Minde* from *Vanities* and *Folly*,  
Is with so many other *Path-ways* crost,  
As, that, by *Rashnesse*, it may soone be lost;  
Unlesse, we well deliberate, upon  
Those *Tracks*, in which our *Ancestours* have gone:  
And, they who with more *haste*, then *heed*, will runne,  
May lose the way, in which they well begonne.



ILLVSTR. XX.

Book. 3

**L**ooke here, and marke (her sickly birds to soold)  
How freely this kinde *Pelican* doth bleed.  
See, how (when other *Sauers* could not be found)  
To cure their sorrowes, she; her selfe doth wound;  
And, when this holy *Emblem*, thou shalt see,  
Lift up thy soule to him, who dy'd for thee.

For, this our *Hieroglyphick* would expresse  
That *Pelican*, which in the *Wildernesse*  
Of this vast *World*, was left (as all alone)  
Our miserable *Nature* to bemoane;  
And, in whose eyes, the teares of pittie stood,  
When he beheld his owne unthankfull *Brood*  
His *Favours*, and his *Mercies*, then, contemne,  
When with his wings he would have brooded them:  
And, sought their endlesse peace to have confirm'd,  
Though, to procure his ruine, they were arm'd.

To be their *Food*, himselfe he freely gave;  
His *Heart* was pierc'd, that he their *Soules* might save.  
Because, they disobey'd the *Sacred-will*,  
He, did the *Law of Righteousnesse* fulfill;  
And, to that end (though guiltlesse he had bin)  
Was offred, for our *Vnversall sinne*.

Let mee Oh *God*! for ever, fixe mine eyes  
Vpon the Merit of that *Sacrifice*;  
Let me retaine a due commemoration  
Of those deare *Mercies*, and that bloody *Passion*,  
Which here is mean'd; and, by true *Faith*, still, feed  
Vpon the drops, this *Pelican* did bleed;  
Yea, let me firme into thy *Law* abide,  
And, ever love that *Fleete*, for which he dy'd.

Bee

Be lust; for neither Sea nor Land,  
Shall bide thee from the Royall-hand.

155



ILLVSTR. XXI.

Book. 3

**T**hat, which wee call the *Sea-horse*, is a Creature,  
Whereby the Priests of *Egypt*, wonted were,  
To typify an ill-disposed nature;

And, such, as to their Parents, cruell are:  
Because, this *Manser* (as their *Authors* write)  
When strong he growes, becommeth so ingrate,  
That he pursues, with violent despight,  
His old and weakly *Sire*, which him begate.

Contrariwise, the *Starke*, they figur'd, then,  
When they occasion had, to signifie  
The good condition, of those honest men,  
Who pleasure take, in workes of *Pitty*:  
Because, the *Starke*, not onely harmed none,  
But, holpe their aged Parents in their need;  
And, those offensive *Serpents*, prey'd upon,  
Which, in the Fennes of *Egypt*, yearely, breed.

The *Royall-Crowne*, therefore, supporting thus  
That pious *Foule*, and overtopping, here,  
The wicked, and the fierce *Hypotamus*,  
May serve to comfort, and to keep in feare.  
For, it informes, that, if we pious grow,  
And love our *Princes* (who those Parents bee;  
To whom all *Subjects*, filiall duties owe)  
The blessings of their *Favours*, we shall see.  
It shewes us, also, that, if we affect  
*Uprighteous-ways*; no *Wit*, or *Strength* of our,  
Nor any *Fancie's* place, shall us protect  
From being reached, by the *Sou'raigne-power*.

The way of *Iustice*, therefore, learne thou still,  
For love of *Godnesse*, or for feare of *Ill*.

Take

Take wing, my Soule, and mount up higher;  
For, Earth, fulfills not my Desire.



ILLVSTR. XXII.

Book. 3

**XV** Hen *Ganymed*, himselfe was purifying,  
Great *Jupiter*, his naked beauty spying,  
Sent forth his *Eagle* (from below to take him)  
Ablest Inhabitant, in Heav'n to make him:  
And, there (as Poets feigned) he doth still,  
To *Iove*, and other *God-heads*, Nectar fill.

Though this be but a *Fable*, of their feigning,  
The *Morall* is a *Real truth*, pertaining  
To ev'ry one (which harbours a desire  
Above the *Starry Circles*, to aspire.)  
By *Ganymed*, the *Soule* is understood,  
That's washed in the *Purifying flood*  
Of sacred *Baptisme* (which doth make her seeme  
Both pure and beautifull, in *God's* esteeme.)  
The *Egle*, means that Heav'nly *Contemplation*,  
Which, after Washings of *Regeneration*,  
Lifts up the *Minde*, from things that earthly bee,  
To view those *Objects*, which *Faith's* Eyes doe see.  
The *Nectar*, which is filled out, and given  
To all the blest *Inhabitants of Heaven*,  
Are those *Delights*, which (*Christ* hath sayd) they have,  
When some *Repentant soule* beginnes to leave  
Her foulness; by renewing of her birth,  
And, slighting all the *Pleasures* of the Earth.

I aske not, *Lord*, those Blessings to receive,  
Which any Man hath pow'r to take, or give;  
Nor, what this World affords; for, I contemne  
Her Favours; and have seene the best of them:  
Nay, *Heav'n* it selfe, will unsufficient bee,  
Vnlesse, *Thou*, also, give *Thy selfe*, to mee.

Through



Through many spaces, Time doth run,  
And, endeth, where it first begun.

157



ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. 3

**E**ld Sages by the Figure of the Snake  
(Encircled thus) did oft expression make  
Of *Annals-Evolutions*, and of things,  
Which wheele about in *everlasting rings*;  
There *ending*, where they first of all *began*,  
And, there *beginning*, where the *Round* was *done*.  
Thus, doe the *Planets*; Thus, the *Seasons* doe;  
And, thus, doe many other *Creatures*, too.

By minutes, and by houres, the *Spring* steales in,  
And, rolleth on, till *Summer* doth begin:  
The *Summer* brings on *Autumn*, by degrees;  
So ripening, that the eye of no man sees  
Her *Entrances*. That *Season*, likewise, hath  
To *Winter* ward, as leaſurely a path:  
And, then, cold *Winter* wheeleth on againe,  
Vntill it brings the *Spring* about againe,  
With all those *Resurrections*, which appeare,  
To wait upon her coming, every year.

These *Roundells*, helpe to ſhew the *Mystery*  
Of that immense and bleſt *Eternitie*,  
From whence the *CREATURE* ſprung, and, into whom  
It ſhall, againe, with full perfection come,  
When thoſe *Additions*, it hath fully had,  
Which all the ſev'rall *Orbes* of *Time* can add.  
It is a full, and ſaigely written *Scripture*,  
Which up into it ſelfe, it ſelfe doth rowle;  
And, by *Unfolding*, and, *Inſolding*, ſhowes  
A *Round*, which neither *End*, nor *entrance* knowes.

And (by this *Emblem*) you may partly ſee,  
Tis that which *I S*, but, cannot uttered be.

Zach

Each Day a Line, small tasks appears :  
Yet, much it makes in three score Yeares.



ILLVSTR. XXIV.

Book. 3

**T**here's but *one Line*; and, but *one Line a Day*,  
Is all the *task* our *Motto*, seems to lay :  
And, that is thought, perhaps, a thing so small,  
As if it were as good bee nought at all.  
But, be not so deceiv'd; For, oft you see  
*Small things* (in time) *great matters*, rise to be :  
Yea, that, which when the same was first begun,  
A *Trifle* seem'd, (and easie to be done)  
By long neglect of time, will *burthen* some,  
And, at the last, *impossible*, become.

Great *Clarks*, there are, who shall not leave behinde them,  
One good *Weekes* worke, for *Future Times* to minde them,  
(In *Callings*, either *Humane*, or *Divine*)  
Who, by composing but *each Day a Line*,  
Might *Authors*, of some famous *Workes* appeare,  
In *sixtie*, *seventie*, or in *eightie* yeare;  
To which, ten hundred thousands have arriv'd  
Of whom, we see no signe that ev'r they liv'd.  
And, with much pleasure, wee might all effect,  
Those needfull *Workes*, which often we neglect,  
(Untill too late) If we but, now and then  
Did spare one houre to exercise the penn.

For, still, *one Line*, another draweth on,  
And, *Line by Line*, great *Workes* at last are done.  
Whereas, *disuse*, and many dayes mispent,  
Without their *Lines*, let in *discouragement*,  
Or, bring *Despaire*, which doth *fortif* make us,  
That we, to no endeavour can betake us.

Marke this, and, labour in some honest *Way*,  
As much as makes, at last, *One Line a Day*,

OUP



ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book.3

When *Phaëon* with a cheerefull eye, beholds  
The Flow'r-embroydred earth, and freely spreads  
His beames abroad; behold, the *Marigolds*  
Beginne to reare their low-dejected heads:  
The *Tulips*, *Daylies*, and the *Heliotropes*  
Of ev'ry kinde, their closed Leaves display;  
And (as it were) with new-recover'd hopes,  
Attend upon the *Ruler of the Day*.

Againe, when either in the *West* he throwds  
His Rayes below this *Horizon*, or hides  
His Face behinde the Curtaines of the *Claudes*;  
They lose their beauties, and abate their prides.

Thus fares it with a *Nation*, and their *King*,  
Twixt whom there is a native Sympathy.  
His *Presence*, and his *Favours*, like the *Spring*,  
Doe make them sweetly thrive, and fructify:  
Yea (like fresh *Groves*, or *Flow'rs* of pleasing hew)  
Themselves in all their jollity they shewe;  
But, they, if with disoleasure, them he view,  
Soone lose their Glory, and condemned growe.

All, are not *Heliotropes* that favour'd growe,  
In *Princes* Courts; nor *Marigolds*, that beare  
The golden blossomes; but some spring below,  
Like *Daylie flow'rs*, that in the Pathwayes are:  
Yet all shall feele it, when their *Sou'raignes* eye  
Doth frowne, or smile, regard, or else neglect:  
Yea, it will finde them in *Obscurity*,  
By some Disheartning, or some sweet *Effect*.

Vouchsafe to shine on Mee, my Gracious *King*,  
And then my *Wither'd* Leaves, will freshly spring.



ILLVSTR. XXVI.

Book. 3

**I**F any covet knowledge of that Path,  
Which thither tends, where Peace her dwelling hath,  
This Emblem (being well observ'd) will show  
On whether side, it will be best to goe.

The *Left-hand way*, seemes to be walk'd, at ease,  
Through Lawnes, and Downes, and green-swath'd Passages;  
And, much allures the Traveller, to trie  
The many Pleasures, which doe that Way lye.

The *Right-hand course*, is through a Pathlesse-mound  
Of newly ploughed, and deep-furrow'd Ground;  
Which, as uneasy seemeth, to be gone,  
As, in appearance, rough to looke upon.  
Yet, this is *Vertue's Path*: This Way uneven,  
Is that, which unto ev'ry man is given,  
To travaile in; and, hath a safer ending,  
Then those, whereon more Pleasures are attending:  
And (though it leades us thither, where we see  
Few promises of outward Glories bee)  
It brings (us when we passe the common fight)  
Through easy Trails, to gaine our Hearts delight.

The other Way (though seeming streight, it lyes,  
To Pleasure's Pallaces, before our eyes)  
Hath many rubs, and perills, which betweene  
Our Hopes, and Vs, will alwayes lurke unseene;  
Till we are drawne so farse, that 'twill be vaine,  
To seeke, with safety, to returne againe.  
This, let us heed, and, still be carefull, too,  
Which Course it most concerneth us to goe.

And, though the *Left-hand way*, more smoothnesse hath,  
Let us goe forward, in the *Right-hand path*.



I was erected for a Bound,  
And I resolve to stand my ground.

161



ILLVSTR. XXVII.

Book. 3

**H** He *Bounder-Stones*, held sacred, heretofore,  
Some did so superstitiously adore,  
As, that they did not onely rev'ence doe them,  
But, have ascrib'd a kinde of *God-head*, to them:  
For, *Terminus* had many a *Sacrifice*,  
As well as other senselesse *Deities*.

I am not so prophane, as to desire  
Such *Ethnick* zeale should set our hearts on fire:  
But, with I could, Men better did regard  
Those *Bounders*, which *Antiquity* hath rear'd;  
And, that, they would not, with so much delight,  
There, make *incroachments*, where they have no right.

That, ev'ry man might keep his owne *Possessions*,  
Our Fathers, us'd in reverent *Processions*  
(With zealous prayers, and with praisefull cheere)  
To walke their *Parish-limits*, once a yeare:  
And, well knowne *Markes* (which sacrilegious Hands  
Now cut or breake) so bord'ed out their Lands,  
That, ev'ry one distinctly knew his owne;  
And, many brawles, now rife, were then unknowne.

But, since neglected, sacred *Bounders* were,  
Most men *Incroachers*, and *Intruders* are:  
They grieve each other, and their *Dues* they steale,  
From *Prince*, from *Parent*, and from *Common weale*.  
Nay, more, these bold *Vsurpers* are so rude,  
That, they, on *Christ's Inheritance* intrude.  
But, that will be ayeng'd, and (on his right)  
Though such *incroach*, he will not lose it quite:

For, hee's that *Bounder*, and that *Corner-stone*,  
Who all confines, and is confin'd, of none.



## ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

Book. 3

Ould God, I could as feelingly infuse  
 A good effect of what this Emblem shewes,  
 As I can tell in words, what Morall bee,  
 The life of that, which here you pictur'd see.  
 Most Lovers, minde their Penny, or their Pleasure;  
 Or, painted Honors; and, they all things measure,  
 Not as they are, but as they helpfull seeme,  
 In compassing those toyes, they most esteeme.  
 Though many wish to gaine a faithfull Friend,  
 They seldome seeke one, for the noblest end:  
 Nor know they (should they finde what they had sought)  
 How Friendship should be manag'd, as it ought.  
 Such, as good Husbands cover, or good Wives  
 (The deare companions of most happy lives)  
 Wrong Courses take to gaine them; yet, contemne  
 Their honest love, who rightly counsell them:  
 And, lest, they unawares the Marke may hit,  
 They blinde their judgements, and befoole their wit.  
 He, that will finde a Friend, must seeke out one  
 To exercise unfeigned love upon;  
 And, mutuall duties, must both yield, and take,  
 Not for himselfe; but, for his Friendship sake.  
 Such, as doe rightly marry, neither be  
 With Dowries caught, nor wooe a Pedigree;  
 Nor, meeely come together, when they wed,  
 To reape the youthfull pleasures of the Bed:  
 But, seeke that fitnessse, and, that Sympathy,  
 Which maketh up the perfectst Amity.

A paire, so march'd; like Hands that wash each other,  
 As mutuall helper, will sweetly live together.

When



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. 3

**T**He Picture of a *Crowned king*, here, stands  
Upon a *Globe*, and, with outstretched hands,  
Holds forth, in view, a *Law book*, and a *Sword*:  
Which plaine and moderne *Figures*, may afford  
This meaning; that, a *King*, who hath regard  
To *Courts* for pleading, and a *Court of Guard*,  
And, at all times, a due respect will carry,  
To pious *Laws*, and *Allians military*,  
Shall not be *Monarch*, onely in those *Lands*,  
That are, by *Birth right*, under his commands:  
But, also, might (if just occasion were)  
Make this whole *Globe* of Earth, his power to feare;  
Advance his *Favorites*, and, bring downe all  
His *Opposites*, below his pedestal.

His conquering *Sword*, in forraigne Realmes, he drawes,  
As oft, as there is just, or needfull cause:  
At home, in ev'ry *Province* of his *Lands*,  
At all times, armed are his *Trayned bands*.  
His *Royall fleets*, are terrours to the *Seas*,  
At all houres, rigg'd, for usefull *Voyages*:  
And, often, he his *Navy* doth increase,  
That *Warres* *Provisions*, may prolong his *Peace*.  
Nor, by the tenure of the *Sword*, alone,  
Delighteth he to hold his awfull *Throne*,  
But, likewise, labours, *Mischiefes* to prevent,  
By wholsome *Laws*, and rightfull *Government*.  
For, where the *Sword* commands, without the *Law*,  
A *Tyrant* keeps the Land in slavish awe:  
And, where good *Laws* doe want an *Armed pow'r*,  
Rebellious *Knaves*, their *Princes*, will devour.

Faire-



ILLVSTR. XXX.

Book. 3

¶ Hen wee should use a *Ruler*, or a *Square*,  
Or such like *Instruments*, as usefull are,  
In forming other things; we prize not so  
The carving, or the colourable show  
(Which makes them beautifull in outward sight)  
As when, for *Vsefulnessse*, we finde them right.

A warped *Bow*, though strung with silken threads,  
And, crooked *Arrows*, tip't with Golden heads,  
Delight not *Archers*; yet, such uselesse *Toyes*  
Be fit enough for Bunglers, and for Boyes.  
A skillfull *Artist* (in what Art soe're,  
He seekes, to make his ablenesse appeare)  
Will give large Prices, with much more content,  
To buy a plaine (if perfect) *Instrument*;  
Then, take for nothing (or, for thanks alone)  
An uselesse *Tool*, though, gay to looke upon.

From whence, observe; that, if there must be sought,  
When meere *Mechanick-workes* are to be wrought,  
Such *Instruments*, as rather have esteeme  
For their true-being, then for what they seeme.  
Much more, should all those *Rules* be such, whereby  
Wee goe about, our selves to rectify;  
And, build up, what in *Body*, or in *minde*,  
We may defective, or impaired finde.  
Else, peradventure, that we thinke to mend,  
More faulty may become, at later end.  
But, hence; I chiefly learne, to take a care,  
My *Life*, and *Actions*, rather be sincere,

Then seeming such: And, yet, Ile thinke no shame,  
To seeme, to be as honest, as I am.





ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book. 3

**I**F this nigh-wasted *Candle*, you shall view,  
And, heed it well, it may enlighten you  
To looke with more compassion, on their paines,  
Who rob themselves, to multiply your gaines.  
The *Taper* burnes, to give another light,  
Ev'n till it selfe, it hath consumed quite;  
And, all the profit, which it thence doth winne,  
Is to be snufft, by ev'ry *Cammer-man*.

This is the Lot of some, whom I have knowne,  
Who, freely, all their life-time, have bestowne  
In such industrious labour, as appeares,  
To further others profits, more then theirs;  
And, all their *Patrimonies*, well nigh spent,  
The ruining of others, to prevent.  
The *wit*, the *strength*, and all the *pow'r* they had,  
(Which might, by probability, have made  
Good meanes to raise them, in this world, as high,  
As most, who climbe to wealthy dignity)  
Ev'n these, they have bestow'd, to better them,  
Who their *indeavours*, for their paines, contemne.

These are those *Lamps*, whose *flames*, from time to time,  
Have through each *Age*, and through-out ev'ry *Climate*,  
To one another, that true *Light* convey'd,  
Which *Ignorance*, had, els, long since betray'd  
To utter darknesse. These, despicable *Pride*  
Oft snuffs; and, oft, to put them out, hath try'd.  
But, from the brightnesse of such *Lights*, as they,  
We got our *Light of knowledge*, at this day.

To them, God make us kinder; and to Him,  
More thankfull, that we gain'd such light by them.

The



ILLVSTR. XXXII.

Book. 3

**T**He *Horne-of-plenty*, which *Wealth* signifies,  
The *Hand-in-hand*, which *Plighted faith* implies,  
(Together being painted) seeme to teach,  
That, such as will be *honest*, shall be *rich*.

If this be so, why then for *Lucre-sake*,  
Doe many breake the *Promises* they make ?  
Why doe they cheat and couzen, lye, and sweare ?  
Why praefise they all Villanies that are ?  
To compasse *Wealth* ? And, how doe such as they  
Inlarge their ill-got *Portions*, ev'ry day ?  
Or, whence proceedes it, that sometimes we see  
Those men grow poore, who *faithfull* seeme to bee ?

Thus, oft it proves, and, therefore, *Falshood* can,  
In likelihood, much more enrich a man,  
Then blamelesse *Faith* ; and, then, the *Motto* here  
Improper to this *Emblem*, doth appeare.  
But, well enough they sute ; and, all is true,  
Which these things (being thus united) shew.  
Should it be then concluded, that all those,  
Who poore and honest seeme, have made but shewes  
Of reall *Faith* ? And, therefore, plagu'd have bin  
With publicke lashes, for their private sin ?

Indeed, sometime it hath succeeded so :  
But, know you should, that, most who richest grow,  
In *Outward wealth*, are very poore in that,  
Which brings true *Plentie*, and a blest *Estate* :  
And, that, *Good men*, though poore they seeme to bee,  
Have *Riches*, which the *Worldling* cannot see.

Now He, who findes himselfe endow'd with such,  
(Where're wee thinke him) is exceeding *rich*.

Poore



ILLVSTR. XXXIII

Book. 3

**I**F you, this Emblem, well have look'd upon,  
Although you cannot helpe it, yet, becom  
The Worlds blacke Impudence, and, if you can,  
Continue (or become) an honest man.

The poore, and petty *Pilferers*, you see  
On *Wheels*, on *Gibbets*, and the *Gallows-tree*  
Trust up, when they, that farre more guilty are,  
Pearle, Silke, and costly Cloth of Tissue, weare.

Good God! how many hath each *Land* of those,  
Who, neither limbe, nor life, nor credit lose  
(But, rather live befriended, and applauded)  
Yet, have of all their livelihoods defrauded  
The helpless *Widowes*, in their great distresse?  
And, of their Portions, robd the *Fatherlesse*?  
Yet, censur'd others Errours, as if none  
Had cause to say, that they amisse have done?  
How many, have assil'd to condemne  
Poore soules, for what was never stolne by them?  
And, persecuted others, for that Sin,  
Which they themselves, had more transgressed in?

How many worthless men, are great become,  
By that, which they have stolne, or cheard from  
Their *Lords*? or (by some practices unjust)  
From those, by whom they had beene put in trust?  
How many *Lawyers*, wealthy men are growne,  
By taking Fees, for *Causess* overthrowne  
By their defaults? How many, without feare,  
Doe rob the *King*, and *God*, yet blamelesse are?

God knowes how many! would I did so, too,  
So I had pow'r to make them better doe.



ILLVSTR. XXXIV.

Book. 3

**W**hen thou beholdest on this *Burying place*,  
The melancholly *Night-bird*, sitting on  
The fleshlesse ruines of a *ruined Skull*,  
(Whose Face, perhaps, hath been more beautifull,  
Then thine is now) take up a serious thought;  
And, doe as thou art by the *Motto* taught.  
*Remember Death*: and, raide, I thee beseech,  
How soone, these *Fowles* may at thy window screech;  
Or, call thee (as the common people deeme)  
To dwell in *Graves*, and *Sepulchers*, by them,  
Where nothing else, but *Bats*, and *Owles*, appears;  
Or, *Goblins*, form'd by *Fancies*, and, by *Fears*.  
If thou shalt be advis'd, to meditate  
Thy latter end, before it be too late,  
(And, whil'st thy *friends*, thy *strength*, and *wits* may bee  
In likely case, to help and comfort thee)  
There may be courses taken, to divert  
Those *Frights*, which, else, would terrifie thy heart,  
When *Death* drawes neare; and helpe thee plucke away  
Thar *Sting*, of his, which would thy Soule dismay.  
But, if thou madly ramble onward, still,  
Till thou art sinking downe that *darkesome-hill*,  
Which borders on the *Grave* (and dost beginne  
To see the Shades of *Terrour*, and of *Sinnes*  
To fly across; thy *Conscience*) 'twill be hard  
To learne this *Lesson*; or, to be prepar'd  
For that sad parting; which, will forced bee,  
Betwene this much beloved *World*, and thee.  
Consider this, therefore, while *Time* thou hast,  
And, put not off this *Burmesse*, till the last.

Dut





ILLVSTR. XXXV.

Book. 7

**S** is the head-strong *Horse*, and blockish *Mule*,  
Ev'n such, without the *Bridle*, and the *Rule*,  
Our *Nature* growes; and, is as mischievous,  
Till *Grace*, and *Reason*, come to governe us.  
The *Square*, and *Bridle*, therefore let us heed,  
And, thereby learne to know, what *helpes* wee need;  
Lest, else, (they sayling, timely, to bee had)  
Quite out of *Order*, wee, at length, bee made.

The *Square*, (which is an usefull *Instrument*,  
To shap forth senselesse *Formes*) may represent  
The *Law*: Because, *Mankind*, (which is by *Nature*,  
Almost as dull, as is the *senselesse-creature*,)  
Is thereby, from the *native-rudeness*, wrought;  
And, in the *Way* of honest-living taught.  
The *Bridle*, (which *Invention* did contrive,  
To rule, and guide the *Creature-sensitive*)  
May type forth *Discipline*; which, when the *Law*  
Hath school'd the *Will*, must keepe the *Will* in awe.  
And, hee that can by these, his *Passions* bound,  
This *Emblems* meaning, usefully, hath found.

Lord, let thy sacred *Law*, at all times, bee  
A *Rule*, a *Master*, and a *Glas* to mee;  
(A *Bridle*, and a *Light*) that I may, still,  
Both know my *Dutie*, and obey thy *Will*.  
Direct my *Faith*, my *Hand*, instruct thou so,  
That I may neither *wander*, nor *mis-do*.  
My *Lookes*, my *Hearing*, and my *Words* confine,  
To keepe still firme, to ev'ry *Word* of thine.

On thee, let also my *Desires* attend:

And, let me hold this *temper*, till mine end.

Wee then have got the surest prop,  
When God, alone, becomes our Hope.



ILLVSTR. XXXVI.

Book. 3



Should not care how hard my *Fortunes* were,  
Might still my *Hopes* be such, as now they are,  
Of helps divine; nor feare, how poore I bee,  
If thoughts, yet, present, still may bide in mee.  
For, they have left assurance of such *ayd*,  
That, I am of no dangers, now afraid.

Yea, now I see, mee thinks, what weak and vaine  
*Supporters* I have sought, to helpe sustaine  
My fainting heart; when some injurious hand,  
Would undermine the Station where I stand.  
Me thinks, I see how scurvie, and how base,  
It is to scrape for favours, and for grace,  
To men of earthly minds; and unto those,  
Who may, perhaps, before to morrow lose  
Their *Wealth*, (or their abus'd *Authoritie*)  
And, stand as much in want of helpe as I.

Me thinks, in this *new-rapture*, I doe see  
The hand of *God* from heaven supporting me,  
Without those *rotten-Ayds*, for which I whinde,  
When I was of my tother *vulgar-minds*:  
And, if in some one part of me it lay,  
I, now, could cut that *Limbe* of mine awy.  
Still, might I keepe this mind, there were enough  
*Within* my selfe, (beside that cumbering stuffe  
Wee seeke *without*) which, husbanded aright,  
Would make mee *Rich*, in all the *Worlds* despight.  
And, I have hopes, that, had shee quite bereft mee,  
Of those few *raggies* and *toyes*, which, yet, are left me;  
I should on *God*, alone, so much depend,  
That, I should need, nor *Wealth*, nor other *Friend*.

True



ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. 3

**T**His is a well-known Figure, signifying,  
A man, whose *Vertues* will abide the trying:  
For, by the nature of the *Diamond stone*,  
(Which, *Violence*, can no way worke upon)  
That *Patience*, and *long-suffering* is intended,  
Which will not bee with *Injuries* offended;  
Nor yeeld to any base dejectednesse,  
Although some bruising *Pow'r*, the same oppresse;  
Or, such hard *straights*, as theirs, that *hammrings* feele,  
Betwixt an *Anvile*, and a *Sledge* of *Steele*.

None ever had a perfect *Vertue*, yet,  
But, that most *precious stone*, which God hath set  
On his right hand, in *beaming-Majestie*,  
Vpon the *Ring* of blest *ETERNITIE*.  
And, this, is that impenitrable *Stone*,  
The *Serpent* could not leave impression on,  
(Nor signe of any *Path-way*) by temptations,  
Or, by the pow'r of sly insinuations:  
Which wondrous *Mysterie* was of those *five*,  
Whose depth King *Solomon* could never dive.

Good God! vouchsafe, ev'n for that *Diamond-sake*,  
That, I may of his *preciousnesse*, partake,  
In all my *Trialls*; make mee alwayes able  
To bide them, with a minde impenitrable,  
How hard, or oft so'ere, those *hammrings* bee,  
Wherewith, *Afflictions* must new *fashion* mee.  
And, as the common *Diamonds* polish'd are,  
By their owne dust; so, let my *errours* wear  
Each other out; And, when that I am pure,  
Give mee the *Lustre*, Lord, that will endure.

Truth,

Truth, soft oppressed, wee may see,  
But, quite suppress'd it cannot bee.



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII.

Book. 3

**T**His is that fruitfull *Plant*, which when it growes,  
Where wholesome *Water* in abundance flowes,  
Was, by the *Psalmist*, thought a likely *Tree*,  
The *Emblem*, of a *blessed-man*, to bee:  
For, many wayes, it fitly typifies,  
The *Righteous-man*, with his proprieties;  
And, those true *Vertues*, which doe helpe increase  
His growing, in the state of *Blessednesse*.

The *Palme*, (in this our *Emblem*, figur'd, thus)  
Depressed with a *Stone*, doth shew to us  
The pow'r of *Truth*: For, as this *Tree* doth spread,  
And thrive the more, when weights presse downe the head;  
So, *Gods* eternall *Truth* (which all the pow'r  
And spight of *Hell*, did labour to devoute)  
Sprung high, and flourish'd the more, thereby,  
When *Tyrants* crush'd it, with their crueltie.  
And, all inferiour *Truths*, the same will doe,  
According as they make approaches to  
The best *Persilium*; or, as they conduce  
To *God's* due *praise*, or some such pious use.

Lord, still, preserve this *Truth's* integritie,  
Although on ev'ry side, the wicked prie,  
To spie how they may disadvantage it.  
Yea, Lord, though *Sinners* in high place doe sit,  
(As *David* saith) yet, let them not oppresse  
Thy *Veritie*, by their imperiousnesse.  
But, make both *Her*, and her *Professors*, bide  
The *Tell*, like *Silver* seven times purifide.

That, all *Truths* lovers, may with comfort see,  
Shee may depress, but, not, oppressed bee.

They.



They, who but slowly paced me,  
By plodding on, may make farre.

173



ILLVSTR. XXXIX.

Book. 3

**T**He big-on'd Ox, in pace is very slow,  
And, in his travaile, *step by step*, doth goe,  
So leifurely, as if he tir'd had bin,  
Before his painfull Iourney did beginne;  
Yet, all the day, he stilly ploddeth on,  
Vntill the labour of the day be done:  
And, seemes as fresh (though he his taske hath wrought)  
As when to worke, he first of all was brought.  
Meane while, the *Palfrey*, which more swiftnesse had,  
Hath lost his breath, or proves a *Resty jade*.

This *Emblem*, therefore, maketh it appeare,  
How much it profiteth, to *persevere*;  
And, what a little *Industry* will doe,  
If wee continue *constant* thereunto.  
For, meanest *Faculties*, discreetly us'd,  
May get the start, of nobler *Gifts*, abus'd.  
This, may obserued be in many a one:  
For (when their course of life was first begunne)  
Some, whose refined *wits*, aspir'd as high,  
As if above the *Spheres*, they were to lie:  
By *Sloth*, or *Pride*, or over-trusting to  
Their owne Sufficiencies, themselves undoe.  
Yea, and those *ferward wits*, have liv'd to see  
Themselves inferiours, unto those, to be,  
Whom, they did in their jollity, contemne,  
As blocks, or dunces, in respect of them.  
Then, learne, *Great-wits*, this folly to prevent:  
Let *Meane wits*, take from hence, incouragement:  
And, let us all, in our *Affaires* proceed,  
With timely *leisure*, and with comely *speed*;

Vncer.



ILLVSTR. XL.

Book. 3

**U***nto* *Author*, peradventure, giveth us  
Dame *Fortune* (for these Reasons) pictur'd, thus:  
*She* hath a *Comely*-*body*, to declare,  
How pleasing shee doth usually appeare  
To them, that love her Favours. *She* is *blinde*,  
(Or, hath still closed eyes) to put in minde,  
How blindly, and how heedlessly, she throwes  
Her *Largesse*, where her *Bounty*, she bestowes.  
*She* stands upon a *Ball*; that, wee may learne,  
Of outward things, the tottering, to discern:  
Her *Ball* hath wings; that it may signifie  
How apt her Favours are, away to flie.

A *Skarfe* displayed by the wind, she beares,  
(And, on her *naked*-*Body*, nothing weares)  
To shew, what her *Favorite* injoyes,  
Is not so much for *Vsefulnessse*, as toys.  
Her *Head* is *hairelesse*, all, except before;  
To teach thee, that thy care should be the more  
To hold her *formost* *kindnesse*, alwayes fast;  
Left, she doe show thee *slipp'ry* tricks, at last.  
And, lastly, that her *changing* may be showne;  
She beareth in her *Hand* a *Wayned*-*moone*.

By this Description, you may now descry  
Her true conditions, full as well as I:  
And, if you, still, suppose her, worth such honour,  
You have my leave to *more*, and *more* upon her.  
Moreover (to her credit) I confesse,  
This *Motto* falsly saith, her *Ficklenesse*

I like the *Moones*: For, she hath frown'd on mee  
Twelve *Moones*, at least; and, yet, no *Change* I see.

Untill the Steele, the Flint /ball smite,  
It will afford nor Heat, nor Light.

175



ILLVSTR. XLI.

Book. 3

**H**ilt by the High-way-side, the *Flint-stone* lies,  
Drie, cold, and hardnesse, are the properties  
We then perceive: But, when we prove it nigher,  
We finde, that, *Coldnesse* doth inclose a *Fire*;  
And, that, though *Raine*, nor *cloudie-skie* appeares,  
It will be (many times) bedew'd with *teares*.

From hence, I mind, that many wronged are,  
By being judg'd, as they, at first, appeare;  
And, that, some should bee prais'd, whom wee despise,  
If *inward-Grace*, were seene with *outward-Eyes*.  
But, this is not that *Morall* (wee confesse)  
Which this our *Emblem*, seemeth to expresse:  
For (if the *Motto* speake the meaning right)  
It shewes, that, *hard-afflictions* first must limre  
Our hardned hearts, before it will bee scene,  
That any *light of Grace*, in them, hath beene.  
*Before the Flint will send forth shining Rayes,*  
*It must bee stricken, by the Steele, (it sayes.)*

Another *Morall*, adde we may to this,  
(Which, to the *Figure*, suites not much amisse.)  
The *Steele*, and *Flint*, may fitly represent  
*Hard-hearted men*, whose mindes will not relent:  
For, when in *opposition*, such become,  
The fire of *Malice*, flames and sparkles from  
Their threatening Eyes; which else, close hidden rests,  
Within the closets of their stinnie breasts:  
And, flame out-right it will not, (though it smokes)  
Till *Strife* breake passage, for it, by her *strokes*.

If any of these *Moralls* may doe good,  
The purpose of my paines is understood.

B

My

*My Wit got Wings, and high had flowne;  
But, Povettie did keepe mee downe.*



ILLVSTR. XLII.

Bos. 3

**O**u little thinke, what plague it is to bee,  
In plight like *him*, whom pictur'd here you see.  
His *winged-Arms*, and his *up-listed-eyes*,  
Declare, that hee hath *Wis*, and *Will*, to rise:  
The *Stone*, which clogs his other *hand*, may show  
That, *Povettie* and *Fortune*, keepe him low:  
And, twixt these *two*, the *Body* and the *Mind*,  
Such labours, and such great vexations finde,  
That, if you did not such mens wants contemne,  
You could not chuse but helpe, or pitie them.

All Ages had (and, this I know hath some)  
Such men, as to this misery, doe come:  
And, many of them, at their *Lot*, so grieve,  
As if they knew, (or did at least beleeeve)  
That, had their *Wealth* suffiz'd them to aspire  
(To what their *Wits* deserve, and they *desire*)  
The present Age, and future Ages too,  
Might gaine have had, from what they thought to doe.

Perhaps I dream'd so once: But, God be prais'd,  
The *Clog* which kept me downe, from being rais'd,  
Was chain'd so fast, that (if such *Dreames* I had)  
My *thoughts*, and *longings*, are not now so mad.  
For, plaine I see, that, had my *Fortunes* brought  
Such *Wealth*, at first, as my small *Wis* hath sought,  
I might my selfe, and others, have undone,  
Instead of *Courses*, which I thought to runne.  
I finde my *Povettie*, for mee was fit;  
Yea, and a *Blessing*, greater than my *Wit*:

And, whether, now, I *rich* or *pau*re become,  
Tis nor much *pleasing*, nor much *troublesome*.



A Mischiefe, hardly can be done,  
Where many-pow'rs are knit in one.

177



ILLVSTR. XLIII.

Book. 7



Observe the *Sheafe of Arrows*, figur'd here;  
And, how the pow'r, and fury, of the *Bear*  
(Though hee attempt it) no device can finde  
To breake one *slender-shaft*, while they are joyn'd:  
Whereas, were they *divided*, strength but small,  
Like rotten *Kexes*, would soone breake them all.

This *Emblem*, therefore, fitly doth imply  
That *Safeguard*, which is found in *Unity*;  
And, shewes, that, when *Disunion* is begunne,  
It breedeth dangers, where before were none.  
The *Psalmist*, numerous *Off springs*, doth compare  
To *Quivers*, that with *Shafes* replenish'd are.  
When *Unity* hath knit them in her bands,  
They prove like *Arrows* in a *Gyants* hands.  
And, though, for these, their *Foes* in wayt have layd,  
They shall not be surpriz'd, nor made afraid.

Consider this, yee *Children of one Sire*,  
'Twixt whom, is kindled some contentious *fire*,  
And, reconciled be, lest you, at length,  
Consume away the marrow of your *strength*;  
Or, by dividing, of your *joynd-pow'r*,  
Make way for those, who studie to devoure.  
Yea, let us all consider, as we ought,  
What *Lesson*, by this *Emblem*, we are taught.  
For, wee are *Brethren* all; and (by a *Bloud*  
More precious, then our nar'rall *Brother-hood*)  
Not knit, alone, but, mingled, as it were,  
Into a *League*; which is, by much, more deare,  
And, much more dangerous, to be undone,  
Then all the *Bands*, that can be thought upon.

Bb 2

They

*They, best injoy their Hearts desires,  
In whom, Love, kindles mutuall-fires.*



ILLVSTR. XLIV.

Book. 3

**H**at may the reason be, that, when Desire  
Hath kindled in the brest, a *Loving-fire*,  
The *Flame*, which burn'd awhile, both cleere & strong,  
Becomes to be extinguished, ere long?  
This *Emblem* gives the reason; for, it shewes,  
That, when *Affection*, to perfection growes,  
The *Fire*, which doth inlighten, first, the same,  
Is made an *equall*, and a *mutuall-flame*.

These burning *Torches*, are alike in *length*;  
To shew, *Love equall*, both in *time*, and *strength*,  
They, to each otherward, their *Flames* extend,  
To teach us, that, *True-lovers* have no end  
Pertayning to *Self-love*; and, lo, betweene  
These *Two*, one *Flaming-heart*, is to be seene;  
To signifie, that, they, but *one*, remaine  
In *Minde*; though, in their *Persons*, they are *twaine*.

He, doubtlesse, then, who *Lov'd*, and, giveth over,  
Deserveth not the Title of a *Lover*;  
Or, else, was unrequited in *Affection*,  
And, was a *Lover*, with some imperfection.  
For, *Love*, that loves, and is not lov'd as much,  
May perfect grow; but, yet, it is not such,  
Nor can be, till it may that *object* have,  
Which gives a *Heart*, for what it would receive:  
And, looks not so much outward, as to heed  
What seemes within, to want, or to exceed.  
Whether our *Emblem's Author*, thought of this,  
You need not care; nor, will it be amisse,  
If they who perfect *Lovers*, would be thought,  
Doe mind, what by this *Morall*, they are taught.

Where



ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book.3

**A**N Emblem's meaning, here, I thought to consiler ;  
And, this doth rather fashion out a *Monster*,  
Then forme an *Hieroglyphicke* : but, I had  
These *Figures* (as you see them) ready made  
By others ; and, I meane to *moralize*  
Their Fancies ; not to mend what they devise.  
Yet, peradventure, with some vulgar praise,  
This *Picture* (though I like it not) displays  
The *Morall*, which the *Motto* doth imply ;  
And, thus, it may be sayd to signifie.

He, that hath many *Faculties*, or *Friends*,  
To keepe him safe (or to acquire his ends)  
And, sits them so ; and, keepes them so together,  
That, still, as readily, they ayd each other,  
As if so many *Hands*, they had been made ;  
And, in *One-body*, usefull being had :  
That man, by their Assistance, may, at length,  
Attaine to an *unconquerable-strength* ;  
And, crowne his honest *Hopes*, with whatsoever  
He seekes for, by a warranted Endeavour.

Or, else, it might be sayd ; that, when we may  
Make our *Affections*, and, our *Sense*, obey  
The will of *Reason*, (and, so well agree,  
That, we may finde them, still, at peace to be)  
They'l guard us, like so many *Armed-hands* ;  
And, safely keepe us, whatsoever withstands.  
If others thinke this *Figure*, here, inferres  
A better sense ; let those *Interpreters*

Vniddle it ; and, preach it where they please :  
Their *Meanings* may be good, and so are these.

The

*The Hearts of Kings are in God's Hands ;  
And, as He lists, He Them commands.*



ILLVSTR. XLVI.

Psalm. 3

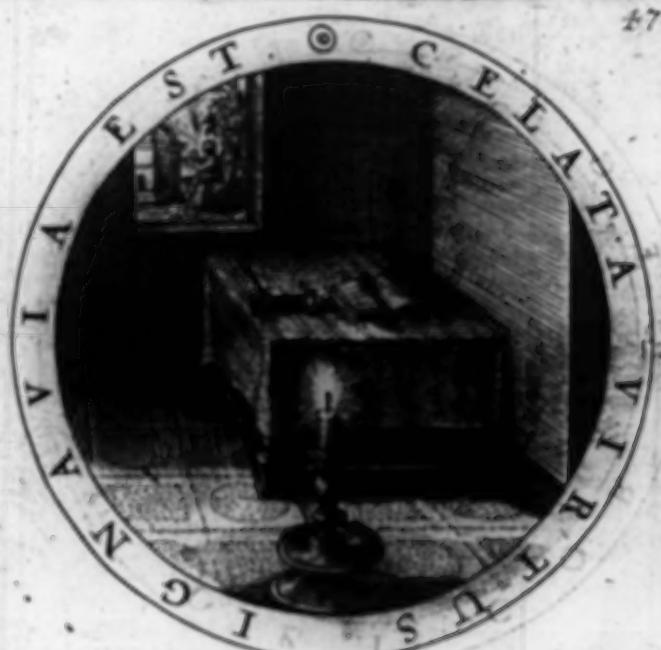
**H**Y doe men grudge at those, who raysed be,  
By royall Favour, from a low degree?  
**K**now this, *Hee should be honour'd, whom the King,  
To place of Dignity, shall please to bring.*

Why should they blame their Kings, for fav'ring such,  
Whom, they have thought, scarce meriting so much?  
*God rules their Hearts; and, they, themselves deceive,  
Who dreame, that Kings exalt, without Gods leave.*  
Why murmur they at God, for guiding so  
The Hearts of Kings, as oft they see him doe?  
Or, at his Workes, why should they take offence,  
As if their Wit, could teach his Providence?  
*His just, and his all-seeing Wisdome knows,  
Both whom, and why he crownes, or overthrowes;  
And, for what cause, the Hearts of Princes, bee  
Inlarg'd, or shut; when we no cause can see.*

We sometime know, what's well, and what's amisse;  
But, of those Truths, the root concealed is;  
And, False-hoods, and Uncertainties, there are,  
In most of those things, which we *speake, or heare.*  
Then, were not Kings directed by God's hand,  
They, who are best, and wisest in the Land,  
Might oft misguide them, either by receiving  
A False report, or, by some *wrong-believing.*  
God's Grace it is, that Good-men rays'd have bin:  
If Sinners flourish, we may thanke our Sin.  
Both Good and Bad, so like in *out-faces* be,  
That, Kings may be deceiv'd, in what they see;  
And, if God had not rul'd their Hearts aright,  
The World, by this time, had been ruin'd quite.

A Ver-





ILLVSTR. XLVII.

Book. 3

**H**He World hath shamelesse *Boasters*, who pretend,  
In sundry matters, to be skill'd so well,  
That, were they pleased, so their houres to spend,  
They say, they could in many things excell.

But, though they make their *Hearers* to beleeve,  
That, out of *Modestie* their *Gifts* they hide,  
In them wee very plainly may perceive,  
Or *Sloth*, or *Envy*, *Ignorance*, or *Pride*.

When other mens endeavours they peruse,  
They either carpe at what they cannot mend;  
Or else of *Arrogance* doe those accuse,  
Who, to the publike view, their *Workes* commend.  
If these men say, that they can *Poetize*,  
But, will not; they are false in saying so:  
For, he, whose *Wits* a little that way lies,  
Will *doe* bee, though hee himselfe *undoe*.  
If they, in other *Faculties* are learned,  
And, still, forbear their *Talents* to imploy;  
The truest *Knowledge*, yet, is undiscerned,  
And, that, they merit not, which they enjoy.  
Yea, such as hide the *Gifts* they have received,  
(Or use them not, as well as they are able)  
Are like *sayre Eyes*, of usefull sight bereaved;  
Or, *lighted Candles*, underneath a *Table*.  
Their glorioust part, is but a *Painted-cloth*,  
Whose *Figures*, to the wall-ward, still are hung.  
Their hidden *Vertues*, are apparant *Sloth*;  
And, all their life, is to the publike wrong:  
For, they doe reape the *Fruits*, by many sowne,  
And, leave to others, nothing of their owne.

The



Bee ware, wherefoo're, thou bee:  
For, from deceit, no place is free.

283



ILLVSTR. XLIX.

Book. 4

**S**ome write (but, on what grounds, I cannot tell)  
That they, who neere unto the *Deserts* dwell,  
Where *Elephants* are found, doe notice take,  
What trees they haunt, their sleeping-stocks to make;  
That, when they rest against an halfe-sawne stemme,  
It (falling) may betray those Beasts to them.

Now, though the part *Historicall*, may erre,  
The *Morall*, which this *Emblem* doth inferre,  
Is overtrue; and, seemeth to imply,  
The *World* to bee so full of Treacherie,  
As, that, no corner of it, found can be,  
In which, from Falshoods Engines, wee are free.

I have observ'd the *Citie*; and, I finde  
The *Citizens*, are civill, grave and kinde;  
Yet, many are deluded by their shower,  
And, cheared, when they trust in them repose.  
I have been oft at *Court*; where I have spent,  
Some idle time, to heare them *Complement*:  
But, I have scene in *Courtiers*, such deceit,  
That, for their Favours, I could never wait.  
I doe frequent the *Church*; and, I have heard  
Gods judgements, by the *Preachers*, there, declar'd,  
Against mens falshoods; and, I gladly heare  
Their zealous *Prayers*, and good *Counsells* there;  
But, as I live, I finde some such as they,  
Will watch to doe a mischief, if they may.  
Nay, those poore sneaking *Cloones*, who seeke their living,  
As if they knew no manner of deceiving;  
Ev'n those, their *wits*, can (this way) so apply,  
That, they'l soone couzen, wiser men, than I.

Cc

This



ILLVSTR. L.

Book 4

**T**here is no Day, nor minute of the Day,  
In which, there are not many sent away  
From *Life* to *Death*, or, many drawing-on,  
Which, must within a little while, bee gone.  
You, often, view the *Grave*, you, often, meet  
The *Buriers*, and the *Mourners*, in the street,  
Conveying of some Neighbour, to that home,  
Which must, e're long, your *dwelling-place* become.  
You see the *Race*, of many a youthfull *Sonne*  
Is finish'd, e're his *Father's* Course is done;  
And, that, the hand of *Death*, regardeth neither  
Sexe, Youth, nor Age; but, mingleth all together.  
You, many times, in your owne houses, heare  
The groanes of *Death*, and, view your *Children*, there,  
Your loving *Parents*, or, beloved *Wives*,  
To gaspe for breath, and, labour for their *lives*.  
Nay, you your selves, do sometime find the paines  
Of *Sickness*, in your Bowels, and your Vaines,  
The *Harbingers* of *Death*, sometime, begin  
To take up your whole *Body*, for their *line*.  
You beare their heaue *Aches*, on your back;  
You feele their *twinges*, make your heartstrings crack;  
And, sometime, lye imprison'd, and halfe dead,  
With *Age*, or with *Disasters*, on your bed:  
Yet you deferre your ends, and, still contrive,  
For temp'ral things; as if you thought to live  
Sixe *Agies* longer: or, had quite forgot,  
That, you, and others, draw one *common-Lot*.  
But, that, you might not, still, the same forget,  
This *Emblem*, and this *Motto*, here were set.

Finis Libri tertij.





## THE THIRD LOTTERIE.

**T**He *Wreathes* of *GLORY*, you affect,  
But, *meanes* to gaine them, you neglect;  
And, (though in *doing*, you delight)  
You *doe* not, alwayes, what is *right*:  
Nor are you growne, as yet, so wise,  
To know, to whom the richest *Prize*  
Doth appertaine; nor what it is.  
But, now, you are inform'd of *This*.

See, *Emblem I.*

Though you are *weake*, you much may doe,  
If you will set your *Wits* thereto,  
For, meaner *Powres*, than you have had,  
And, meaner *Wits*, good shift have made,  
Both to contrive, and compass that,  
Which abler men have wondred at.  
Your *Strength*, and *Wis*, unite, therefore,  
And, both shall grow improov'd the more.

See, *Emb. II.*

Perhaps, thou mayst be one of them,  
Who, *Civill Magistrates* contemne;  
And sleighteth, or else, flouteth at  
The *Ceremonies* of *Estate*.  
That, thou maist, therefore, learne to get,  
Both better *Manners*, and more *Wis*,  
The *Sword*, and *Mace*, (by some despiz'd)  
Is, for thy sake, now *moraliz'd*.

See, *Emb. III.*

By this thy *Lot*, wee may misdoubt,  
Thou look'st not warily about;  
But, buddest onward, without heed,  
What went *before*, or may *succeed*,  
Procuring losse, or discontent,  
Which, *Circumspection*, might prevent.  
Therefore, with grateful eare, receive  
Those counsells, which our *Moralls* give.

See, *Emb. IV.*

5

Thou hast, unworthily, repin'd,  
Or, been displeased in thy mind,  
Because, thy *Fortunes* doe not seeme  
To fit thy *Worth* (in thy esteeme : )  
And loe, to check thy discontent,  
Thy *Lot*, a *Morall*, doth present;  
And shewes, that, if thou *vertuous* bee,  
*Good-Fortune*, will attend on thee.

See, *Emb. V.*

6

When thy Desires have good successe,  
Thine owne *Endeavors*, thou dost blesse;  
But, seldome unto *God* thou giv'st  
Due thanks, for that, which thou receiv'st.  
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, tells from whom  
The fruits of good *Endeavors*, come :  
And, shewes (if thou to thrive intend)  
On whom, thou, alwayes, must depend.

See, *Emb. VI.*

7

It may bee, thou art one of those,  
Whose *Faith*, more *bold*, than *frutfull* growes;  
And (building on some false *Decree*)  
Disheartnest those, that *Workers* be  
To gaine (with *anfull* joy) that *Prize*,  
Which, unto no man, *God* denies,  
That workes in *Hope*; and, lives by *Faith*.  
Marke, therefore, what thine *Emblem* saith.

See, *Emb. VII.*

8

Thou hast been willing that thy *Name*,  
Should live the life of *Honest-Fame*;  
And, that, thy *labours* (to thy praise)  
Continue might, in future dayes.  
Behold, the *Lot*, thou hast on,  
Hath shewne, how this may well bee done.  
Pursue the *Course*, which there is taught,  
And, thy desires to passe are brought.

See, *Emb. VIII.*

9

Thou, many things, hast well begun,  
But, little, to good purpose, done:  
Because, thou hast a *sickle braine*,  
And *hands* that love to take no paine.  
Therefore, it chanceth not amisse,  
That, thou hast such a *Chance*, as this:  
For, if thou want not *Grace*, or *Wit*,  
Thou maist, in time, have good of it.

See, *Emb. IX.*

What

10

Whatev'r you seeme to others, now,  
It was the *Harrow*, and the *Plough*,  
By which, your *Predecessors* got,  
The fairest portion of your *Lot*:  
And, (that, it may encrease your *Wis*)  
They haunt you, in an *Emblem*, yet.  
Peruse our *Moral*, and, perchance,  
Your *Profit*, it will much advance.

See, *Emb. X.*

11

Much labour, and much time you spend,  
To get an able-constant *Friend*:  
But, you have ever sought him, there,  
Where, no such precious *Jewels* are:  
For, you, *without* have searching bin,  
To finde, what must be found *within*.  
This *Friend*, is mention'd by this *Lot*,  
But, *God* knows where he may be got.

See, *Emb. XI.*

12

Thou seek'st for *Fame*, and now art showne,  
For what, her *Trumpets* shall be blowne.  
Thine *Emblem*, also, doth declare,  
What *Fame* they get, who *virtuous* are,  
For *Praise* alone, and, what *Reward*,  
For such like *Studies*, is prepar'd.  
Peruse it, And, this *Counsel* take,  
*Be virtuous, for more Virtues sake.*

See, *Emb. XII*

13

This *Lot*, those persons, alwayes finds,  
That have high *thoughts*, and loftie *minds*,  
Or, such as have an itch to learne,  
That, which doth nothing them concerne;  
Or, love to peepe, with daring eyes,  
Into forbidden *Mysteris*.  
If any one of these thou bee,  
Thine *Emblem*, lessons hath for thee.

See, *Emb. XIII*

14

If all be true, these *Lots* doe tell us,  
Thou shouldst be of those *Fiddling-fellows*,  
Who, better practis'd are growne,  
In *others* matters, than their *own*:  
Or, one, that covets to be thought,  
A man, that's ignorant of nought.  
If it be so, thy *Moral* shewes  
Thy *Folly*, and what from it flowes.

See, *Emb. XIV.*

Thou

15

Thou hast some *Charge*, (who e're thou be)  
Which, *Tendence* may expect from thee:  
And, well, perhaps, it may be fear'd,  
Tis often left, without regard:  
Or, that, thou dost securely sleep,  
When, thou should'st watch, more strictly,  
Thou knowest best, if it be so: (keep.  
Take therefore heed, what is to do.

See, *Emb. X V.*

16

In secret, thou dost oft complaine,  
That, thou hast *lep'd*, and wrought in vaine;  
And, think'st thy *Lot*, is farre more hard,  
Than what for others is prepar'd.  
An *Emblem*, therefore, thou hast got,  
To shew, it is our *commen-Lot*,  
To *worke* and *hope*; and, that, thou hast  
A *Blesing* by it, at the last.

See, *Emb. X VI.*

17

That thou hast *Honestie*, we grant;  
But, *Prudence*, thou dost often want:  
And, therefore, some have injur'd thee,  
Who farre more *Wise*, than *honest* bee.  
That, now, *Discretion* thou mayst add,  
To those *good-meanings* thou hast had;  
The *Morall* of thine *Emblem*, view,  
And, what it counsels, that, pursue.

See, *Emb. X VII.*

18

To your *Long-home*, you nearer are,  
Than you (it may bee) are aware:  
Yea, and more easie is the *Way*,  
Than you, perchance, conceive it may.  
Lest, therefore, *Death*, should grim appeare,  
And, put you in a causelesse feare;  
(Or out of minding wholly passe)  
This *Chance*, to you allotted was.

See, *Emb. X VIII.*

19

In slippery *Paths*, you are to goe;  
Yea, they are full of danger too:  
And, if you heedfull should not grow,  
They'l hazzard much, your overthrow.  
But, you the mischief may eschew,  
If wholsome Counsell, you pursue.  
Looke, therefore, what you may be taught,  
By that, which this your *chance* hath brought.

See, *Emb. X I X.*

noni

This



20

This present *Lot*, concerns full neere,  
 Not you alone, but all men here;  
 For, all of us, too little heed  
 His *love*, who for our sakes, did bleed.  
 Tis true, that *means*, hee left behind him,  
 Which better teacheth how to minde him:  
 Yet, if wee both by *that*, and *this*,  
 Remember him, 'tis not amisse.

See, *Emb. XX.*

21

'Tis hop'd, you just, and pious are,  
 More out of *Conscience*, than for feare;  
 And, that you'l vertuous courses take,  
 For *Goodness*, and for *Vertue*-sake.  
 Yet, since the best men, sometimes may  
 Have need of helpes, in *Vertues* way,  
 Those usefull *Moralls*, sleight you not,  
 Which are presented by this *Lot*.

See, *Emb. XXI.*

22

This *Lot* pertaineth unto those,  
 (And who they bee, *God* onely knowes)  
 Who, to the world, have no desire;  
 But, up to heav'nly things aspire.  
 No doubt, but you, in some degree,  
 Indow'd with such *Affections* bee;  
 And, had this *Emblem*, that you might  
 Encourag'd bee, in such a *Flight*.

See, *Emb. XXII.*

23

The state of *Temp'ral* things to shew,  
 Yee have them, still, within your view;  
 For, ev'ry object that wee see,  
 An *Emblem*, of them, serves to bee.  
 But, wee from few things, helps doe finde,  
 To keepe *Eternitie* in minde.  
 This *Lot*, an *Emblem* brings, therefore,  
 To make you thinke upon it more.

See, *Emb. XXIII.*

24

Vnlesse you better looke thereto,  
*Dis-use*, and *Shut*, will you undoe.  
 That, which of you despayred was,  
 With ease, might have bin brought to passe;  
 Had but so much bin done, as may  
 Bee equall'd with *One Line a day*.  
 Consider this, and, to that end,  
 The *Morall* of your *Lot* attend.

See, *Emb. XXIV.*

M

25

If wee mistake not, thou art one,  
 Who loves to court the *Rising-Sunne*;  
 And, if this *Lot*, thy nature finde,  
 Thou to *Transferment* hast a minde:  
 If so; learne hence, by whose respect  
 (Next God) thou mayst thy hopes effect:  
 Then, seeke to winn his grace to thee,  
 Of what estate soe're thou bee.

See, *Emb. XXV.*

26

Thou to a *double-path* art come;  
 And, peradventure, troublesome,  
 Thou findest it, for thee to know,  
 On whether hand thou oughtst to goe.  
 To put thee out of all suspect,  
 Of *Courses* that are indirect;  
 Thy *Morall* points thee to a path,  
 Which *hardship*, but, no perill hath.

See, *Emb. XXVI.*

27

You warned are of taking heede,  
 That, never, you your *Bounds* exceed;  
 And, also, that you be not found,  
 To come within your Neighbours *Bound*.  
 There may be some concealed Cause,  
 That, none but you, this *Emblem* drawes.  
 Examine it; And, If you see  
 A fault, let it amended be.

See, *Emb. XXVII.*

28

Your *Emblems* morall doth declare,  
 When, *Lovers* fitly matched are,  
 And, what the chiefeft cause may be,  
 Why, *Friends* and *Lovers* disagree.  
 Perhaps, you somewhat thence, may learne,  
 Which your *Affliction* doth concerne.  
 But, if it *Counsell* you too late,  
 Then, preach it at your Neighbours gate.

See, *Emb. XXVIII.*

M

29.

Some, vrge their *Princes* on to *Warre*,  
 And weary of sweet *Peace*, they are.  
 Some, seeke to make them, dote on *Peace*,  
 (Till publike Danger more encrease)  
 As if the World were kept in awe,  
 By nothing else but preaching *Law*.  
 Thy *Morall* (if of those thou art)  
 Doth act a *Moderators* part.

See, *Emb. XXIX.*

Tis

30

Tis feared, thou dost lesse esteeme,  
*Fpright to bee*, than so to *seeme*;  
 And, if thine actions, faire *appeare*;  
 Thou carest not how soule they *are*.  
 Though this bee not thy fault alone,  
 Yet have a care of mending *On*:  
 And, study thou, *Fpright to grow*,  
 As well in *Essence*, as in *Show*.

See, *Emb. XXX.*

31

Some, all their *time*, and *wealth* have spent,  
 In giving other men content;  
 And, would not grudge to waste their *Blood*,  
 To helpe advance the *Common-good*.  
 To such as these, you have been thought,  
 Not halfe so friendly as you ought.  
 This *Let* therefore befalls, to shew,  
 How great *respects*, to such, are due.

See, *Emb. XXXI.*

32

You have been tempted (by your leave)  
 In hope of *Lucre*, to deceive:  
 But, much, as yet, you have not swerv'd  
 From *Faith*, which ought to be observ'd.  
 If well, hereafter, you would speed,  
 In *dealing-honestly*, proceed:  
 For, by your *Emblem*, you shall see,  
 That, *Honest-men*, the richest bee.

See, *Emb. XXXII.*

33

We hope, no person, here, beleeves,  
 That, you are of those wealthy *Theeves*,  
 Who, *Chaines* of gold, and pearle doe weare:  
 And, of those *Theeves*, that, none you are,  
 Which weares a *Rope*, wee, plainly see;  
 For, you, as yet, *unhanged* bee:  
 But, unto God, for *Mercie* crie,  
 Else, *hang'd* you may bee, ere you die.

See, *Emb. XXXIII.*

34

You, willing are, to put away,  
 The thinking on your *latter-days*:  
 You count the mention of it, *Folly*;  
 A meanes of breeding *Melancholly*,  
 And, newes unfit for men to heare,  
 Before they come to *sixtie-years*.  
 But, minde what Counsels now are sent,  
 And, mend, lest you too late repent.

See, *Emb. XXXIV.*

Dd

Your

35

Your *Wits*, your *Wishes*, and your *Tongue*,  
Have run the *Wild-goose chase*, too long;  
And (lest all Reason, you exceed)  
Of *Fables*, and *Reinets*, you now have need.  
A *Bridle*, therefore, and a *Square*,  
Prime *Figurts*, in your *Emblem*, are.  
Observe their *Moral*, and I pray,  
Be *Wise*, and *Sober*, if you may.

See, *Emb. XXXV.*

36

Because her *Ayd* makes goodly *showes*,  
You, on the *World*, your trust repose;  
And, his *dependance*, you despise,  
Who, meere, on *God's* helpe, relies.  
That, therefore, you may come to see,  
How pleas'd, and safe, those men may be,  
Who have no *ayd*, but *God*, alone;  
This *Emblem*, you have lighted on.

See, *Emb. XXXVI.*

37

Some, thinke your *Virtue* very much;  
And, there is cause to thinke it such:  
For, many wayes it hath beene tried;  
And, well the *Trial* doth abide.  
Yet, thinke not, but some *brunts* there are,  
Which, your owne *strength* shall never beare.  
And, by the *Moral* of your *Lib*,  
Learne, where, *Assurance* may be got.

See, *Emb. XXXVII.*

38

Thou hast beene grieved, and complet'd,  
Because, the *Truth* hath wrong sustain'd.  
But, that, *Alas*, thou shouldst not be,  
Thing *Emblem* will declare to thee,  
That, though the *Truth* may suffer spite,  
It shall not be depressed quite;  
But, by opposing, spread the more,  
And, grow more pow'rfull than before.

See, *Emb. XXXVIII.*

39

By *Rashnesse*, thou hast often err'd,  
Or, else, thou hadst beene more prefer'd.  
But, future errors, to prevent,  
Thou to the slow-paced *Oxe* art sent,  
To learne more *Steadnesse*; and, to doe  
Thy *Workes*, with *Persistence*, too.  
Hce that this creature, *Forne* scorne,  
May want it all, except his *Horne*.

See, *Emb. XXXIX.*



40

Dime *Fortunes* favour seems to bee  
 Much lov'd, and longed for, of thee;  
 As if, in what, her hand bestowes,  
 Thou mightst thy confidence repose.  
 But, that, her *manners* may bee knowne,  
 This *Chance*, upon thee, was bestowne.  
 Consider well, what thou hast got,  
 And, on her flatterings, doe thou not.

See, *Emb. XL.*

41

The *Steele* and *Flint*, declare, in part,  
 The Temper of a *Stony-heart*;  
 And, shewe, that thence, no *Virtue* flows,  
 Till it be forced out, with blowes.  
 Some other, *Moralls* thou maist learne,  
 Thereby, which will thy *good*, concerne:  
 Marke, therefore, what they doe declare,  
 And, minde it, as occasions are.

See, *Emb. XLI.*

42

Thou thinkst thy *Witt*, had made thee great,  
 Had *Proverbie* not beene some let:  
 But, had thy *Wealth* as ample beene,  
 As, thou thy *Witt*, didst overweene;  
 Instead of thy desired *Height*,  
 Perhaps, thou hadst beene ruin'd quite.  
 Hereafter, therefore, be content,  
 With whatsoever *God* hath sent.

See, *Emb. XLII.*

43

To *Discord*, thou art somewhat prone,  
 And, thinkst thou mayst subsist alone;  
 Regarding not how safe they bide,  
 Who, fast, in *Concord*'s bands, are tied.  
 But, that thou mayst the better need,  
 What *Good*, from *Peace* doth proceed,  
 An *Emblem* is become thy *Life*,  
 From which, good *Consort* may be got.

See, *Emb. XLIII.*

44

Thou wouldst be lov'd, and, to that end,  
 Thou dost both *Time*, and *Labour* spend:  
 But, thou expectst (as wee beleeve)  
 More *Love*, than thou dost meane to give.  
 If so, thou then, art much to blame:  
 For, *Love* affects a *mutuall flame*,  
 Which, if it faile on either side,  
 Will never, long time, true abide.

See, *Emb. XLIV.*

D d a

If

45

If all your *pow'rs*, you should unite,  
Prevaile in your Desires, you might:  
And, sooner should effect your ends,  
If you should muster up your *Friends*.  
But, since your *Genius* doth suspect,  
That, you such *Politic* neglect,  
Your *Lot* presenteth to your view  
An *Emblem*, which instructeth you.

See, *Emb. XLV.*

46

Because, thou mayst be one of them,  
Who dare the deeds of *Kings* condemn;  
(As if such eyes as theirs and yours  
Could view the depth of *Sou'raigne pow'rs*  
Or, see, how in each *Time* and *Place*,  
*God* rules their hearts, in ev'ry case.)  
To check thy sawcinesse, in this,  
An *Emblem* comes not much amisse.

See, *Emb. XLVI.*

47

Of many goodly parts thou vauntest,  
And, much thou hast, though much thou wantst:  
But, well it were, that, lesse, thou hadst,  
Vnlesse more use thereof thou madst.  
That, therefore, thou mightst come to see,  
How vaine *unprattiz'd vertues* bee,  
Peruse thine *Emblem*, and, from thence,  
Take usefull heed of thy *Offence*.

See, *Emb. XLVII.*

48

By this thy *Lot*, it may appeare,  
Decayd thy *Hopes*, or *Fortunes* are.  
But, that, thou mayst no courage lose,  
Thine *Emblem*, by example, shoves,  
That, as the *Moon* doth from the *Wane*  
Returne, and fill her *Orbe* againe:  
So, thou thy *Fortunes* mayst renew,  
If, honest *Hopes*, thou shalt pursue.

See, *Emb. XLVIII.*

49

Some *Foes*, for thee, doe lie in wait,  
Where thou suspectest no *Drew*.  
Yea, many a one, thy harme intends,  
Whom thou dost hope will be thy *Friends*.  
Be, therefore, heedfull, whom thou trustest,  
What walke thou tak'st, and what thou dost,  
For, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,  
That, *warinesse* will needfull bee.

See, *Emb. XLIX.*

50

It seemes, by drawing of this *Lot*,  
 The day of *Death*, is much forgot;  
 And, that, thou needst a faithfull *Friend*,  
 To minde thee of thy *latter-end*,  
 Unheeded, therefore, passe not by,  
 What now thine *Emblem* doth imply,  
 So, thou shalt heare (without affright)  
*Death's* message, though it were to night.

See, *Embl. Lu*

51

Thou seek'st by fickle *Chance*, to gaine,  
 What thou by *Virtue* might'st obtaine,  
 Endeavour well, and nothing shall  
 To thee, unfortunately fall:  
 For, ev'ry variable *Chance*,  
 Thy firme contentment, shall advance.  
 But, if thou, yet, remaine in doubt,  
 Turne *Fortunes* wheele, once more, about.

52

Thy *Lot*, no Answer will bestow,  
 To that, which thou desir'st to know;  
 Nor canst thou, here, an *Emblem* find,  
 Which to thy purpose is inclinde.  
 Perhaps, it is too late to crave,  
 What thou desirest, now, to have:  
 Or, but in vaine, to mention that,  
 Which thy *Ambition* aymeth at.  
 Then, take it not in evill part,  
 That, with a *Blanch*, thou answer'd art.

53

Although you now refused not,  
 To trie the *Fortune* of your *Lot*,  
 Yet you, perhaps, unwilling are,  
 This company the same should heare,  
 Left, some harsh *Morall* should unfold  
 Such tricks, as you could wish untold.  
 But, loe, you need not stand in awe;  
 For, 'tis a *Blanch*, which now you draw.

54

It proves a *Blanch*, for, to what end,  
 Should wee a serious *Morall* spend,  
 Where, *teachings*, *warnings*, and *advise*,  
 Esteemed are of little price?  
 Your onely purpose, is to looke  
 Upon the *Pictures* of this *Booke*,  
 When, more discretion you have got,  
 An *Emblem* shall attend your *Lot*.

You





A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
EMBLEMES,  
ANCIENT AND  
MODERNE:

Quickened  
VVith METRICALL ILLUSTRATIONS, both  
*Morall and Divine*: And disposed into  
LOTTERIES,

That *Instruction*, and *Good Counsell*, may bee furthered  
by an Honest and Pleafant *Recreation*.

By GEORGE WITHER.

*The fourth Booke.*



LONDON,  
Printed by AVGVSTINE MATHEVVES.  
MDCXXXIV.

A  
COLLECTION  
OF  
EMBLEMS  
AND  
ANCIENT AND  
MODERN

With a new and enlarged  
Index and Glossary, and a  
Treatise on the  
Theosophy, and Good Council, may be  
by an honest and virtuous

By George W. ...

To ...



London,

Printed by ...

MDCXXIV.

T O  
THE RIGHT HONOURABLE  
PHILLIP, Earle of PEMBROOKE, and  
MOUNTGOMERIE, &c. Lord Chamberlaine of the  
Houshold, Knight of the most honourable Order of  
the Garter, and one of his Majesties most Ho-  
nourable Privie-Councell.

*My Honourable LORD,*

**T**Hough, *Worthlesse* in my owne repute I am;  
And, (though my *Fortune*, so obliues my Name  
Beneath my *Hopes*; that, now, it makes me seeme  
As little worth, in other mens esteeme,  
As in mine owne;) yet, when my *Merits* were  
No better, than, to most, they now appeare,  
It pleased some, ev'n some of those that had  
The *Noblest Names*, (and, those of whom was made  
The best Account) so lowly to descend,  
As, my well-meaning *Studies*, to befriend.

Among those *WORKMANS*, I may both becom  
(My selfe in *HIM*) and memorize, for *One*,  
Your much renowned *BROTHER*, as a *Chiefe*  
In bringing to my waned *Hopes*, reliefe;  
And, in my *Faculties*, were I as able  
To honour *Him*, as he was honourable,  
I would have shewne, how, all this *Emperie*  
Hath lost a *Friend*, in *HIM*, as much as I.

To *MEE*, so freely, of his owne accord  
It pleased *HIM*, his *Favours*, to afford;  
That, when our learned, and late *Sov'raigne Prince*,  
(By others mis-informed) tooke offence  
At my *Free Lines*; *HE*, foun'd such *Meanes* and *Place*  
To bring, and reconcile mee to his *Grace*,  
That, therewithall, his *Majestie* bestow'd  
A Gift upon mee, which his *Bountie* shew'd;  
And, had enrich'd mee; if, what was intended,  
Had not, by other some, beene ill befriended.

But, as I long time, suffred have by those  
Who labour'd much, my thrivings, to oppose:  
So, *I my selfe*, (although not out of pride,  
As many thinke it) have so much relide  
Vpon the *Royall-Gift*, neglecting so  
To fortifie the same, as others do  
By making *Friends*; that my estate grew lesse  
(By more than twice five hundred Marks decrease)  
Through that, which for, my profit was bestowne.  
And, I, ere this, had wholly been undone;  
But, that the *Wealth*, which I relie on, most,  
Consists in things, which never can be lost.

Yet, by this *Losse*, I have *Occasions* had  
To feele, why other men are often sad.  
And, I, (who blushed, to be troublesome  
To any Friend) therby, almost am come  
To such a passe; that, what I wish to have,  
I should grow impudent enough to *Crave*,  
Had not impartiall *Deaib*, and wasting *Time*,  
Of all my Friends quite worne away the *Prime*;  
And, left mee none, to whom I dare present  
The meanest suite without encouragement:  
Although, the greatest *Borne*, I would implore,  
Should cast them, but a *Word*, or little more.

Yet, some there are, no doubt, for whose respect  
I might endeavour, with no vaine effect;  
Had I but cause, to have as high esteeme,  
Of mine owne *Merits*, as I have of them.  
And, if your *Honour* should be so inclin'd,  
As I desire; I, now am sure to finde  
Another *Pembroke*, by whose ayde sustain'd,  
I may preserve, what by the *Last* I gain'd.

To make adventure, how it will succeed,  
I now am come. And lo, my *LORD*, instead  
Of better *Advocates*, I first begin,  
Mine *EMBLEMS*, by these *Lines*, to Vsher in;  
That, *they*, by their admittance may effect  
For *Mee*, and for *themselves*, your kinde respect.

That, which in *them*, best Worthy you shall find,  
Is this; that, they are Symptomes of a *Minde*,  
Affecting honestie: and of a *Heart*,  
So truly honouring a true desert,  
That, I am hopefull made, they will acquire  
As much respect as I can well desire:  
And, *SIR*, your *Candor*, your knowne *Courtesies*,  
With other praisefull *Virtues*, make mee rise  
To this Beliefe; that, You by fav'ring mee  
Hereafter, may as highly honour'd be,  
As by some former Bounties; and encrease  
My Future *Merit*, by your *Worthinesse*.

However, what I *am* or shall be knowne  
To *See*, by *Your Deservings*, or mine owne,  
You may command it; and, be sure to finde  
(Though false my *Fortunes* prove) a Faithfull *Mind*.

Thus, unfainely, professeth

Your Honours

truest Honourer,

GEO: WITHER.



TO  
THE RIGHT HONORABLE,  
HENRIE, Earle of HOLLAND, &c.

*Captaine of the Guard; Lord-chiefe-Iustice in Eyre  
of all his Majesties Forrests, Parkes and Chases  
on this side Trent; Knight of the most noble Or-  
der of the Garter, and one of his Majesties  
most Honourable Privie Counsell.*

Right Noble SIR,

**H**aving, of late, some Cause, to overlooke  
That thankfull Register, wherein I booke  
My noblest Friends; I found so many Names  
Possessing nothing, but their honour'd Names,  
(Whose living Persons, wee enjoyed, here,  
A while agoe;) that, I began to feare,  
I might grow Friendlesse; (having now so few)  
Vnlesse I sought, their Number to renew.

By some Disasters, also, gaining proofe,  
How much this Course would make for my behoofe;  
I call'd my Wits to Counsell, Where, and How  
I might, with hopefullnesse, begin to sow  
The seeds of such a Blessing: And, me thought  
Within mee, something said: Where should be sought  
What thou so gladly wouldst renewed finde,  
But, from some BRANCHES of the selfe-same kinde;  
Whose faire Aspects may seeme to promise fruit,  
According to the Vertues of the Root?

Assume as Fancie had inform'd me so,  
Your Lordship, came to my remembrance, too,  
With what our Sovereignes Favour, Vulgar Fame,  
Or, your owne Merits, addeth to your Name.  
Which, having weigh'd, no doubts at all I had  
Of Worth in You; But, rather, doubtings made  
That, all my Wits would insufficient be,  
To make that Worth, become a Friend to mee.  
For, I have oft observ'd, that, Favour shunnes  
The best Desert, if after her, it runnes.

Yet, who can tell what may befall? thought I:  
It is no great Adventure, if I try  
Without successe: And, if, I gaine my End,  
I am assured of a Noble-Friend.  
His honourable FATHER, deem'd mee worth  
So much respecting as to seeke me forth,  
When, I was more Obscure: And, MEER, for nought  
But, onely to Befriend mee, forth HEER sought.  
Then, wherefore, of his SONNE, should I suspect  
That (seeking HIM) hee can my love reject?  
Since, Courtship doth alwaies, there, abound,  
Where such a lovely Personage is found?

My

*My LORD, these were my Fancies: But I take them  
To be of no more worth, than, you shall make them  
By your Acceptance: Nor, it's my intent  
To Court you, with a fruitlesse Complement:  
But, to attempt your Favour with a mind,  
As readily, and really, inclinde  
To serve you, when my services may speed;  
As to expect your Favours; in my need.  
For, had my Fates enabled me so much,  
I should more willingly have sought out such  
On whom I Courtesies might have bestowed,  
Than, seeke to cure Misfortunes of mine owne.*

*No doubt, but, every day, your Lordship heares  
Inventions, which may better please your eares  
Than these I now present; And, yet you might  
(For ought I knew) finde profit, or delight,  
By our plaine EMBLEMS, or some ules in them,  
Which from your Honour, some respect; may win them;  
Ev'n for that good Moralltie, which they  
To Vulgar Vnderstandings will convey.*

*But, Truth to speake, the chiefest cause which drew  
My minde, to make them PRESENTS, for your view,  
Was, but to take Occasion to professe,  
That, I am Servant, to your WORTHINESSE.  
In which, if YOU are pleased; All is got  
At which I aym'd: And, though you like it not,  
It shall but teach Me (for the time to come)  
To take more heed, where I am trouble some.*

*And, I shall be, nevertheless,*

*your Honours to be commanded,*


*as becommeth your Servant,*

**GEO: WITHER.**



ILLVSTR. I.

Book 4


 Hen, with a serious musing, I behold  
 The gratefull, and obsequious *Marigold*,  
 How duely, ev'ry morning, she displays  
 Her open brest, when *Titan* spreads his Rayes,  
 How she observes him in his daily walke,  
 Still bending towards him, her tender stalke,  
 How, when he downe declines, she droopes and mournes,  
 Bedew'd (as 'twere) with teares, till he returnes;  
 And, how she vailes her *Flou'rs*, when he is gone,  
 As if she scorn'd to be looked on  
 By an inferiour *Eye*; or, did contemne  
 To wayt upon a meaner *Light*, then *Him*.  
 When this I meditate, me-thinks, the *Flowers*  
 Have *Spirits*, farre more generous, then ours;  
 And, give us faire Examples, to despise  
 The servile Fawnings, and Idolatries,  
 Wherewith, we court these earthly things below,  
 Which merit not the service we bestow.

But, oh my God! though groveling I appeare  
 Vpon the Ground, (and have a rooting here,  
 Which hales me downward) yet in my desire,  
 To that, which is above mee, I aspire:  
 And, all my best *Afflictions* I professe  
 To *Him*, that is the *Sunne of Righteousnesse*.  
 Oh! keepe the *Morning* of his *Incarnation*,  
 The burning *Noone tide* of his bitter *Passion*,  
 The *Night* of his *Descending*, and the *Hight*  
 Of his *Ascension*, ever in my sight:

That imitating him, in what I may,  
 I never follow an inferiour *Way*.



ILLVSTR. II.

Book. 4

**U**ong since, the sacred Hebrew Lyrick sayd,  
(A Truth, which never justly was denyd)  
That, *All the world is God's*; and that his hands  
Enclose the limits of the farthest Lands.  
The selfe same Truth affirms, that likewise, there,  
By him, their clodds, and furrowes watred are,  
And, that with dewes and shewres, he doth so blesse  
The dwellings of the barren Wildernesse,  
That, those Inhabitants (whom some conceiv'd,  
Of usefull, and all pleasant things bereav'd)  
Their labors, with advantage, doe employ,  
And, fetch their yearely Harvests home, with joy.

Why then should wee, that in God's Vineyard live,  
Distrust that all things needfull hee will give?  
Why should his Garden doubt of what it needs,  
Since hee oft waters barren Rocks and Weeds?  
Why should his Children, live in slavish feare,  
Since hee is kind to those that strangers are?  
Or, whither from his presence, can we flie,  
To whom the furthest hiding-place is nigh.

And, if I may, from lower objects clime,  
(To questioning, in matters more sublime)  
Why should I thinke, the Soule shall not bee fed,  
Where God affords, to Flesh, her daily Bread?  
Or, dreame, that hee, for some, provided none,  
Because, on us, much Mercie is bestowne?  
'Tis true enough, that Hell devoureth all,  
Who shall be found without the Churches pale;  
But, how farre that extends, no Eye can see,  
Since, in Gods hands, Earth's farthest Corners bee.

By



By seeming other than thou art,  
Thou dost performe a foolish part.

211



ILLVSTR. III.

Book. 4

**T**He World is much for *Shewes*, and few there are  
So diligent to *bee*, as to *appeare*;  
Although a little *travaile* more, would make them  
Those men, for which, the *lookers-on* mistake them.  
Some, have so *toyed*, and *consum'd* so much,  
To get a false *repute* of being *Rich*,  
That, they have spent farre more, than would have bought,  
The *substance* of the *shadow*, they have sought;  
And, caused those, who deem'd them rich before,  
To know them, to bee miserably *poore*.

Some others, would so faine be counted *Wise*,  
That, they consume in *Curiosities*,  
In *Sophistries*, and superficiall *shewes*,  
More pretious Time, than would have made them those,  
They long to seeme, (had halfe that meanes been spent,  
In seeking *Wisdom*, with a pure intent)  
Whereas, the gloriousst purchases of such,  
(Though by their Peeres they seeme applauded much)  
Are still so vaine, that little they possesse,  
But fruitlesse *leaves*, of *learned-faustness*:  
Yea, by affecting more than is their due,  
They lose ev'n both the *substance*, and the *shew*;  
And, so, instead of honours *Crowne*, have worne  
The *Cassocks*, of a well-deserved *scorne*.

But, of all *Faeries*, the grossest *Folly*  
Is theirs, who wear those *garbes* of *seeming-holy*,  
Which paine them sore, yet make them still *appeare*,  
To *God* and *Men*, as wicked as they are.

Be, therefore, what, to be, thou hast profest;  
But, bee not of this last, of all the rest.

Ff 2

Parfue



ILLVSTR. IIII.

Book. 4

**T**Hough this bee but the picture of that *Glasfe*,  
By which thou measur'st how thine *houres* doe passe,  
Yet, sleight it not; for, much 'twill profit thee,  
To ponder what the *Morals* of it bee.  
And, 'tis an *Emblem*, whence the *Wise* may learne,  
That, which their persons, needrely doth concerne.  
The brittle *Glasfe*, serves fitly to expresse  
The *Body's* frailtie, and much crasinesse.  
Foure *Pillars*, which the glasse worke em pale,  
Instruēt thee, that the *Virtues* Cardinall,  
To guard the *Manhood*, should bee still employ'd;  
Lest else the feeble fabrick bee destroy'd.  
The *Sand*, still running forth, without delay,  
Doth shew, that *Life-time*, passeth fast away,  
And, makes no stop: yea, and the *Motto* too,  
(Lest thou forgetfull prove) informes thee so.  
By viewing this, Occasion, therefore, take,  
Of thy fast-flying *Houres*, more use to make;  
And, heedfull bee, to shunne their common crime,  
Who take much care to trifle out the time;  
As if it merited their utmost paine,  
To lose the gemme, which most they seeke to gaine.  
*Time-past* is lost already: *Time-to-come*,  
Belongs, as yet, thou knowst not unto whom.  
The *present-houres* are thine, and, onely those,  
Of which thou hast *Commission* to dispose;  
And, they from thee, doe flye away so fast,  
That, they are scarcely knowne, till they are past.  
Lord, give mee grace, to minde, and use Time so,  
That, I may doe thy worke, before I goe.

Repent,



ILLVSTR. V.

Book. 4

**M**Arke well this Emblem; and, (when in a thread,  
You see the Globe, there, hang above their head,  
Who in securitie, beneath it sit)  
Observe likewise, the Knife, that threatens it,  
The smallnesse of the Twine; and, what a death  
Would follow, should it fall on those beneath:  
And (having well observ'd it) mind, I pray,  
That, which the word about it, there, doth say:  
For, it includes a *Caveat*, which wee need  
To entertaine, with a continuall heed.

Though few consider it, wee finde it thus  
(Throughout our lives) with ev'ry one of us.  
*Destruction* hangeth in a single thread,  
Directly over every *Sinner's* head.  
That Sentence is gone forth, by which wee stand  
Condemn'd to suffer death. The dreadfull hand,  
Of God's impartiall *Iustice*, holds a Knife,  
Still ready, to cut off our thread of life;  
And, 'tis his *mercie*, that keepes up the Ball  
From falling, to the ruine of us all.

Oh! let us minde, how often wee have bin,  
Ev'n in the very act of *Deadly-sinne*,  
Whilst this hung over us; and, let us praise,  
And love him, who hath yet prolong'd our dayes:  
Yea, let our thankfulnesse, bring forth such fruit,  
As, to the benefit may somewhat suit:  
For, though a sudden Death may not ensue,  
Yet, (since *Times Axe*, doth every minute hew  
The Root of Life) the Tree, e're long, must fall;  
And, then perhaps, too late, repent wee shall.

When



ILLVSTR. VI.

Book 4

**W**HORE Hart, why dost thou run so fast? and why,  
Behind thee dost thou looke, when thou dost flye?  
As if thou seem'dst in thy swift flight, to heare  
Those dangers following thee, w<sup>ch</sup> thou dost feare?  
Alas! thou labour'st, and thou runn'st in vaine,  
To shunne, by flight, thy terrors, or thy paine;  
For, loe, thy Death, which thou hast dreaded so,  
Clings fast unto thee, wherefoere thou goe:  
And while thou toyl'st, an outward ease to win,  
Thou draw'st thine owne destruction further in;  
Making that Arrow, which but pricketh thy hide,  
To pierce thy tender entrailes, through thy side.

And, well I may this wounded Hart bemoane;  
For, here, me thinkes, I'm taught to looke upon  
Mine owne condition; and, in him, to see  
Those deadly wounds, my Sinnes have made in mee.  
I greatly feare the World, may unawares  
Intangle mee, by her alluring snares:  
I am afraid, the Devil may inject  
Some poyfnous fume, my Spirit to infect,  
With ghostly Pestilence; and, I assay,  
To flie from these, with all the pow'rs I may.  
But, oh my Flesh! this very Flesh I weare,  
Is worse to mee, than Worlds, and Devils are:  
For, without this, no pow'r on mee, they had.  
This is that Shift, which made Alcides mad.  
It is a griefe, which I shall never cure,  
Nor flie from, whilst my life-time doth endure:  
From thence, oh Lord, my greatest sorrowes bee,  
And, therefore, from my Selfe, I flie to Thee.


When





ILLVSTR. VII.

Book. 4

 Tyrannous, or wicked *Magistrat*,  
Is fitly represented by a *Catt*;  
For, though the *Mice* a harmfull vermine bee,  
And, *Catt* the remedie; yet, oft wee see,  
That, by the *Mice*, far lesse, some house-wives leese,  
Then when they set the *Catt* to keepe the *Cheese*.  
A ravenous *Cat*, will punish in the *Mause*,  
The very same Offences, in the house,  
Which hee himselfe commits; yea, for that *Vice*,  
Which was his owne (with praise) he kills the *Mice*;  
And, spoyleth not anothers life alone,  
Ev'n for that very *faute* which was his owne,  
But *feeds*, and *fattens*, in the spoyle of them,  
Whom hee, without compassion did condome.  
Nay, worse than so; hee cannot bee content,  
To slaughter them; who are as innocent,  
As hee himselfe; but, hee must also play,  
And sport his wofull *Pris'ners* lives away;  
More torturing them, 'twixt fruitlesse *hopes* and *fears*,  
Than when their bowels, with his teeth he teares:  
For, by much terrour, and much crueltie,  
Hee kills them, ten times over, e're they die.

When, such like *Magistrates* have rule obtain'd,  
The best men with their powre might be restrain'd:  
But, they who shun enormities, through *Fears*,  
Are glad when *good-men* out of Office are.  
Yea, whether *Governours* bee good or bad,  
Of their displacings *wicked-men* are glad;  
And, when they see them brought into disgraces,  
They boldly play the *Knaves* before their faces.

Let,



ILLVSTR. VIII.

Book. 4



Hen hee, who by his conquering Arme, possesse  
The rich, and spacious Empires of the East,  
Felt his approaching end; he bade them beare  
A *Shirt* throughout his Arme, on a *Spear*,  
Proclaiming, that of all his large estate,

No more was left him, then, but only that:  
Perhaps intending, thereby, to expresse,  
A sorrow for his wilde Ambitionnesse;  
Or, hoping, by that *Spectacle*, to give  
Some good *Instructions* unto those that live.

However, let it serve us, to declare,  
How vaine their toyings, and ambitions are,  
Who rob themselves, and other men of rest,  
For things that are so little while possesse.  
And, if that powerfull King, could nothing have,  
That was of use, to carry to his *Grave*,  
(Of all his conquered *Kingdomes*) but, one *Shirt*,  
Or, *Winding sheet*, to hide his Royall durt;  
Why should we pinch, and scrape, and vex become,  
To heap up Riches, for we know not whom?  
Or, macerate the *Flesh*, by raising strife,  
For more, than will bee usefull during life?  
Nay, ev'n for that, which sometimes shortens *breath*,  
And makes us, also, wretched after *Death*.

Let mee, oh God! my labour so employ,  
That, I, a competencie may enjoy.  
I aske no more, than may *Lifes* want supply,  
And, leave their due to others, when I die.  
If this thou grant, (which nothing doubts I can)  
None ever liv'd, or dy'd a richer man.

When Hopes, quite frustrate were become,  
The Wither'd-branch did freshly bloome.

217



ILLVSTR. IX.

Book. 4

**I**t is true, a *wither'd-branch* I am, and seeme  
To some, as voyd of *Hopes*, as of esteeme;  
For, in their judgements, I appeare to be  
A saplesse *Bough*, quite broken from the Tree,  
(Ev'n such as that, in this our *Emblem*, here)  
And, yet, I neither feele *Despaire*, nor *Fear*,  
For, I have seene (e're now) a little *Spray*,  
(Rent from her *Stemme*) lye trodden by the way,  
Three moneths together; which, when *Spring* drew on,  
To take an unexpected *Root* begun,  
(Yea, grew to bee a Tree) and, growing, stood,  
When those great *Groves*, were sell'd for firing-wood,  
Which once had high esteeme; and sprung unhurt,  
While that poore *Branch*, lay sleighted in the durt.  
Nay, I have seene such *twigs*, afford them shade,  
By whom they were the meanest shrippings made,  
Of all the *Wood*; And, you may live to see,  
(For ought yet knowne) some such event in mee.

And, what if all who know mee, see me dead,  
Before those *hopes* begin to spring and spread?  
Have therefore they that hate me, cause to boast,  
As if mine expectations I had lost?  
No sure: For, I, who by *Faith's* eyes have seene,  
Old *Aarons* wither'd *Rod* grow fresh and greene;  
And also viewed (by the selfe-same *Eyes*)  
*Him*, whom that *Rod*, most rightly typifies,  
*Fall* by a shamefull *Death*, and rise, in spight  
Of *Death*, and *Shame*, unto the glorious height.

Ev'n I, beleve my *Hope* shall bee possesst,  
And, therefore, (ev'n in *Death*) in *Hope* I'll rest.

Gg

True



ILLVSTR. X.

Book. 4

Then, in this Emblem, here, you have espide,  
 The shape of a triangled *Pyramide*,  
 And, have observed well, those mightie *Rocks*,  
 Whose firme foundation bides the dreadfull shockes  
 Of angry *Neptune*; you may thereby see,  
 How firmly settled, *Vertues* reall bee.  
 For, as the raging *Seas*, although they roare,  
 Can make no breach upon the *Rockie* shore;  
 And, as a true triangled *Pyramide*,  
 Stands fast, and shewes alike, on ev'ry side:  
 So, howsoever *Fortune*, turnes or winds,  
 Those men, which are indow'd with vertuous minds,  
 It is impossible, to drive them from  
 Those *Formes*, or *Stations*, which those minds become.  
 And, as the raging *Sea*, with foming threats,  
 Against the *Rockie-shore*, but vainely bears;  
 So, *Envie* shall in vaine, loud blustrings make,  
 When vertuous resolutions they would shake.  
 For, *Vertue*, which receives an overthrow,  
 Was *Vertue*, not indeed; but in the show.

So farre am I, oh *Lord*! from laying claime  
 To have this *Vertue*, that, I doe but ayme  
 At such *perfection*; and, can come no nigher  
 As yet, than to obtaine it in *desire*.  
 But, fixe thou so, this weake desire of mine,  
 Vpon the *Vertues* of thy *Rocke* divine,  
 That I, and that invaluable *Stone*,  
 May bee incorporated into *One*:

And, then, it will bee neither shame, nor pride,  
 To say, my *Vertues*, will unmov'd abide.





ILLVSTR. XI.

Book 4

**W**Hat was this *Figures* meaning, but to show,  
That, as these kinde of *Shell-fish* backward goe,  
So now the *World*, (which here doth seeme to take  
An arseward Iourney on the *Cancer's* backe)  
Moves counterwise; as if delight it had,  
To runne a race, in *Courses retrograde*:  
And, that, is very likely to be true,  
Which, this our *Emblem*, purposeth to shew.

For, I have now, of late, not onely scene,  
What backward motions, in my *Friends* have beene;  
And, that, my outward *Fortunes* and *Affaires*,  
Doe of themselves, come tumbling downe the staires:  
But, I have also found, that other things,  
Have got a wheeling in contrary *Rings*;  
Which *Regresse*, holding on, 'tis like that wee,  
To *Jewes*, or *Ethnicks*, backe shall turned bee.

Some punie *Clerkes*, presume that they can teach  
The ancient holy *Dollars*, how to preach.  
Some *Laicks*, learne their *Pastors* how to pray.  
Some *Parents*, are compelled to obey  
Their *Sonnes*; and, so their Dignitie to lose,  
As to be fed and cloth'd, at their dispose.  
Nay, wee have some, who have assay'd to draw,  
All backward, to the *Bondage* of the *Law*;  
Ev'n to those abrogated *Rites* and *Dayes*,  
By which, the wandering *Jew* markes out his wayes.  
And, to pursue this *Round*, they are so heady,  
That, they have made themselves, and others giddy.

*Do: then, these forward Motions, LORD, restraime;  
And, set the World in her due course againe.*



Book 9

For, doubtlesse, neither is it in the force,  
Of iron *Chaires*, or of armed *Horse*,  
In which, the *King*, securitie may finde,  
Unlesse the Riders bee well *Discipline*.  
Nor, lyes it in the Souldiers common *Skill*  
In warlike *Postures*; nor in theirs, who drill  
The *Rankes* and *Fyles*, to order them aright,  
According as *Occasion* makes the *Fight*.  
But, men must use a further *Prudence* too,  
Or else, those *vulgar-Arts* will all undoe.  
For, these, are onely *Sciences* injoynd,  
To order well the *Body*, not the *Mind*:  
And, men best train'd in these (oft times) we see,  
The *Hart-brain'd-faules*, in all our *Armies* bee.

Hee that's thus arm'd, and trusts in God alone,  
May bee *oppoſ'd*, but, *conquer'd* of none.



ILLVSTR. XIII.

Book. 4

**W**hen I beheld this Picture of a Boat,  
(Which on the raging Waves doth seeme to float)  
Forc'd onward, by the current of the Tide,  
Without the helpe of Anchor, Oare or Guide;  
And, saw the *Motto* there, which doth imply,  
That shee commits her selfe to *Destinie*;  
Me thinks, this *Emblem* sets out their estate,  
Who have ascribed ev'ry thing to *Fate*;  
And dreame, that howsoe're the business goe,  
Their *Works*, nor hinders, neither helps thereto.  
The leaking *Ship*, they value as the sound:  
Hee that's to hanging borne, shall ne're bee drown'd;  
And, men to happinesse ordain'd (say these)  
May set their *Ship* to float, as *Fate* shall please.

This *Fancie*, springing from a misbeleeving  
Of God's *Decrees*, and, many men deceiving,  
With shewes of *Truth*, both causeth much offence  
Against God's *Mercies*, and his *Providence*;  
And brings to passe, that some to ruine runne,  
By their neglect of what they might have done.  
For, *Meane* is to bee us'd, (if wee desire,  
The blessing of our safetie to acquire)  
Whose naturall effects, if God deny,  
Vpon his *Providence* wee must relye,  
Still practising what naturall aydes may bee,  
Vntill no likely ayd unride wee see.  
And, when this *Non plus* wee are forc'd unto,  
Stand still, wee may, and wayt what God will do.  
Hee that shall thus to *Fate*, his fortunes leave,  
Let mee bee ruin'd, if Shee him deceive.

The







ILLVSTR. XV.

Book. 4

**T**He Gift of *Kingdomes*, *Children*, and *good-Wives*,  
Are three of God's most choice *Prerogatives*,  
In temp'ral Blessings; and, of all these three,  
The gifts of *Kingdomes*, his rar'st Favours bee:  
For, in five hundred Millions, there's not one,  
Whom this high Honour is conferr'd upon;  
Nor is there any knowne *Estate* on earth,  
(Whereto wee come, by *Merit*, or by *Birth*)  
Which can, to any man assurance bring,  
That, hee shall either *live*, or *die* a *King*.  
The *Morning-Starre*, that's Heire unto a *Crowne*,  
Off sets, before the *shining-Sunne* is downe;  
And, some, that once a glorious *Empire* swayd,  
Did lose their *Kingdomes*, e're their heads were layd.

The greatest earthly *Monarch* hath no powre,  
To keepe his Throne one minute of an houre,  
(Use all the meanes, and policies hee can)  
If God will give it to another man.  
Hee, when *Belshazzar* was in high'st estate,  
His *Kingdome* to the *Perfians* did translate.  
King *Saul*, and *Rehoboam*, could not stay  
The *Royalties*, which God would give away;  
And, hee that was the proudest of the rest,  
God, changed from a *King*, into a *Beast*.

Nor is there any man so meane, but hee,  
When God shall please, an *Emperour* may bee.  
Some, from the *Pot-hilts*, from the *Sheep-cotes*, some,  
Hee raised hath, great *Princes* to become:  
Yea, hee o're heav'n and earth, hath rear'd his *Throne*,  
That was on earth, the most *despised one*.



ILLVSTR. XVI.

Book 4



Ould you not laugh, and thinke it beastly fine,  
To see a durtie, and ill-favour'd Swine,  
Weare on her snout, a *Diamond*, or a *Pearle*,  
That might become the *Ladie* of an *Earle*?  
And hold it head, as if it meant to show  
It were the *Pigg* of some well-nurtur'd *Seu*?  
Perhaps, you thinke there be not any where  
Such *Antickes*, but in this our *Emblem* here.  
But, if you take these *Charmes*, and then goe forth  
Among some troupes, which passe for folkes of worth,  
You shall discover, quickly, if you please,  
A thousand sights, as mimickall as these.  
Here, you shall see a noble *Title* worne,  
(That had not mis-beseem'd one better borne)  
By him, whose vertues are of little price,  
And, whose estate, was gotten by his *Vice*.  
You shall behold another *Masquerade*, there,  
Walke with our *Lords*, as if hee were their *Peere*,  
That was well knowne, to be but tother day,  
No fit companion for such men as they;  
And, had no other meanes to climbe this height,  
But *Gaming*, or to play the *Parasite*.  
Yet (though he neither hath his *Trade*, nor *Lands*,  
Nor any honest *In-come*, by his *hands*,  
Hee, oft consumes at once, in *Games* or *Cheare*,  
More than would keepe his *Better* all the yeare.  
Yea, many such as these, thou shouldst behold,  
Which would bee vext, if I describe them should:  
For, thus, unworthily, blind *Fortune* flings,  
To *Crowes*, and *Geese*, and *Swine*, her precious things.

The



ILLVSTR. XVII.

Book 4

**A** Foole, sent forth to fetch the *Oxlings* home,  
When they unto a Rivers brinck were come,  
(Through which their passage lay) conceiv'd a feare  
His Dames best *Bread*, might have been drowned there;  
Which, to avoyd, hee thus did shew his wit,  
And his good naturr, in preventing it.  
Hee, underneath his *girdle*, thrusts their heads,  
And, then the *Coxcombe* through the water wades.

Here learne, that when a *Foole* his helpe interds,  
It rather doth a mischief, then befriends;  
And, thinke, if there be danger in his love,  
How harmefull his *Maliciousnesse* may prove:  
For, from his *kindnesse*, though no profit rise  
To doe thee spight, his *Malice* may suffice.  
I could not from a *Prince* beseech a booke  
By suing to his *lesser or lesse*:  
Nor, any Fooles vaine humor, looth or serve,  
To get my bread, though I were like to starve.  
For, to be *poore*, I should not blush so much,  
As if a *Foole* should raise me to be rich.

Lord, though of such a kinde my faults may be,  
That sharpe *Affliction* still must tutor mee,  
(And give me due *Correllion* in her Schooles)  
Yet, oh preserve me from the scorne of *Fooles*.  
Those wicked *Fooles*, that in their hearts have sed  
There is no God; and, rather give me *Bread*  
By *Ravens*, LORD, or in a *Lions Den*,  
Then by the Favours of such foolish men:  
Lest, if their *distinies* I should swallow downe,  
Their smile might more undoe, me, than their *frowne*.

H h

Through

Though weaknesse unto mee belong,  
In my Supporter, I am strong.



ILLVSTR. XVIII.

Book. 4

**E**lthough there bee no Timber in the *Vine*,  
Nor strength to raise the climbing *Ivie-twine*,  
Yet, when they have a helper by their side,  
Or, prop to stay them, like this *Pyramide*,  
One roote sometime, so many *Sprays* will beare,  
That, you might thinke, some goodly *Grove* it were:  
Their tender stalkes, to climbe aloft, are scene;  
Their boughs are cover'd with a pleasant Greene;  
And, that, which else, had crept upon the ground,  
Hath tops of lottie trees, and turrets crown'd.

This *Emblem*, fitly shadowes out the Natures  
Of us, that are the *Reasonable-creatures*:  
For, wee are truly by our *nat'rall-birth*,  
Like *Vines* undrest, and creeping on the earth;  
Nor free from spoyling, nor in case to beare  
Good *fruits*, or *leaves*, while we are groveling there.  
But, if *new-borne* by *Grace*, streight borne are wee,  
From earthly creepings, by that *Living-tree*,  
Which, here, was planted, meere to this end,  
That, by his *pow'r*, our *weaknesse* might ascend.  
And, hee our *frailtie* to himselfe so takes,  
So, of his *might*, the partners us hee makes;  
That, hee, in us, doth seeme to hide his *pow'rs*,  
And, make the *strength* hee gives, appeare as ours.

Continue, *Lord*, this *Grace*, and grant wee may,  
Firme hold, oh our *Supporter*, alwayes lay:  
So climbing, that wee nor neglect, nor hide  
His *Love*, nor over-climbe it, by our *Pride*.

Thus, our yet staggering *weaknesse*, shall at length,  
Bee fully changed into perfect *Strength*.

Bee



Be wary, whoſe're thou be,  
For, from Loves arrow none are free.

227

69



ILLVSTR. XIX.

Book. 4

**G**ood Folke, take heede, for, here's a wanton *Wagge*,  
Who, having *Bowes* and *Arrows*, makes his bragg  
That, he hath some unhappy trick to play;  
And, vows to shoot at all he meets to day.  
Pray be not carelesse, for, the *Boy* is blinde,  
And, sometimes strikes, where most he seemeth kinde.  
This rambling *Archer* spares not one, nor other:  
Yea, otherwhile, the *Minx* shoots his Mother.

Though you be little *Children*, come not neere;  
For, I remember (though't be many a yeare  
Now gone and past,) that, when I was a *Lad*,  
My Heart, a pricke, by this young Wanton had,  
That, pain'd me seven yeases after: nor had I  
The grace (thus warn'd) to scape his waggery;  
But many times, ev'n since I was a man,  
He shot me, oftner then I tell you can:  
And, if I had not bene the stronger-hearted,  
I, for my over-daring, might have finarted.

You laugh now, as if this were nothing so;  
But, if you meet this *Blisard* with his Bow,  
You may, unlesse you take the better care,  
Receive a wound, before you be aware.  
I feare him not, for, I have learned how  
To keepe my heart-strings from his Arrows now:  
And, so might you, and so might ev'ry one  
That vaine *Occasion*, truly seeks to shunn.  
But, if you sleight my Counsells, you may chance  
To blame at last, your willfull ignorance:

For, some, who thought, at first, his wounds but small  
Have dyed by them, in an *Hospital*.

On whether side soe're I am,  
I, still, appeare to bee the same.



ILLVSTR. XX.

Book 4

**H**is *Cube*, which is an equall-sided-square,  
Doth very well, in *Emblem*-wise, declare  
The temper of that vertuous minded man,  
Whose resolutions nothing alter can.  
For, as the *Cube*, which way soever plac't,  
Stands ever in one *posture*, firmly fast,  
And, still, appeares the same in forme and size,  
Vpon what side or part soe're it lyes:  
So, men well formed by the *Word* divine,  
And, truly squar'd by vertuous *Discipline*,  
Will keepe (though *changes* them shall turne & wind)  
The *forme* and *firminesse* of an *honest*-*minde*.

If, digging deepe, his *Fortunes* lay him, there,  
Where he his owne, and others weights must beare,  
(There, many yeares compelling him to lie,  
Opprest with *dis-respect* or *povertie*)  
Hee keeps the place to which hee stands enioyn'd,  
And brooks his chances with a constant mind.  
If shee remoove him thence, and set him up  
On temporall *Prosperities* high top,  
The *Squarenesse* of *Plaine dealing* hee retaines,  
And, in the same integritie remains:  
Nor coveting vaine *Wealth*, or false *estesmes*,  
Nor, being any other than he seemes.

Although by Nature, wee are wondrous hard,  
*Lord*, let us into such like *Stones* be squar'd:  
Then, place us in thy spirituall *Temple*, so,  
That, into one firme *Structure*, we may grow;  
And, when we, by thy *Grace*, are fitted thus,  
Dwell *Thou thy selfe*, for evermore, in us.

Defor-



ILLVSTR. XXI.

Book. 4

**E**ooke well, I pray, upon this *Beldame*, here,  
For, in her *habit*, though shee gay appeare,  
You, through her youthfull *vizard*, may espy  
Shee's of an old *Edition*, by her *Eye*:

And, by her wainscot face, it may bee scene,  
Shee might your *Grandams* first *dry-nurse* have been.

This is an *Emblem*, fitly shaddowing those,  
Who making faire, and honest outward shewes,  
Are inwardly deform'd; and, nothing such,  
As they to bee suppos'd, have strived much.  
They chuse their *words*, and play well-acted *parts*,  
But, hide most loathsome projects in their hearts,  
And, when you think sweet *Friendship* to embrace,  
Some ugly *Treasure*, meets you in the face.

I hate a pained *Brow*; I much dislike  
A *Mayden-blush*, dawb'd on a furrowed *Cheek*:  
And, I abhorre to see old *Wantons* play,  
And, suite themselves, like *Ladies of the May*.  
But, more (yea, most of all) my soule despiseth  
A *Heart*, that in *Religious formes*, disguiseth  
Prophane intentions; and arrayes in white,  
The coale-blacke conscience of an *Hypocrite*.  
Take heed of such as these; and, (if you may)  
Before you trust them, track them in their way.  
Observe their footsteps, in their private *path*:  
For, these (as 'tis beleev'd, the *Deuill* hath)  
Have cloven *feet*; that is, *two wayes* they goe;  
One for their *ends*, and tother for a *show*.

Now, you thus warned are, advise embrace;  
And, trust nor gawdy *Clothes*, nor painted *Face*.



ILLVSTR. XXII.

Book. 4

**H** Heart with Hand in hand, united thus,  
Makes here an Emblem not unknown to us;  
And, 'tis not hard for any Vulgar wit,  
Without a Comment, to interpret it.  
But, though of ev'ry man confest it be,  
That *Hand and Heart* together should agree;  
And, that, what we in *outward shew* expresse,  
Perform'd should be, with *inward heartinesse*.  
(Since, now the World, to such a passe is growne,  
That, all is not consider'd, which is knowne)  
I cannot thinke it altogether vaine,  
To speake of that, which may appeare so plaine.  
When thou dost reach thy *hand* unto thy friend,  
Take order, that thy *heart* the same intend:  
For, otherwise in *Hand*, or *Heart*, thou lyes't,  
And, cuttest off a *Member*, ere thou dyest.  
Some, give their *Hearts* (as many *Lovers* do)  
Yet, are afraid, to set their *hands* thereto.  
Some give their *Hands*; and, then by many a deed,  
To ratifie the *gift*, they dare proceede;  
Yet, keep their *tongues* from saying what they meant,  
To helpe excuse their *hearts*, when they repent.  
Yea, some can very cunningly expresse,  
In outward shew, a winning heartinesse,  
And, steale the deare *affections* they have fought,  
From those, to whom they meant, nor promis'd ought.  
Then, will they, if *advantage* come thereby,  
Make all their *Deeds*, for want of *Words*, a ly.  
Among *Dissemblers*, in things temporall,  
These *Baskeballs* are the veriest *Knaves* of all.



No Emblem, can at full declare,  
How fickle, Minds-unconstant are.

231



ILLVSTR. XXIII.

Book. 4

**S**ome, thinke this Emblem serveth to expresse  
No more, but onely *Womens* ficklenesse;  
And, they will most desire to have it so,  
Who, like those best, that most inconstant grow.  
Although my *Fortunes* were, in some things, bad,  
I never in my life, experience had  
Of an *inconstant woman*: Wherefore, then,  
Should I condemne the *Females*, more than men?

I heare some talke, that *Women* fickle be:  
And so I thinke; and so I know are wee.  
And (being put together) say I dare,  
That, they and wee, in equal manner, share  
A *giddinesse*, and *ficklenesse* of minde,  
More wavering, than a *Feather*, or the *Winde*.  
The *Woman*, heere, is plac'd, to typifie  
A minde distracted with much levitie:  
Not, that the womans *Wav'rings* are the more;  
But, for this cause: Most *Vices*, heretofore,  
And *Virtues* too, our *Ancstors* did render,  
By word: declined in the *female gender*.  
The *winged Ball*, (whose tottering Foundation,  
Augments the causes of our *variation*)  
Meanes, here, those uselesse, and vaine *temp'rall things*,  
That come and goe, with never-staying wings,  
And, which (if thereupon our hearts we set)  
Make *Men* and *Women*, the *Vertigo* get.

Hereafter, then, let neither *Sexe* accuse  
Each other; but, their best endeavours use,  
To cure this *Maladie* in one another,  
By living well, and lovingly together.

Has



ILLVST. XXIV.

Book. 4

Has meant this Country-peasant, skipping here  
Through prickling Thistles with such gameſome cheere:  
And, plucking off their tops, as though for Paffies,  
He gather'd Violets, or toothleſſe Roſes:  
What meaneth it, but onely to expreſſe  
How great a joy, well-grounded Patientneſſe  
Retaines in Sufferings: and, what ſport ſhe makes,  
When ſhe her Journey through Affliction takes:  
I, oft have ſayd (and, have as oft, beene thought  
To ſpeake a Paradoxe, that ſauours nought  
Of likely truth) that, ſome Afflictions bring  
A Honey-bag, which cureth eu'ry Sting  
(That wounds the *Fleſh*) by giving to the *Mind*,  
A pleaſing taſte of Sweetneſſes refin'd.  
Nor can it other be, except in thoſe,  
Whoſe Better part, quite ſtupified grows,  
By being Contentized in the Fires  
Of childiſh Feares, or temporall Deſires.

For, as the *Philiſtine* (when the *Coward* ſwounds)  
With gladneſſe lets the *Surgion* ſearch his Wounds;  
And, though they ſmart, yet cheerefully indures  
The Plaifters, and, the Probe, in hope of Cures:  
So, Men, aſſured that Afflictions paine  
Comes not for vengeance to them, nor in vaine,  
But, to prepare, and fir them for the place,  
To which, they willingly direct their pace;  
In Troubles, are ſo ſure from being ſad,  
That, of their Suffering, they are truly glad.  
What ever others thinke, I thus beleeve;  
And, therefore, joy, when they ſuppoſe I grieve.

All is not Gold, which makes a show  
But, what the Touchstone findeth so.

233



ILLVSTR. XXV.

Book. 4

When Silver Medals, or some coynes of Gold,  
Are by the Goldsmith either bought or sold,  
Hee doth not only search them with his Eyes,  
But, by the Scale, their weight will also trie,  
Or, by the Touchstone, or the Test, assay  
The trueneesse of them, and their just Alloy.  
Now, by their warinesse, who thus proceed,  
Wee fairely are admonished, to heed  
The faithfullnesse of him wee make our Friend,  
And, on whose love wee purpose to depend:  
Or else, when wee a Jewell thinke to get,  
Wee may bee cheated by a Counterfeit.  
All is not Gold that glisters: Otherwhile,  
The Tincture is so good, it may beguile  
The cunningest eye: But, bring it to the Touch,  
And, then, you find the value not so much.  
Some, keepe the Tincture, brooking, likewise, well  
An ordinarie Touch; but, yeeld a Smell,  
Which will discover it, if you apply  
Vnto your Nose, that piece of Chymistrie.  
Sometime, when there's enough to give content,  
In Colour, in the Touch, and in the Scent,  
The Balke, is more than answers Gold in weight,  
And, proves it a sophisticall deceit.  
Nay, some, is fully that which you desire,  
In all these Properties, and, till the fire  
Hath made assays, you'll thinke you might be bold  
To pawne your life, it had been Ophir-gold:  
But, to bee false, the Metals then descride,  
And, such are many Friends, when they are tried.



ILLVSTR. XXVL

Book. 4

**H**ere are a sort of people so severe,  
That, foolish, and injurious too, they are;  
And, if the world were to bee rul'd by these,  
Nor *Soule*, nor *Body*, ever should have ease.  
The *Sixt' dayes*, (as their wisdomes understand)  
Are to bee spent in *Labour*, by command,  
With such a strictnesse, that they quite condemne  
All *Recreations* which are us'd in them.  
That, which is call'd the *Sabbath*, they confine  
To *Prayers*, and all *Offices divine*,  
So wholly, that a little *Recreation*,  
That *Day*, is made a marke of *Reprobation*:  
And, (by this meanes) the reason is to seeke,  
When their poore *Servants* labour all the *week*,  
(Of which, they'l bane them nothing) how it tyes  
Them, to observe the five-fold *Sacrifice*  
By some injoyn'd, and gives them such due *Rest*,  
As *God* allowed, both to *Man* and *Beast*.

Hee, gave the *Woods*, the *Fields*, and *Meadowes*, here,  
A time to *rest*, as well as times to *bear*.  
The *Forrest* *Beasts*, and *Herds*, have howres for *play*,  
As well as time to *graze*, and hunt their *prey*:  
And, ev'ry *Bird* some *lesure* hath to *sing*,  
Or, in the *Aire*, to *sport* it on her *wing*.  
And, sure, to *him*, for whom all these were made,  
Lesse kindnesse was not meant, then these have had.  
The *Flesh* will faint, if pleasure none it knowes;  
The *Man* growes madd, that alway musing goes.

The *Wise* men, will sometimes merry bee:

And, this is that, this *Emblem* teacheth me.



Live, ever mindfull of thy dying;  
For, Time is alwayes from thee flying.

235



ILLVSTR. XXVII.

Book. 4

**H**is vulgar Figure of a winged glasse,  
Doth signifie, how swiftly Time doth passe.  
By that leane Skull, which to this houre-glasse clings,  
We are informed what effect it brings;

And, by the Words about it, wee are taught  
To keepe our latter ending still in thought.  
The common houre-glasse, of the Life of Man,  
Exceedeth not the largenesse of a span.  
The Sand-like Minutes, flye away so fast,  
That, yeares are out, e're wee thinke months are past:  
Yea, many times, our nat'rall day is gone,  
Before wee look'd for twelve a clocke at Noone;  
And, where wee fought for Beautie, at the Full,  
Wee finde the Flesh quite rotted from the Skull.

Let these Expressions of Times passage, bee  
Remembrancers for ever, Lord, to mee;  
That, I may still bee guiltlesse of their crime,  
Who fruitlesly consume their precious Time:  
And, minde my Death; not with a slavish feare,  
But, with a thankfull use, of life-time, here:  
Not grieving, that my dayes away doe pass;  
But, caring rather, that they bee not lost,  
And, lab'ring with Discretion, how I may  
Redeeme the Time, that's vainely slip't away.  
So, when that moment comes, which others dread,  
I, undismay'd, shall climbe my dying bed;  
With joyfull Hopes, my Flesh to dust commend,  
In Spirit, with a stedfast Faith ascend;  
And, whilst I living am, to sinne so dye,  
That dying, I may live eternally.

In ev'ry Storme, bee standeth fast,  
Whose dwelling, on the Rocke is plac'd.



78

ILLVSTR. XXVIII.

Book. 4



What thing soever some will have exprest,  
As typified by this *Halcyons-nest*,  
I shall not thinke this *Emblem* ill-appli'd,  
It, by the same, the *Church* bee signifi'd.

For, as it is (by some) affirm'd of these,  
That, whilst they breed, the fury of the seas  
Is through the world alayd; and, that their *Brood*  
Remaines in safetie, then, amidst the flood:  
So, when the *Christian Church* was in her birth,  
There was a generall *Peace* throughout the earth;  
And, those tumultuous *Waves*, which after that  
Began to rise, and bee enrag'd thereat,  
Were calmed so, that *Hee* was borne in peace,  
From whom, the faithfull *Off-spring* did encrease.

They, likewise, on a *Rocke*, their dwellings have,  
As here you see; and, though the raging *Wave*,  
Of dreadfull *Seas*, hath beaten, ever since,  
Against the *Fortresse* of their strong defence,  
Yet, still it stands; and, safe, it shall abide,  
Ev'n in the midst of all their foming pride.

Vpon this *Rocke* so place me, oh my God!  
That, whatsoever *Tempests* bee abroad,  
I may not feare the fury of my Foe;  
Nor bee in danger of an overthrow.

My life is full of *Stormes*; the *Waters* roule,  
As if they meant to swallow up my soule.  
The *Tides* oppose; the furious winds doe roare;  
My *Cable's* weake, my *tacklings*, Lord, are poore,  
And, my fraile *vessell* cannot long endure;  
Yet, reach to mee thy hand, and I'm secure.

That's

*That's Friendship, and true-love, indeed,  
Which firme abides, in time of need.*

237



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. 4.

**T**hat's Love in earnest, which is constant found,  
When Friends are in Affliction, or in Bands;  
And, their Affection merits to be crown'd,  
Whole hearts are fastned where they joyne their  
Tis easie to be friendly, where wee see (hands.  
A Complement or two will serve the turne;  
Or, where the kindest may required bee;  
Or, when the charge is with a trifle borne.  
It is as easie too, for him to spend  
At once, the full Revenues of a yeare,  
In Cates, for entertainment of his Friend,  
Who thinks his glorie, is expensive-cheere:  
For, 'tis his pleasure, and, if none should come  
Like fashionable Friends, for him to court,  
Hee would with Regnes, and Canters, fill the Roome,  
Or, such as should abuse, and flout him for't.  
But, hard it is, to suffer, or to spend  
For him (though worthy) that's of meane estate,  
Unlikely our occasions to befriend,  
Or, one unable to remunerate.  
Few men are liberall, whom neither Lust,  
Vaine glorie, Prodigalitie, nor Pride,  
Doth forward into foolish Bountie thrust;  
As may, by Observation bee espide.  
For, when a slender Bountie would relieve  
Their vertuous Friend, whose wants to them are knowne,  
To their Buffonne, a Knights estate they'l give,  
And, thinke on t'other trifles ill-bestowne.  
Yet, this Ile say, and, give the Devil his due;  
These Friends, are to their lusts, and humours, true.

The

The Sword hath place, till War doth cease;  
And, usefull is, in time of Peace.



ILLVSTR. XXX.

Book 4

**T**He *Sword*, to bee an *Emblem*, here, we draw,  
Of that *Authoritie*, which keeps in awe  
Our *Countries Enemies*; and, those that are  
The *Foes of Peace*, as well as those of *Warre*;  
That, *Peace* may give the *Law of Armes* her due,  
And, *Warre*, to *Civill-pow'rs*, respect may shew.  
For, *Kingdomes*, nor in *Warre* nor *Peace*, can stand,  
Except the *Sword* have alway some command:  
Yea, that, for which our *foraine Spoyle*rs come,  
*Domestike Foes*, will else devoure at home;  
And, *stranger-drones* the *peacefull Bees* will harme,  
Vnlesse with *warlike stings*, themselves they arme.

Considering this, let none bee so unwise,  
The *Swords* well-us'd protection to despise:  
Or, thinke the practice of this *double-guard*,  
In any place, or age, may well bee spar'd.  
Let not the *Sword-man* sleight the *pow'rfull Gowne*;  
Nor *Gowne-men* cast the *Sword* out of their *Towne*,  
Because it terrifies, or draweth *Blood*;  
For, otherwhile *Phlebotomy* is good:  
And, though to kill a *Lowfe*, the *Banians* feare;  
(Though *Anabaptists* love no *Sword* to weare)  
Yet, being drawne, to fright, or cut off *Sinne*,  
It may bee brandish'd by a *Cherubin*.

However, from the *Sword* divide not you  
(In any case) the *peacefull Olive bough*:  
That is, let *Peace*, at all times, be that *End*,  
For which, to draw the *Sword* you doe intend;  
And, for well-doing, bee as ready, still,  
To give *rewards*, as *blowes*, for doing-ill.

A For-





ILLVSTR. XXXI.

Book 4

**H**e Spade, for Labour stands. The Ball with wings,  
Intendeth sitting-reeling-worship things.

This *Altar* stone, may serve in setting forth,  
Things firmer, solid, and of greater worth;  
In which, and by the *walls* inclosing these,  
You, there may read, your *Fortune*, if you please.  
If you, your *labour*, on those things bestow,  
Which *reale*, and *flatter*, alwaies, to and fro;  
It cannot be, but, that which you obtaine,  
Must prove a *wavering*, and *unconstant* gaine:  
For, he that soweth *Fanitie*, shall finde,  
At *reaping-time*, no better fruit then *Winde*;

Your *hours*, in serious matters, if you spend,  
Or, such, as to a lasting purpose tend,  
The purchase of your paines will ever last;  
And, bring you *Pleasure*, when the *Labour's* past.  
Yea, though in teares, your *Seed-time*, you imploy,  
Your *Harvest* shall be fetched home, with ioy.  
If *much* be wrought, much profit will ensue;  
If *little*, but a little meede is due.

Of *nothing*, nothing comes: On *evil* *deeds*  
An *evil* conscience, and, ill fame succedes:  
An *evil* *life*, still findes prepared for,  
Sweet *Hopes* in Death; and, after, *good* report.  
Of *Sext*, or of *Degree*, there's no regard:  
But, as the *Labour*, such is the reward.

To *work* *aright*, oh *Lord*, instruct thou mee;  
And, ground my *Works*, and *buildings* all on thee  
That, by the fiery *Test*, when they are tried,  
My *Works* may stand, and I may *safe* abide.

Book 4

**D**iscourage not your selves, although you see  
The weather blacke, and *stormes* prolonged be,  
What though it fiercely *raines*, and thunders loud:  
Behold, there is a *Raine-bow* in the *Cloud*,  
Wherein, a truſſfull promise may be found,  
That, quite, your *little worlds*, shall not be drown'd.  
The *Sun-shine*, through the foggy mists appeare,  
The lowring *Skie*, begins againe to cleare;  
And, though the *Tempest*, yet, your eyes affright,  
Faire weather may befall you, long ere night.

Such comfort speaks our *Emblem*, unto those,  
Whom stormie *Persecution* doth enclose;  
And, comforts him; that's for the present sad,  
With hopes, that better seasons may bee had.  
There is not trouble, sorrow, nor distresse,  
But mitigation hath, or some release.  
Long *use*, or *time*, the storme away will turne,  
Else, *Patience* makes it better to be borne.  
Yea, *sorrowes* lowring dayes, will come and goe,  
As well as prosp'rous houres of *Sunshine* doe;  
And, when 'tis past, the *paine* that went before,  
Will make the following pleasure seeme the more.  
For, hee, hath promis'd, whom we may beleeve,  
His blessing, unto those that *mourne* and *grieve*;  
And, that, though sorrow much dejects their head,  
In ev'ry need, wee shall be comforted.

This promise I beleeve; in ev'ry griefe,  
Performe it, *Lord*, and helpe my unbeliefe;  
So, others viewing how thou cheere'st mee,  
Shall, in all *forrowes*, put their trust in thee.

For whatsoever, Man doth strive,  
The Conquest, God alone, doth give.

241

83



ILLVSTR. XXXIIL.

Book. 4

**W**hen on the *Sword*, the *Olive-branch* attends,  
(That is, when bloody *Warres*, have peacefull *Ends*)  
And, whensoever *Victories* are gained,  
This *Emblem* shewes, by whom they are obtained:  
For, that all *Victories*, doth onely from  
The pow'rfull hand of *God-Almighty*, come,  
The Boughes of *Bayes* and *Olives*, doe declare,  
Which round the *Tetragrammaton* appeare.  
Nor must we thinke, that *God* bestowes, alone,  
The *Victories* of *Warre*, on any one;  
But, that, when we contend in other things,  
From him, th' event that's wisht for, also springs.

This being so, how dare wee, by the *Lanes*,  
Or, by the *Sword*, pursue a wicked Cause?  
How dare wee bring a matter that's unjust,  
Where hee (though few perceive him) judge it must?  
Or, prosecute with fury, or despite,  
Against the person of his *Favourite*?  
What *Fooles* are they, who seeke the *Conquest*, by  
Oppression, Fraud, or hellish *Perjurie*?  
How mad are those, who to the *Warres* prepare,  
For nothing, but to spoyle and murder there?  
Who, nor ingag'd by Faith to their *Allies*,  
Nor urg'd by any private injuries,  
(Nor sent, nor tolerated, by their *Prince*,  
Nor caring whether side hath giv'n offence)  
Run rambling through the *World*, to kill and slay,  
Like needie Butchers, for two groats a day?

These men may side, where *Conquests*, *God* bestowes,  
Yet, when the *Field* is wonne, these men doe lose.

Kk

Since

Since overmuch, will over-fill,  
 Powre out enough; but doe not spill.



ILLVSTR. XXXIV.

Book 4

**T** is this *Emblems* meaning, to advance  
 The love and practise, of true *Temperance*.  
 For, by this *Figure* (which doth seeme to fill,  
 Vntill the liquor overflow, and spill)  
 Wee are, as by example, taught to see  
 How fruitlesse our *Intemperancies* bee:  
 Thus, by the *Rule of Contrarieties*,  
 Some *Virtues*, best are showne to vulgar eyes.  
 To see a nasty *Drunkard*, reele and spew,  
 More moves to *Sobernesse*, than can the view  
 Of twentie civill men; and, to behold  
 One *Prodigall*, (that goodly lands hath sold)  
 Stand torne and lousie, begging at the dore,  
 Would make *Intemperance* abhorred more,  
 (And, manly *Sobernesse*, much better, each)  
 Than all that fixe *Philosophers* can preach:  
 So, by the *Vessels* overflowing, here,  
 True *Moderation* doth more prais'd appeare,  
 Than by the *meane* it selfe: And, without sinne,  
 That's *pillur'd*, which to *die*, had wicked bin,  
 For, though to vertuous ends; wee doe deny  
 The *Doing-ill*, that *Good* may come thereby.

From hence, let us be taught, that carefull heed,  
 Whereby wee should both *Minde* and *Bodie*, feed.  
 Let us, of our owne selves, observe the size;  
 How much wee want, how little will suffice;  
 And, our owne *longings*, rather leave unfill'd,  
 Than suffer any portion to bee spill'd:

For, what we *waste*, shall to account be layd,  
 And, what wee wisely *spend*, shall be repayd.

They



243



ILLVSTR. XXXV.

Book 4

This, I have seene; And, as wee seldome find  
A Tree grow faire, that cannot brooke the *Wind*,  
Or, must be hous'd at Winter; or, on whom  
The *Gardeners* pruning-knife, did never come:  
So, I have rarely knowne those men to rise  
To any good, or noble qualities,  
Who feele not, first some *hardship*, or some *storme*,  
To prune, to discipline, and to reforme  
Their wits and manners. For, prosperitie,  
Ease, plentie, and too large a libertie,  
Doth often blast them; and, sometime bereave them,  
Of what their *Predecessors* worth's, did leave them.

Let, therefore, no man, feare when this he knowes,  
Although in *tempests*, and through *streights* he goe.



ILLVSTR. XXXVI.

Book 4



Fixed Palme, (whose *Fingers* doe appeare,  
As if displayed, and advanc'd they were)  
Intended by our *Author*, here, wee see,  
To shew our agreeing *Minds*, that bee  
Establish'd in one *Trust*. And, well it may,  
That *Virtue*, of the holy *Church* display.  
For, as our *hands*, the better means can make,  
To *gaine*, as well as to *retaine*, or *take*,  
The *benefits* we seeke; when wee intend,  
Our differing *Fingers*, all, to worke one end:  
So, when the *Church* of *Christ* (wherein wee finde  
A difference of *Degrees*) shall with one *minde*,  
Pursue a faithfull hope; they'l soone obtaine,  
That wished benefit, they seeke to gaine:  
For, when but two or three shall in *Gods* name,  
Request a *blessing*, he will grant the same.

Let all thy sev'rall *Churches*, *LORD* (that stand  
Like many *Fingers*, members of one *Hand*)  
Thy *Will* *Essentiall* with joynt love obey,  
Though circumstantiall, they differ may.  
Some have the larger *Circuit*, some are *stronger*,  
Some are of short *continuance*, some of longer;  
But, though their *Gifts* may differ, yet provide,  
That, still, on one *Foundation*, they may bide;  
And, that, all those, who in one *Faith* agree,  
May, in one *Band* of *Love*, united bee:  
Till our confined *Wisdom*e comes to know,  
That, many things, for which wee wrangle so,  
Would further that, whose hindrance wee doe feare,  
If more our *Faith*, and lesse our *Discord* were.

Protect

Protect mee, if I worthy bee;  
If I demerit, punish mee.

245



ILLVSTR. XXXVII.

Book. 4

**H**is Emblem, forth unto your view hath set,  
A Sword, together with a Coronet;  
To shew the prudent Reader, what Reward  
For ill, and for well doing, is prepar'd;  
That they, who heretofore, amisse have done,  
May learne, their threatned punishments to shun:  
That they, whose Actions warrantable were,  
May, in their honest Causes, persevere:  
And, that those men, who great and pow'rfull bee,  
Should punish and reward, as cause they see.

Men are of differing tempers: Some, are wonne  
By promises, and gentle means alone:  
Some, moved are by shame; and, some through dread,  
To bee in purse, or bodie punished.  
And, some, their duties are allur'd to doe,  
No way, but by a mixture of these two.  
They, therefore, neither Wise, nor Honest bee,  
Who dandle all Offenders on their knee;  
Or, punish onely with a God-forbid;  
Or, Doe not so, my sonnes, as Ely did.  
Nor wiser ought, are they, nor honest,  
Who alwayes fright, and threaten those that erre;  
No mercie joyning, to the chastisement  
Of them, whose faults are worthy to bee shent.  
Nor are they lesse to blame, who carry Swords;  
To punish errors; but, nor looks, nor words,  
To cherish well-deservings: And, in this,  
Most men, that punish others, doe amisse.

Sure, if the Sword misdoing, may pursue,  
For doing-well, the Coronet is due.

The

The Tongue, which every secret speaks,  
Is like a Barrell full of leakes.



ILLVSTR. XXXVIII.

Book. 4

**T**He Barrell, from whose bottome, sides, and bung,  
The liquor (as in this our *Emblem*) flowes,  
May sily typifie the babling *Tongue*,  
Of him that utters ev'ry thing hee knowes.  
For, such as are their taskes, who strive to fill  
An ever-leaking *Vessel*, to the brim;  
Ev'n such are his, who laboureth to still  
A *sailers* tongue; for, paines are lost on him.  
This *Figure*, also, serveth to expresse,  
The truttlesse nature of a *whorish woman*,  
For, shee to all displays her wantonnesse,  
And, cares to keepe her secrecies, from no man.  
Within her bolome, nothing long shee keeps,  
But, whatsoever shee conceives or knowes,  
Streight, from the heart, up to her tongue, it creeps;  
And, round about the *Citie*, then, it goes.

Bee warned therefore, and commit thou not  
Thy person, state, or fame, to such as these,  
Lest, they thy *Reputation* doe bespot,  
Consume thy *Substance*, or thy *Minde* diseale.  
But, most of all, bee wary, lest the crime,  
Which here wee doe reprove, thy mind infect:  
For, *Vice*, like *weeds*, will grow in little time,  
And, out-grow *Virtues*, if wee them neglect.  
The surest way to keepe such errors our,  
And, in our selves true *Virtues* to maintaine;  
Is, to bee kept with *Temprance*, round about,  
And, our out-flowing humors to restraine.

If thus we practise, 'twill prevent the wrongs  
Of our owne errors, and of others tongues.



How ever thou the Viper take,  
A dang'rous hazard thou dost make.

247



ILLVSTR. XXXIX.

Book. 4

**T**His Figure warnes us, that wee meddle not  
With matters, whereby nothing may bee got,  
Save *harme* or *losse*; and, such as once begun,  
Wee may, nor safely *doe*, nor leave *undone*.  
I should bee loath to meddle in the strife  
Arising 'twixt a *Husband*, and his *Wife*,  
For, *Truth* conceal'd, or spoke, on either side,  
May one or th'other grieve, or both divide.  
I would not with my most familiar *Mate*,  
Be *Partner* in the whole of my estate;  
Lest I, by others errors, might offend,  
Or, wrong my *Family*, or, lose my *Friend*.  
I would not, willingly, in my distresse,  
From an unworthy hand, receive redresse;  
Nor, when I need a *Survise*, would I call  
An *Vnthrift*, or a roaring *Prodigall*:  
For, either these I thanklesly must shun,  
Or, humour them, and be perhaps undone.  
I would not heare my *Friend* unwisely prate  
Those things, of which I must informe the *State*:  
And, seeme unfriendly; or, else leave to doe,  
That, which a stronger *Band* obligeth to.  
Nor would I, for the world, my heart should bee  
Enthrald by one, that might not *marry* mee;  
Or, such like *passions*, bee perplexed in,  
As hang betwixt a *Virtue*, and a *Sinne*;  
Or, such, as whether way soe're I went,  
Occasion'd guilt, or shame, or discontent:  
For, howsoe're wee mannage such like things,  
Wee handle winding *Vipers*, that have stings.

The



ILLVSTR. XL.

Book 4

**Q** Bserve this *Wheele*, and you shall see how *Fate*  
Doth limit out to each man, that *Estate*  
Which hee obtaines; Then, how hee doth aspire  
To such a height; and, why hee mounts no higher:  
For, whatsoere their *Authors* understood,  
These *Emblems*, now, shall speake as I thinke good.

The *Cornucopias* fastned to a *Round*,  
Thus fixt, may shew, that *Riches* have their *bound*;  
And, can be raised, by mans pow'r or wits,  
No higher than *Gods* Providence permits.  
The placing of them on that *Wheele*, doth show,  
That, some waxe *Poore*, as others *Wealthy* grow:  
For, looke how much the higher, one doth rise,  
So much the lower, still, the other lies;  
And, when the height of one is at an end,  
Hee sinkes againe, that others may ascend.  
The many stops, which on this *Wheele* you spie,  
Those many *obstacles* may typifie,  
Which barre all those that unto *Wealth* aspire,  
From compassing the *Round* of their desire.

The want of *Wit*, from *Riches*, barreth some;  
Some, cannot rich, because of *Sloth*, become.  
Some, that are *wise*, and *painefull*, are deny'd  
Encrease of wealth, through *Pleasure*, or through *Pride*.  
Some, lose much profit, which they else might make,  
Because of *Conscience*, or for *Credits* sake.  
If none of these did hinder, wee have store,  
That might bee *Rich*, who, yet, are very *Poore*.

And, these, indeed, doe come to be those *Fates*,  
Which keepe most men, from getting large *Estates*.

In all

In all thine Actions, have a care,  
That no unseemlinesse appeare.

249



ILLVSTR. XLI.

Book. 4

**T**He *Virgine*, or the *Wife*, that much desires,  
To please her *Lovers*, or her *Husband's Eyes*,  
In all her costliest *Robe*, her selfe attires,  
And, seeks the comliest *Dresse*, shee can devise.  
Then, to her trustie *Looking-glasse*, shee goes,  
(Where, often, shee her person turnes and winds)  
To view, how seemely her attiring shewes,  
Or, whether ought amisse therein she finds.  
Which praisefull *Diligence*, is figur'd thus  
In this our *Emblem*, that, it may be made  
A docturall signe, remembring us,  
What care of all our *Actions*, must bee had,  
For, hee that in *God's* presence would appeare  
An acceptable *Scale*, or, gracious grow  
With men, that of approv'd conditions are,  
Must by some faithfull *Glasse*, be trimmed so,  
The good *Examples* of those pious men,  
Who liv'd in elder times, may much availe:  
Yea, and by others evils, now and then,  
Men see how grossely, they themselves, doe faile.

A wise Companion, and a loving Friend,  
Stands nearer, than those ancient glasses doe;  
And, serveth well to such an usefull end:  
For, hee may bee thy *Glasse*, and *Fountain* too.  
His good *Example*, shewes thee what is fit;  
His *Admonition*, checks what is awry;  
Hee, by his *Good advice*, reformeth it;  
And, by his *Love*, thou mend'st it pleasedly.

But, if thou doe desire the perfect'st *Glasse*,  
Ioyne to the *Murray-Law*, the *Law of Grace*.

Wee, bring the Hony to the Hive;  
But, others, by our labours thrive.



ILLVSTR. XLII.

Book. 4.

**T**He prettie *Bees*, with daily paines contrive  
Their curious *Combes*, and from the flowry Fields,  
Doe bring that pleasant sweetnesse to their Hive,  
Which *Nectar*, and *Ambrosiack* dainties, yeelds,  
Yet, when themselves with labours they have tir'd,  
The following Winters famine to prevent,  
For their good service, either they are fir'd,  
Or, forth into an emptie *Hive* are sent:  
And, there, with slender diet they are served,  
To leave another *Summers* worke, to these  
Who take no care, though all the *swarme* be starved,  
If weake, and quite past labour once it growes.  
As with such *Bees*, it fares with many a one,  
That, spends his youthfull time in honest thrift,  
And, by the *Wasse*, the *Hurnet*, or the *Drome*,  
Of all their labours, they are soone bereft.  
Sometime, the bording *Flies*, much wrong this *brood*,  
Through idle *visiting*; or, them despoyle,  
By making friendly shewes of *neighbourhood*;  
When, all their *Complements*, are nought but guile.  
Sometime, their powerfull Foes doe rob them quite;  
Sometime, their *Lords*, or *Landlords*, with pretence,  
Of claiming only what is just and right,  
Oppresse them without *mercie*, or *defence*.  
Thus, by one course or other, daily, some  
(That are laborious in an honest way)  
The prey of Pride, or Idlenesse become:  
And, such as these, may therefore truly say,  
That, whatsoever they to passe have brought,  
Not for themselves, but others, they have wrought.

God,



God, by their Names, the Stars doth call;  
And, hee is Ruler of them all.

251



ILLVSTR. XLIII.

Book. 4

**S**ome say, (and many men doe these commend)  
That, all our *deeds*, and *Fortunes* doe depend  
Vpon the motions of celestiaall *Spheres*,  
And, on the constellations of the *Starres*.

If this were true, the *Starres*, alone, have bin  
Prime cause of all that's *good*, and of all *finns*.  
And, 'twere (me thinkes) injustice to *condemne*,  
Or, give rewards to any, but to *them*.  
For, if they made mee *finns*, why for that ill,  
Should I be damn'd, and they shine brightly, still?  
If they inforc'd my *goodnesse*, why should I  
Bee glorified for their *Pietie*?

And, if they neither *good* nor *ill* constraîne,  
Why then, should wee of *Destinie* complaine?

For, if it bee (as tis) absurd to say,  
The *starres* enforce us (since they still obey  
Their just *Commander*) 'twere absurder, farre,  
To say, or thinke, that God's *Decree* it were,  
Which did *necessitate* the very same,  
For which, we thinke the *starres* might merit blame.  
Hee made the *starres* to bee an ayd unto us,  
Not (as is fondly dream'd) to helpe undoe us:  
(Much lesse, without our fault, to ruinate,  
By doome of irrecoverable *Fate*)

And, if our good *Endeavors*, use wee will,  
Those glorious creatures will be helpfull still  
In all our honest wayes: For, they doe stand  
To helpe, not hinder us, in God's command;  
And, hee not onely rules them by his pow'rs,  
But, makes their *Glory*, servant unto ours.

Who, Patience tempts, beyond her strength,  
Will make it Fury, at the length.



ILLVSTR. XLIIII.

Book 4

**A**lthough wee know not a more patient creature,  
Than is the *Lambe*, (or, of lesse harmfull nature)  
Yet, as this *Emblem* shewes, when childish wrong,  
Hath troubled, and provok'd him overlong,  
Hee growes enrag'd; and makes the wanton *Boyes*,  
Bee glad to leave their sports, and run their wayes.

Thus have I seene it with some *Children* fare,  
Who, when their *Parents* too indulgent were,  
Have urg'd them, till their *Doting* grew to *Rage*,  
And shut them wholly from their *Heritage*.  
Thus, many times, a foolish man doth loise  
His faithfull *Friends*, and justly makes them foes.  
Thus, froward *Husbands*; and, thus, peevish *Wives*,  
Doe foole away the comfort of their lives;  
And, by abusing of a *patient-Mate*,  
Turne dearest *Love*, into the deadliest *Hate*:  
For, any wrong may better bee excused,  
Than, *Kindnesse*, long, and wilfully abused.

But, as an injur'd *Lambe*, provoked, thus,  
Well typifies how much it moveth us,  
To finde our *Patience* wrong'd: So, let us make  
An *Emblem* of our selves, thereby to take  
More heed, how *God* is moved towards them,  
That, his *long-suffering*, and his *Love* contemne.  
For, as wee somewhat have of every *Creature*,  
So, wee in us, have somewhat of his *Nature*:  
Or, if it bee not sayd the same to bee,  
His *Pictures*, and his *Images* are wee.

Let, therefore, his *long-suffering*, well be weigh'd,  
And, keepe us, to provoke him, still afraid.

Hee

Hee that is blind, will nothing see,  
What light soe're about him bee.

253



ILLVSTR. XLV.

Book. 4

**I**T is by some supposed, that our Owles,  
By Day-time, are no perfect sighted Fowles;  
And, that, the more you doe augment the light,  
The more you shall deprive them of their sight.

Nor Candles, Torses, nor the Sunne at noone,  
Nor Spectacles, not all of these in one  
Can make an Owlet in the day-time see,  
Though none, by night, hath better eyes than shee.

This Emblem, therefore, sets their blindness forth,  
Who cannot see, when an apparant worth  
Illustrates vertuous Men; yet, seeme to spie  
Those faults, wherewith ill-willers them belie.  
The blindness, also, well it may declare,  
Of Hereticks, who Eagle-sighted are,  
In Sophistries, and in the cloudie-night,  
Of those darke Errors, which delude the sight;  
Yet, cannot see the Rayes of Truth divine,  
Though, brighter than the Day-light, shee doth shine.  
It, likewise, very fitly typifies,  
Those, in our dayes, who spie out mysteries,  
Beyond the Masse; yet, cannot gaine the view  
Of that, which common Reason proveth true:  
And, therefore, onely, crye it (madly) downe,  
Because, by Reason's light, it may be knowne.

These, when 'twas offered, first, the light refused;  
And, they have now the darkness which they chused.  
Till, therefore, God shall offer Grace againe,  
Man strives to set up Lights, to these, in vaine:  
For, what are Lights to those, who blinded bee?  
Or, who so blind, as they that will not see?

None

None knowes, untill the Fight be past,  
Who shall bee Victor, as the last.



ILLVSTR. XLVI.

Book 4

**W**Hile these two Champions for the Conquest fight,  
Betwixt them both *Vulturn* takes her flight,  
On doubtfull wings; and, till the fray bee past,  
None knowes, to whether, shce the *Wreath* will cast.  
Which *Emblem* serves, not onely, to expresse  
The danger, and the issues doubtfullnesse,  
In all Contentions; but, may warne us too,  
That, wee no strivings rashly undergoe;  
Since they, who long with painfull skill have striv'd,  
Of likely Conquests, are at length depriv'd.

*Force*, much prevails; but *Sleight* and *Wit* hath pow'r,  
Sometime, to hurle downe *Strength* upon the floore.  
Sometimes againe, our *Ingenuities* doe faile,  
And, *Blowes*, doe more than *Stratagems*, prevails.  
Though, I, upon mine *honest-Cause* depend,  
Another may o'rethrow it, by his *Friend*:  
And, hee that boasteth of his *Patrons* grace,  
May lose his hopes, if *Bribing* come in place.

To say the Truth, in whatsoever Cause,  
Wee by the *Sword* contend, or by the *Laws*,  
There's no event or issue more assured,  
Than this, that, losse to both shall bee procured:  
And, that, sometime, as well an *innocent*,  
As *guilty-cause*, may finde an ill event.  
Let, therefore, our endeavours be, to strive,  
Who, shall hereafter, least occasion give  
Of those contentions, and of those debates,  
Which hurt our honor, safetie, or estates:

That, we, a Conquest, may be sure to gaine,  
And, none repine, at that which we obtaine.

Why



Why should I feare the want of Bread?  
If God so please, I shall be fed.

255



ILLVSTR. XLVII.

Book. 4

**T**He faithlesse *Scout's* repining curriſhneſſe,  
The bleſſed *Psalmiſt*, fitly did expreſſe,  
By *grinning-dogs*, which howling roame by night,  
To ſatiſſie their grudging appetite.

Here, therefore, by an *Emblem*, wee are ſhowne,  
That *God*, (who as hee liſts, beſtowes his owne)  
Providing ſo, that none may bee unfed,  
Doth offer to the *Dogges*, the *Childrens* bread.

And, by this *Emblem*, wee adviſed are,  
Of their preſumptuous boldneſſe to beware,  
Who bound *God's Mercie*; and, have ſhut out ſome  
From hope of *Grace*, before the *Night* is come:  
Since, to the *Dogs*, his meat is not denide,  
If they returne, (though not till *Evening tide*.)

Moreover, wee, ſome notice hence may take,  
That, if proviſion, *God*, vouchſafes to make,  
For *Lions*, *Dogs*, and *Ravens*, in their need,  
Hee will his *Lambes*, and harmleſſe *Turtles* feed:  
And, ſo provide, that they ſhall alwayes have  
Sufficient, to maintaine the *Life* hee gave.

I muſt confeſſe, I never merit ſhall,  
The *Crummes*, which from thy *Childrens* table fall:  
Yet, thou haſt oft, and freely fed mee, *Lord*,  
Among thy *Children*, at thy *Holy-board*:  
Nor have I, there, been fill'd with *Bread* alone,  
But, on the bleſſed *Bodie* of thy *Sonne*,  
My *Soule* hath feaſted. And, if thou doſt grant  
Such favours, *Lord*? what can I feare to want?  
For, doubtleſſe, if thy *Sonne* thou pleaſe to give,  
All other things, with him, I ſhall receive.

AB

*All Flesh, is like the wither'd Hay,  
And, so it springs, and fades away.*



ILLVSTR. XLVIII.

Book. 4

**H**is *Infant*, and this little Trusse of *Hay*,  
When they are moraliz'd, seeme to lay,  
That, *Flesh* is but a tuft of Morning-*Grasse*,  
Both greene, and wither'd, ere the day-light passe.  
And, such we truly finde it; for, behold,  
Asloone as Man is borne, hee waxeth old,  
In Griefes, in Sorrowes, or Necessities;  
And, withers ev'ry houre, untill hee dyes:  
Now, flourishing, as *Grasse*, when it is growne,  
Straight perishing, as *Grasse*, when it is mowne.

If, wee with other things, mans *Age* compare,  
His *Life* is but a *Day* ( For, equall'd are  
His *Teares* with *Hours*: His *Months*, with *Minutes* bee  
Fit parallels; and, ev'ry *breathing*, wee  
May tearme a *Day*;) yet, some, ev'n at the *Night*  
Of that short *Day*, are dead, and wither'd quite.  
Before the *Morning* of our lives bee done,  
The *Flesh* oft fades: Sometime, it growes till *Noone*:  
But, there's no mortall *Flesh*, that will abide.  
Unparched longer, than till *Evening-tide*.  
For, in it selfe, it alwayes carries that,  
Which helpeth so, it selfe to ruine;  
That, though it feeles, not *burne*, nor scorching *flame*,  
An inbred *Canker*, will consume the same.  
Considering well, and well remembering this,  
Account the *Flesh* no better than it is:  
Wrong not thine everlasting *Soul*, to cherish  
A *Gourd*, which in a moments time will perish.  
Give it the tendance, fit for fading *Crops*;  
But, for *Hay-barrell*, lose not better hopes.

Make

Make use of Time, that's comming on;  
For, that a perill'd, which is gone.

237



ILLVSTR. XXIX.

Book. 4

**T**His *Glas* declares, how Time doth glide away,  
And if the *World*, about it, rightly lay,  
Thy Time that's gone, is lost; and proove will shew,  
That many find both *Woe*, and *True*, true.  
How fast their Time departs, they best perceive  
From whom it steals, before they take their leave,  
Of what they love; and whose last *Time* is gone,  
Before their chiefest businesses are done.

How fast it slides, ev'n they are also taught,  
(Too late, perhaps) who never kept in thought  
Their ending-day; but, alwayes did presume  
Or, largely hope upon the *Time* to come.  
The present-hour, nor thoughtfully employ  
Nor, honestly, nor usefully employ.

That, years, *ages*, *centuries*, they likewise find,  
For, when their understanding brings to mind,  
How fondly (or, how ill per chance) they spent  
Their *past* age; they see, with discontent,  
The *Time*, not onely *lost*, but, worse than *lost*,  
*Lost*, with a thousand other *Losses* more.  
And, that, when they shall need it, *wealth* nor *power*,  
Can purchase them, one *minute* of an *hour*.

Consider this, all ye that spend the *prime*,  
The *noon*-tide, and the *twilight* of your *Time*,  
In childish play-games, or meere worldly things,  
As if you could, at pleasure, clip *Time* wings,  
Or turne his *Glas*, or had a *Life*, or twaine  
To live, when you had foole'd out *this* in vaine.

Short is the *present*, *lost* *Times* *passed* bee,  
And, *Time* to come, wee may not live to see.

Mm

The



ILLVSTR. L. STVLLI

**A**N Arme is with a Garland here extended  
And, as the Motto saith, it is intended  
To all that persevere. This being so  
Let none be faint in heart, though they be low  
For, he that creeps, untill his Race be done  
Shall gaine a *Wreath*, as well as they that run  
This being so, let no man walke in doubt,  
As if Gods Arme of Grace were stretched out  
To some small number: For, whoe're begins  
And perseueres, the proper'd Garland wins  
And, God respects no persons: neither lays  
A stumbling blocke in any of our Wayes  
This being so, let no man think enough  
To set his hand, a little, to the Plough  
And, then desist; but, let him still pursue,  
To doe that *Work*, to which that *Wreath* is due  
For, nor on Good beginners, nor on those  
That, walke halfe-way, (much lesse on him, that goes  
No stepp at all) will God this gift conferre  
But, onely, unto those that persevere  
LORD, by thy Grace, an entrance I have made  
In honest *Pathes*, and, thy assistance had,  
To make in them, some slow proceedings too.  
Oh grant me, full abilitie, to doe  
Thy sacred *Will*, and, to begin, and end  
Such *Workes*, as to thy glory, still, may tend.  
That (Walking, and continuing in the Path,  
Which evermore, thine approbation hath)  
I may that *Garland*, by thy grace, obtaine,  
Which, by mine owne desert, I cannot gaine.  
Glory be to God.





## THE FOVRTH LOTTERIE.

I

**T**Hou, of a noble minde, art thought,  
Which, heav'nly things, hath chiefly sought,  
And, scorn'st thy vertue to debase,  
By loving those of lower place.  
If so, thine *Emblem* doth expresse  
Thy *Wisdom*, and thy *worthynesse*.  
But, if to earthward thou incline,  
Thence, learne *Afflictions* more Divine.

See, *Emb. I.*

2

Some *words* or *thoughts*, perhaps, of your  
Have wrong'd Gods *providence*, or *Power*  
Els, you (it may be) to some *place*,  
Confine his unconfin'd *Grace*;  
Or, thinke, he never taketh care,  
Of any *Realme*, but where you are.  
Your *Lot*, now, therefore, doth provide,  
To have your *Judgement* rectified.

See, *Emb. II.*

3

Thou maist be *wise*, but, there is, yet,  
Some crack, or failing in thy *wis* :  
For, thou dost *personate* a *pier*,  
That, shewes thee other, then thou *art*.  
Thine *Emblem*, therefore, doth declare,  
What *Habit*, such deserve to weare,  
And, that, he merits *Aster* cares,  
Who *is not*, that, which he *appeares*.

See, *Emb. III.*

4

You have, as yet, much *works* to doe,  
But, you have *little time* thereto;  
That, *little*, flies away with speed,  
And, you the *Losse*, as little heed.  
Left, therefore, all your time be gone,  
Before you ducly thinke thereon,  
A *moment* and you have got,  
By drawing, of this luckie *Lot*.

See, *Emb.*

IV.

M m 2

Though

5

Though you, perhaps, no *perill* dread,  
 A *mischief* hangs above your head;  
 By which, you (taking little care)  
 May perish ere you be aware.  
 To minde you, therefore, to eschew  
 Such Miseries as may ensue,  
 Your *Lot*, this warning-*Emblem* sent;  
 Observe it, and your *harmes* prevent.

See, *Emb.* V.

6

Thou *fly'st*, in hope, to shun thy griefe;  
 Thou *change'st place*, to seeke releefe;  
 And, many blamelesse things are shent  
 As, causers of thy discontent.  
 But trouble, now, no more thy minde,  
 The root of thy disease to finde;  
 For, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,  
 The *Fountain*, whence thy torments bee.

See, *Emb.* VI.

M

7

Thou art, or els thou wert, of late,  
 Some great, or petty, *Magistrate*;  
 Or, *Fortune* thereunto, perchance,  
 In time to come, will thee advance.  
 But, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,  
 That, when restrain'd, thy *pow'r* shall be,  
 Offenders, thereof will be glad,  
 And skoffe the *pow'r* which thou hast had;  
 Observe it; and be so *upright*,  
 That, thou maist laugh at their *despight*.

See, *Emb.* VII.

8

*Promotion* thou dost much desire,  
 And, spacious *Fortunes* to acquire;  
 As, if thou thoughtst, thou mightst attaine,  
 True *Blessednesse*, by such a *gain*:  
 To shew thee, therefore, what event,  
 What *happinesse*, and what *content*,  
 Such things, will bring vs, at the last,  
 An usefull *Object*, now, thou hast.

See, *Emb.* VIII.

9

Disheartned be not, though thou see,  
 Thy *Hopes*, quite frustrate seeme to be;  
 For, many *Hopes*, appearing past,  
 Have, beene renew'd againe, at last;  
 And, grew far greater, then before,  
 When, they seem'd lost, for evermore.  
*Examples*, therefore, now are brought,  
 That, still, to *Hope*, thou mayst be taught.

See *Emb.* IX.

M

10

Most men desire to gaine the *Fate*,  
Which keeps them safe, in ev'ry state;  
And, you, no doubt, would faine provide,  
A *station*, which might firme abide.  
If so you meane; your *Lot* hath brought  
Some newes of that, which you have sought:  
For, by your *Emblem*, you may see,  
What men shall most unmooved be.

See, *Emb. X.*

11

You seeme, to wonder, much of late,  
That, some goe *backward* in *Estate*,  
Who seeme to thrive; and, why, we finde,  
Those *Friends*, who seemed very kinde,  
(And, forward, good respects to show)  
Doe, now unkinde, and froward grow.  
But, when your *Emblem* you shall see,  
No wonder, then, such things will be.

See, *Emb. XI.*

12

Thou seek'st a *Conquest*; or, (at least)  
Of such a *Pow'r* to bee posselt,  
As none can conquer; And, behold,  
Thou, in an *Emblem*, shalt be told  
The meanes to get thy hearts desire.  
Yer, know, that if thou come no nigher,  
Then but to *know* the meanes of *blisse*,  
The farther off, the *blesing* is.

See, *Emb. XII.*

13

Thou liv'st, as one who thinks, that, *Fate*  
All *ACTIONS* did *necessitate*;  
And, that to *doe*, or leave *undone*,  
Thy *Businesses*, came all to one.  
If, thus thou thinke, perhaps, this *Chance*  
May helpe to cure thine *Ignorance*;  
And, show, when 'twill be, wholly, fit  
To *Fate*, our matters, to commit.

See, *Emb. XIII.*

14

Thy Neighbors *house* when thou dost view,  
*Well* furnisht, pleasant, large, or new,  
Thou thinkst good *LAIES*, alwaies dwell,  
In Lodgings that are trimm'd so well.  
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou art showne,  
That (if thou lov'dst what is thine *owne*)  
*Thatcht Rooves*, as true Contentments yeeld,  
As those, that are with *Cedar* seeld.  
Vaine *Fancies*, therefore, from thee cast;  
And, be content with what thou hast.

See, *Emb. XIV.*

Thou

15

Thou seek'st *Preferment*, as a thing,  
Which *East*, or *Westerne-winds* might bring;  
And, thinkst to gaine a temp'rall *Crowne*,  
By *Powres* and *Vertues* of thine owne:  
But, now, thy *Lot* informes from whom,  
The *Scepter*, and *preferments* come;  
Seeke, thence, thy lawfull *hopes* fruition,  
And, cherish not a vaine *ambition*.

See, *Emb. XV.*

16

This *Lot*, though rich, or poore, thou bee,  
Presents an *Emblem*, fitt for thee.  
If *Rich*, it warnes, not to be *proud*;  
Since, *Fortunes* favours are allow'd  
To *Swinish-men*: If thou be *poore*,  
Deject thou not thy selfe, the more;  
For, many worthy men, there are,  
Who, doe not *Fortunes* Jewels weare.

See, *Emb. XVI.*

17

Thou, dost not greatly care, by whom  
Thy *wealth*, or thy *Preferments*, come:  
So, thou maist get them, *Foole* or *Knave*,  
Thy *prayers*, and thy *praise* may have;  
Because, thou dost nor feare, nor dreame,  
What disadvantage comes by them:  
But, by thine *Emblem*, thou shalt see,  
That, *Mischieues*, in their favours bee.

See, *Emb. XVII.*

18

You boast, as if it were unknowne,  
The power you have were not your owne:  
But, had you not an able *Prop*,  
You could not beare so high a *Top*,  
And, if that *Ayle* forsake you shall,  
Downe to the ground, you soone will fall.  
Acknowledge this; and, humble grow,  
You may be, still, supported so.

See *Emb. XVIII.*

19

This *Lot* of yours doth plainly show,  
That, in some danger now you go.  
But, *wounds* by *Steele*, yet, feare you not;  
Nor *Pistoling*, nor *Cannon-shot*;  
But, rather, dread the *shafts* that fly,  
From some deepe-wounding *wantons* eye.  
Your greatest perills are from thence;  
Get, therefore, Armour of defence.

See *Emb. XIX.*

Thy



20

Thy Vertues, often, have bene tride,  
To finde what proofes they will abide;  
Yet, thinke not all thy *Trialls* past,  
Till thou on ev'ry side art cast;  
Nor, feare thou, what may chance to thee,  
If truly, square, thy dealings be:  
For, then, what ever doth befall,  
Nor *harm*, nor *shame*, betide thee shall.

VXX. *Emb. XX.*

21

Fine *Clothes*, faire *Words*, entising *Face*,  
With *Masks* of *Pietie* and *Grace*,  
Of, chear you, with an outward show,  
Of that, which prooveth nothing so.  
Therefore, your *Emblems* *Morall* read;  
And, ere too faire you doe proceed,  
Thinke, whom you deale withall, to day;  
Who, by faire shewes, deceive you may.

IVXX. *Emb. XXI.*

22

You, are accus'd of no man, here,  
As, if to any, false, you were  
In *word*, or *Deed*; and, wish, we doe,  
Your *Conscience* may acquit you too,  
But, if your selfe you guilty finde,  
(As, unto such a fault inclin'd)  
The crime, already *past*, repent;  
And, what is yet *undone*, prevent.

IIVXX. *Emb. XXI I.*

M

23

You have delighted much, of late,  
Gainst *Womens* *ficklenesse*, to prate;  
As if this frailty you did find,  
Entail'd, alone, on *Womankind*:  
But, in your selfe, ther's now and then,  
Great proofes, of wav'ring minds, in men:  
Then, judge not faults which are unknown;  
But, rather learne to mend your owne.

IIIVXX. *Emb. XXII I.*

24

At you *Afflictions*, you repine,  
And, in all troubles, cry, and whine;  
As if, to *suffer*, brought no *joy*,  
But, quite, did all contents destroy.  
Thar, you might, therefore, *patience* grow,  
And, learne, that *Vertues* pow're, to know,  
This *Lot*, unto your view, is brought:  
Peruse, and practise what is taught.

IIIXX. *Emb. XXIV.*

25

On out side *Friends*, thou much reli'st,  
 And, *trustest*, oft, before thou try'st;  
 By which, if *Consequence* thou escape,  
 Thy *Wit* wee praise not, but thy *Hap*:  
 But, lest by *trust*, (e're *triall due*)  
 Thou, overlaie, thy *Trusting* me;  
 Observe the *Morall* of thy *Lot*,  
 And, looke that thou forget it not.

X X. See, Emb. XXV.

26

By this your *Lot*, it should appeare,  
 That, you your selfe are too severe;  
 Or, have, by some, perswaded bin,  
 That, ev'ry *Pleasure* is a *sinne*.  
 That, wiser therefore, you may grow,  
 You have an *Embleme*, now, to show,  
 That, *Hee*, whose wildome all men praise,  
 Sometime, layes downe his *Bea*, and *playes*.

XXX. See, Emb. XXVL

27

Thou little heedst how *Time* is lost,  
 Or, how thine *Hours* away doe post;  
 Nor art thou mindfull of the day,  
 In which thy life, will breath away.  
 To thee this *Lot*, now, therefore, came,  
 To make thee heedfull of the same.  
 So, of thy *Dutie*, let it mind thee,  
 That, thou maist *live*, when *Death* shall finde

XXXI. See, Emb. XXVII.

28

A safe-abiding, wouldst thou know,  
 When *Seas* doe rage, and *winds* doe blow;  
 If so, thine *Embleme* shewes thee, where  
 Such *Priviledges* gained are.  
 Observe it well, then, doe thy best,  
 To bee a *Tangling*, in thar nest;  
 These *Moralls*, and, mooke thou not  
 At what is taught thee, by this *Lot*.

XXXII. See, Emb. XXVIII.

29

Beleeve not, alwayes, as thy *Crowd*,  
 That, *Love* profess, is *Love* indeed;  
 But, their *Affections* uncertaine,  
 Who in thy need, *friend* remaine.  
 Perhaps, it much enay thee conceale,  
 This *Lesson*, perfectly, to learne;  
 Thine *Embleme* morall, therefore, view,  
 And, get true *Friends*, by being true.

XXXIII. See, Emb. XXIX.

30

The Conscience, of some, afford:  
No Lawfull use unto the Sword:  
Some dreame, that, in the time of peace,  
The practise of all *Armes* may cease;  
And you, perhaps, among the rest,  
With such like fancies are posselt.  
However, what your *Mind* flies  
Observe, and, walke in blamelesse wayes.  
XXXX. See, Emb. XXX.

31

A better *Fortune* you might gaine,  
If you, could take a little paine:  
If you have *Wealth*, you should have more,  
And, should be Rich, (though you are *poore*)  
If to the *longings* you have had,  
A true *endeavour* you would add:  
For, by your *Emblem*, you may see,  
Such, as your *Paines*, your *Gaines* will be.  
XXXX. See, Emb. XXXI.

32

When any troublous Time appears,  
Your *Hopes* is overcome, with *fears*,  
As, if with every *Flood* of *Raine*,  
The *World* would quite be drowned againe.  
But, by your *Emblem*, you shall see,  
That, *Sunshine*, after *Stormes* may be:  
And, you this *Lot*, (it may be) drew,  
In times of neede, to comfort you.  
XXXX. See, Emb. XXXII.

33

When, you to ought, pretend a right,  
You thinke to winne it by your *might*,  
Yea, by your strength, your purse or friends,  
You boast to gaine your wished *Ends*.  
But, such *Presumptions* to prevent  
You to an *Emblem* now are sent  
That, shewes, by whom he *Filler* grows,  
That winnes, by giving overthrowes.  
XXXX. See, Emb. XXXIII.

34

If, truly *temperate*, thou be,  
Why should this *Lot*, be drawne by thee:  
Perhaps, thou either dost exceed,  
In costly Robes, or, drinke, or feede,  
Beyond the *measure*. If, this thou finde,  
Or, know'st, in any other kinde,  
How thou offendest by *exesse*,  
Now, leave off, that *intemperate*esse.  
XXXX. See, Emb. XXXIV

N

Thou

35

Thou hop'st, to climbe, to honor'd *heights*,  
 Yet, wouldst not passe through stormes or *streights*;  
 But, shun'st them, as if there were  
 No way to *hills*, where *treasures* are.  
 Lest, then, thou dost thy hope, for praise, &c.  
 By, seeking wide, and easie *ways*,  
 See what thine *Emblem* doth disclose,  
 And, teach not ev'ry *wind* that blowes, *raid* O  
 XXX. See, *Emb.* XXXV.

36

Sometimes, it may be, thou dost finde,  
 That, God, thy *steps*, doth not *inde*,  
 Nor, *herde*, of those *Parties* take,  
 Which men and *Congregations* make.  
 Now, why they take so ill *effect*,  
 Thou, by our *Metall*, maist collect  
 And, by the same, shalt also see,  
 When, all thy *faults* will granted be.  
 XXX. See, *Emb.* XXXVI.

37

Thou, hast bene very forward, still,  
 To *punish* those, that *spoke* ill,  
 But, thou didst never, yet, regard  
 To give *Desert*, but due *Reward*,  
 That, therefore, thou maist now have care,  
 Of such *Injustice*, to beware,  
 Thine *Emblem*, doth to thee present,  
 As well *Reward*, as *punishment*.  
 XXX. See, *Emb.* XXXVII.

38

Thou, either hast a *babbling tongue*,  
 Which, cannot keepe a *secret*, long,  
 Or, shalt, perhaps, in danger'd growe,  
 By such, as utter all they know,  
 In one, or other, of the twaine,  
 Thou maist be *harmed*, and, to thy *gaine*,  
 It may *redound*, when thou shalt see,  
 What, now, thine *Emblem*, counsels thee.  
 XXX. See, *Emb.* XXXVIII.

39

By this, thy *Lot*, we understand,  
 That, somewhat, thou hast tooke in hand,  
 Which, (whether, further, thou *proceed*  
 Or quite *desist*) will danger breed.  
 Consider, then, what thou hast done,  
 And, since the *standard* is begun,  
 Advised be to take the *Course*,  
 Which may not make the danger worse.  
 VIXXX. See, *Emb.* XXXIX



40

The *Definite*, thou blamest; much,  
 Because, thou canst not be so rich,  
 As others are: But, blame no more  
 The *Definite*, as heretofore,  
 For, if it please thee to behold,  
 What, by thine *Emblems*, shall be told,  
 Thou shalt find, which be those *Faults*,  
 That, keepe men low, in their *Fortune*.

V. I. X. Amb. 302

See, *Emb. XL.*

41

Thou thinkst, that thou from *faults* art free,  
 And, here, unblamed, thou shalt be.  
 But, if to all men, thou wilt seeme  
 As faire, as in thine owne esteeme,  
 Presume thou not abroad to passe,  
 Vntill, by ev'ry *Looking-Glasse*,  
 Which, in thy *Mirror*, is exact,  
 Thou hast, both *Mind*, and *Body* dress'd.

V. I. X. Amb. 302

See *Emb. XLI.*

42

Some, *Labour* hardly, all their daies,  
 In painefull-profitable wayes,  
 And, others passe the sweetest *gambles*,  
 Of that, for which these took the *pains*.  
 Yet, these, they not alone undo,  
 But, having *rob'd*, they *murder* too,  
 The wrongs of such, this *Emblem* shewes,  
 That, thou mayst helpe, or pity those.

See, *Emb. XLII.*

43

Thou, often hast observ'd with feares,  
 Th' *aspects*, and *motions* of the *Starres*,  
 As if, they threatned *Fates* to some,  
 Which, *God* could never save them from.  
 If this, thy dreaming Error be,  
 Thine *Emblems* Morall shewes to thee,  
 That, *God* restraines the *Starry-Fates*,  
 And, no man harme, *necessitate*.

See, *Emb. XLIII.*

44

Thou, hast provoked, over long,  
 Their *patience*, who neglect the wrong;  
 And, thou dost little seeme to heede,  
 What *harmes* it threatens, if thou proceed.  
 To thee, an *Emblem*, therefore, shewes,  
 To what, *chafed-Patience* grows.  
 Observe it well, and, make thy *Peace*,  
 Before to *Fury*, *Wrath* increase.

XLI. Amb. 303

See, *Emb. XLIV.*

N u s

Thou

45

Thou hast the helps of *Natures* light;  
*Experiences* too, doth ayde thy fight:  
 Nay more, the *Sun* vs *Graces* shine;  
 Doth round about thee daylie shine;  
 Yet, *Reasons* cyclind blind in thee,  
 And, clearest *Hearts* cannot see  
 Now, from what cause, this *Blindnesse* growes  
 The *Moral* of this *Embleme* shewes.

IX. Amb. 202

See, Emb. XLV.

46

Thy *cause*, thy *Money*, or thy *Friend*,  
 May make thee forward to contend;  
 And, give thee *Hopes*, that thy *Intents*,  
 Shall bring thee prosperous events.  
 But view thy *Lot*; then, marke thou there,  
 That *Villeries* unpeaine are;  
 And rashly venture not on that  
 Whose *End* may be, thou knowest not what.

IX. Amb. 202

See, Emb. XLVI.

47

To them who grudgingly repine,  
 As soone as their estates decline,  
 This *Lot* pertaines; or, unto those,  
 Who, when their neighbour needy growes,  
 Contemne him, as if he were left,  
 Of God; and, of all hopes bereft.  
 If this, or that, be found in thee,  
 Thou, by thy *Moral*, taught shalt be,  
 That, there is none so ill besped;  
 But may have hope, he shall be fed.

See, Emb. XLVII.

48

Thy *Flesh* thou lov'st, as if it were,  
 The chiefest *Object*, of thy *Care*;  
 And of such value, as may seeme,  
 Well meriting, thy best esteeme.  
 But, now, to banish that conceit,  
 Thy *Lot* an *Embleme* brings to sight,  
 Which, without flattery, shewes to thee  
 Of what regard it ought to be.

See, Emb. XLVIII.

49

It may suspected be thou hast,  
 Mispent the *Time*, that's gone and past;  
 For, to an *Embleme* thou art sent,  
 That's made, such folly to prevent:  
 The *moral* heed; Repent thy *Crymes*;  
 And, Labour to Redeeme the *Time*.

VII. Amb. 101

See, Emb. XLIX.

With

50

With good applause thou hast begunne,  
 And, well, as yet, proceedest on:  
 But, ere the *Laurell*, thou canst weare,  
 Thou to the end must *persevere*.  
 And, lest this date be forgot,  
 Thou hast a *Caveat*, by this *Lot*.

Sec, *Embl. L.*

51

Although, this time, you drew it not,  
*Good Fortune*, for you, may be got.  
 Perhaps, the *planets* ruling now,  
 Have cast no good *Aspects* on you.  
 For, many say, that, now and then,  
 The *Stars* look angry on men:  
 Then, try your *Chance* againe, anon;  
 For, their displeasure soone is gone.

52

If, by your *Lot* you had beene prais'd  
 Your minde, perchance, it would have rais'd,  
 Above the *meane*. Should you receive  
 Some check, thereby, It would bereave  
 Your *Patient*: For, but few can beare,  
*Reprooves*, which unexpected are.  
 But, now prepared you have beene,  
 To draw your *Lot* once more begin;  
 And, if another *Blanke* you get,  
 Attempt your *chance*, no more, as yet.

53

To crosse your hopes, *Misfortune* sought;  
 And, by your *Lot*, a *Blanke* hath brought:  
 But, he who knew her ill intent,  
 Hath made this *Blanke* her spight prevent;  
 For, if that *Number* you shall take,  
 Which these two *figures*, backward, make,  
 And view the place to which they guide;  
 An *Emblem*, for you, they provide.

54

These *Lots* are almost *Ten* to *One*  
 Above the *Blankes*; yet, thou hast none.  
 If thus thy *Fortune* still proceed,  
 'Tis *Ten* to *One* if well thou speed.  
 Yet, if thou doe not much neglect,  
 To doe, as *Wisdom* shall direct,  
 It is a *Ten* unto *ten*  
 But all thy *Hopes* will prosper, then.

It

55

It seemes, Daine *Fortune*, doth not know,  
 What *Lot*, on thee, she should bestow;  
 Nor, canst thou tell, (if thou mightst have  
 The choice) what *Fortune*, thou shouldst crave:  
 For, *one thing*, now, thy minde requires;  
 Anon, *another* it desires.  
 When Resolution thou hast got,  
 Then, come againe, and draw thy *Lot*.

56

The *Chance*, which thou obtained hast,  
 Of all our *Chances*, is the last;  
 And, casting up the totall *summes*,  
 We finde thy *Gain*, to *Nothing* comes.  
 Yet if it well be understood,  
 This *Chance* may chance to doe thee good;  
 For, it inferres what *Fortune* shall,  
 To ev'ry one, (at last) befall;  
 And warnes, while *something*, is enjoyd,  
 That, well it (alwaies) be employd.

FINIS.





*A Table for the better finding out of the  
principall things and matters, mentioned in  
these Four Bookes.*

**A** Dverſitie. pag. 16. 17. 18.  
Ayle. 6. 3. 11. 12. 13. 14. 15. 16. 17. 18. 19. 20. 21. 22. 23. 24. 25. 26. 27. 28. 29. 30. 31. 32. 33. 34. 35. 36. 37. 38. 39. 40. 41. 42. 43. 44. 45. 46. 47. 48. 49. 50. 51. 52. 53. 54. 55. 56. 57. 58. 59. 60. 61. 62. 63. 64. 65. 66. 67. 68. 69. 70. 71. 72. 73. 74. 75. 76. 77. 78. 79. 80. 81. 82. 83. 84. 85. 86. 87. 88. 89. 90. 91. 92. 93. 94. 95. 96. 97. 98. 99. 100. 101. 102. 103. 104. 105. 106. 107. 108. 109. 110. 111. 112. 113. 114. 115. 116. 117. 118. 119. 120. 121. 122. 123. 124. 125. 126. 127. 128. 129. 130. 131. 132. 133. 134. 135. 136. 137. 138. 139. 140. 141. 142. 143. 144. 145. 146. 147. 148. 149. 150. 151. 152. 153. 154. 155. 156. 157. 158. 159. 160. 161. 162. 163. 164. 165. 166. 167. 168. 169. 170. 171. 172. 173. 174. 175. 176. 177. 178. 179. 180. 181. 182. 183. 184. 185. 186. 187. 188. 189. 190. 191. 192. 193. 194. 195. 196. 197. 198. 199. 200. 201. 202. 203. 204. 205. 206. 207. 208. 209. 210. 211. 212. 213. 214. 215. 216. 217. 218. 219. 220. 221. 222. 223. 224. 225. 226. 227. 228. 229. 230. 231. 232. 233. 234. 235. 236. 237. 238. 239. 240. 241. 242. 243. 244. 245. 246. 247. 248. 249. 250. 251. 252. 253. 254. 255. 256. 257. 258. 259. 260. 261. 262. 263. 264. 265. 266. 267. 268. 269. 270. 271. 272. 273. 274. 275. 276. 277. 278. 279. 280. 281. 282. 283. 284. 285. 286. 287. 288. 289. 290. 291. 292. 293. 294. 295. 296. 297. 298. 299. 300. 301. 302. 303. 304. 305. 306. 307. 308. 309. 310. 311. 312. 313. 314. 315. 316. 317. 318. 319. 320. 321. 322. 323. 324. 325. 326. 327. 328. 329. 330. 331. 332. 333. 334. 335. 336. 337. 338. 339. 340. 341. 342. 343. 344. 345. 346. 347. 348. 349. 350. 351. 352. 353. 354. 355. 356. 357. 358. 359. 360. 361. 362. 363. 364. 365. 366. 367. 368. 369. 370. 371. 372. 373. 374. 375. 376. 377. 378. 379. 380. 381. 382. 383. 384. 385. 386. 387. 388. 389. 390. 391. 392. 393. 394. 395. 396. 397. 398. 399. 400. 401. 402. 403. 404. 405. 406. 407. 408. 409. 410. 411. 412. 413. 414. 415. 416. 417. 418. 419. 420. 421. 422. 423. 424. 425. 426. 427. 428. 429. 430. 431. 432. 433. 434. 435. 436. 437. 438. 439. 440. 441. 442. 443. 444. 445. 446. 447. 448. 449. 450. 451. 452. 453. 454. 455. 456. 457. 458. 459. 460. 461. 462. 463. 464. 465. 466. 467. 468. 469. 470. 471. 472. 473. 474. 475. 476. 477. 478. 479. 480. 481. 482. 483. 484. 485. 486. 487. 488. 489. 490. 491. 492. 493. 494. 495. 496. 497. 498. 499. 500. 501. 502. 503. 504. 505. 506. 507. 508. 509. 510. 511. 512. 513. 514. 515. 516. 517. 518. 519. 520. 521. 522. 523. 524. 525. 526. 527. 528. 529. 530. 531. 532. 533. 534. 535. 536. 537. 538. 539. 540. 541. 542. 543. 544. 545. 546. 547. 548. 549. 550. 551. 552. 553. 554. 555. 556. 557. 558. 559. 560. 561. 562. 563. 564. 565. 566. 567. 568. 569. 570. 571. 572. 573. 574. 575. 576. 577. 578. 579. 580. 581. 582. 583. 584. 585. 586. 587. 588. 589. 590. 591. 592. 593. 594. 595. 596. 597. 598. 599. 600. 601. 602. 603. 604. 605. 606. 607. 608. 609. 610. 611. 612. 613. 614. 615. 616. 617. 618. 619. 620. 621. 622. 623. 624. 625. 626. 627. 628. 629. 630. 631. 632. 633. 634. 635. 636. 637. 638. 639. 640. 641. 642. 643. 644. 645. 646. 647. 648. 649. 650. 651. 652. 653. 654. 655. 656. 657. 658. 659. 660. 661. 662. 663. 664. 665. 666. 667. 668. 669. 670. 671. 672. 673. 674. 675. 676. 677. 678. 679. 680. 681. 682. 683. 684. 685. 686. 687. 688. 689. 690. 691. 692. 693. 694. 695. 696. 697. 698. 699. 700. 701. 702. 703. 704. 705. 706. 707. 708. 709. 710. 711. 712. 713. 714. 715. 716. 717. 718. 719. 720. 721. 722. 723. 724. 725. 726. 727. 728. 729. 730. 731. 732. 733. 734. 735. 736. 737. 738. 739. 740. 741. 742. 743. 744. 745. 746. 747. 748. 749. 750. 751. 752. 753. 754. 755. 756. 757. 758. 759. 760. 761. 762. 763. 764. 765. 766. 767. 768. 769. 770. 771. 772. 773. 774. 775. 776. 777. 778. 779. 780. 781. 782. 783. 784. 785. 786. 787. 788. 789. 790. 791. 792. 793. 794. 795. 796. 797. 798. 799. 800. 801. 802. 803. 804. 805. 806. 807. 808. 809. 810. 811. 812. 813. 814. 815. 816. 817. 818. 819. 820. 821. 822. 823. 824. 825. 826. 827. 828. 829. 830. 831. 832. 833. 834. 835. 836. 837. 838. 839. 840. 841. 842. 843. 844. 845. 846. 847. 848. 849. 850. 851. 852. 853. 854. 855. 856. 857. 858. 859. 860. 861. 862. 863. 864. 865. 866. 867. 868. 869. 870. 871. 872. 873. 874. 875. 876. 877. 878. 879. 880. 881. 882. 883. 884. 885. 886. 887. 888. 889. 890. 891. 892. 893. 894. 895. 896. 897. 898. 899. 900. 901. 902. 903. 904. 905. 906. 907. 908. 909. 910. 911. 912. 913. 914. 915. 916. 917. 918. 919. 920. 921. 922. 923. 924. 925. 926. 927. 928. 929. 930. 931. 932. 933. 934. 935. 936. 937. 938. 939. 940. 941. 942. 943. 944. 945. 946. 947. 948. 949. 950. 951. 952. 953. 954. 955. 956. 957. 958. 959. 960. 961. 962. 963. 964. 965. 966. 967. 968. 969. 970. 971. 972. 973. 974. 975. 976. 977. 978. 979. 980. 981. 982. 983. 984. 985. 986. 987. 988. 989. 990. 991. 992. 993. 994. 995. 996. 997. 998. 999. 1000.

**B** All 7.  
Beginning. 101.  
Best men are all known. 114.  
Bear. 11.  
Bees. 11. 20. 210.  
Beaute. 41.  
Blabs. 145.  
Blessings long enjoyed. 70.  
Bom. 161.  
A Bore. 110.  
Borrowed worth. 14.  
A Bowe banded. 20.  
Brille. 169.  
A Broken-heart. 77.  
Budy-boddy. 14.  
Butterfly and spider. 18.

**C** Andle and File. 40.  
Cauducus. 9. 88.

Ceremonies of estate. 117.  
Centure. 101.  
A Chalk. 11.  
Christian confidence. 11.  
Church. 111. 110.  
Christ the true Pellican. 11.  
The Circular motion of things. 11.  
Circumspection. 118.  
Clamor. 63.  
Cleare-men. 149.  
Conscience. 1. 81. 143.  
Cock. 71.  
Comlines. 149.  
Good Compendium. 149.  
Constant resolution. 14.  
Confession. 1.  
Contempt of earthly things. 11.  
Contention. 14. 71.  
Contention has no end. 114.  
Contemplation. 45. 105. 156.  
Concord. 63.  
Consolation. 111. Comfort.  
Comfort. 70.  
Comfort sweetened by troubles. 114.  
Constellations. 11. 74. 151.  
Contentment. 11.  
Cornerstone. 161.  
Coronet. 115.  
Corruption. 11. 82. 166. 148.  
Corporall virtues. 11.  
Covetousness. 116.  
Crocodile. 113.  
Craft. 116.  
Crown. 47. 78. 81.  
Crosse. 47. 75. 81.  
Crosses. 47.  
Curiositie. 147.  
Cupid. 117.  
Cynthia. 14.

**D** Anger hangs over all. 113.  
Death. 1. 21. 45. 48. 94.  
168. 174. 135.  
Deaths head. 11.  
Deliberation. 71.

Delay

# The Table.

Delay 18  
 Degrees. 39. 49. 117.  
 Delect is all places. 180.  
 Despairs is not to be admitted.  
 217. 221. 240.  
 Destinie. vid. Fate.  
 Decrees of God. 217.  
 Our Destruction is of our selves.  
 214.

Desires best object. 209.

Devotion. 41.

Diamond. 171.

Diana. 24. 217. 218. 219.

Divine assistance. 120. 217. 218.

Disimulation. 211. 212. 213. A

Discord. 177.

Discretion. 154. 111. 112.

Doggs. 215. 216. 217. 218.

Dolours. 72. 217. 218. 219.

Dove. 150. 217. 218. 219.

Drowsinesse. 9. 217. 218. 219.

Drones. 250.

## E.

Earthly things. 85. 217. 218.

Endurance. 23. 26. 217. 218.

Endeavour continued. 29. 217. 218.

Envy. 27. 217. 218. 219.

End. 102.

Equalitie. 34. 42. 217. 218.

Equivocation. 38. 217. 218.

Eubridge. 36. 217. 218.

Eternitie. 108. 137. 217. 218.

Everlasting. 102. 217. 218.

Excess. 68. 217. 218. 219.

Externall Blessings. 28. 217. 218.

## F.

Faith 13. 66. 217. 218.

Faith infringed. 38. 99. 217. 218.

Fate. 74. 95. 221. 251. 217. 218.

Fatal necessity. 251. 217. 218.

Falshood. 99. 217. 218. 219.

Fame. 146. 217. 218. 219.

Faire shewes deceitfull. 223. 229. 217. 218.

Face. 39. 217. 218. 219.

Fighters. 71. 217. 218. 219.

Fickleness vid. Inconstancy.

Filial pietie. 155. 217. 218. 219.

Fire on an Altar. 151. 217. 218. 219.

Fierie-erill. 30. 217. 218. 219.

Fleish is hay. 256. 217. 218. 219.

Flying-Ball. 71. 101. 217. 218.

Flie and the Candle. 40. 217. 218.

Flower of the Supper. 159. 217. 218.

Foibles, who the greatest. 211. 217. 218.

Foolcs favours inuchous. 228. 217. 218.

Fortune. 6. 28. 101. 109. 217. 218.

174. 224.

Friend in all professions. 183.  
 Friendship. 75. 99. 168. 217.  
 Friends. 73. 145.  
 Frequencie. 43.  
 Fullness. 64.  
 Furle begotten by abused patience.

## G.

G Animed. 156.

Light Gainers. 50.

Glory. 5. 91.

God. 140. 152. 170. 210. 223.

Gods prerogatives. 221.

Gods decrees. 91. 141.

Gospel preached. 89.

Good works. 155. 217. 218.

Governours. 37. 217. 218.

Government. 238. 217. 218.

Goblins about Graves. 43.

Grace. 31. 74. 106. 228.

Grave. 21.

Greek. 26.

Groves. 38. 217. 218.

Great things from small begin-

nings. 46. 50.

Gryphon. 119.

Guilt vid. Fraud and Deceit.

Guiltinesse. 66. 69.

## H.

HAR 19. 49. 153.

Hammer and Anvile. 17.

Halter. 66. Halcyon. vid. Kings.

Fisher.

Harvest. 44.

Harlots. 27. 146.

Harmlesnes vid. Innocency.

Hazardous enterprises. 247.

Harmony vid. Musick.

Hard-hearted men. 175.

Hardship. 243.

Head. 19. 49. 153.

Heliotope. 159.

Heaven. 152.

Hellen. 27.

Hypocricy. 20. 77. 212. 229.

Hypocricie. 229.

Honour. 5. 153.

Hope. 13. 16. 39. 44. 73. 106.

150. 217.

Houses which are best. 222.

Hony. 2.

Howreglasse. 21. 212.

Hunger. 64.

Husbands. 161.

Humility. 147.

Index.

*The Table.*

Hypotagm 159

**I.**

**I** Amis 118  
 Idleness 5. 92  
 Innocence 9. 111. 151  
 Infant 45  
 Incroachments 161  
 Invincibility 130  
 Inconstancy 111  
 Intemperance 142  
 Industry 5  
 Inpiety 155  
 Impious is better than a worse  
 mischief 95  
 Joyes sweetned by afflictions 70  
 Iteration 19  
 Justice 66. 69. 155  
 Just dealing, 100  
 Ixion 69

**K.**

**K** ingfisher 116  
 Kings 32. 37. 78. 137. 159  
 16. 180  
 Kingdomes 67  
 A Kingdoms glorie 78  
 Knowledge 1. 79. 103

**L.**

**L** Abour 5. 19. 143. 150. 229.  
 Labour in value 11.  
 Lambs 252.  
 Lawe 3. 163. 169  
 Leaseure and heed 19. 49. 107  
 Learne to die 94  
 Learning 87  
 A Line a day. 158  
 Liking makes indifferent things  
 excellent 111  
 A Little and little makes a mickle  
 50. 158  
 Life 11. 45  
 Love the best Musitian, 81  
 Love 7. 33. 34. 38.  
 Lasses 50.  
 Loss may be recovered 182  
 Looking-glasses 141.

**M.**

**M** alefactors 66  
 Mars 80.  
 Marriages, 83.  
 Magistrates out of office 115.  
 A Mace. 137  
 Man his owne enemy 114  
 Mercy, offered to all 155

Merit 139  
 Measures 100  
 Medlers, vid. Basir-bodles  
 Meditation best in the night 9  
 Meanes, not to be neglected 111  
 Meanes, not the onely ground of  
 Hope 15  
 Mercurie 9  
 The Meane 169  
 Military exercise 33  
 Mis-fortune may be profitable, 96  
 Mortalitie 8. 45  
 Moore m. 182  
 Monuments 142  
 Mutual affection 14. 163. 781.  
 Musicks 65

**N.**

**N**ature and Grace 104. 144  
 Nature needs a supporter.  
 126  
 Necessitie 64  
 Night helpful to Meditation 9

**O.**

**O** Aches 18  
 Obscuritie profitable 73  
 Occasion 4  
 Offenders 115  
 Old men may learne 87  
 Opportunitie 4  
 Oppression 18  
 Opposition 63  
 Order 110  
 Outward appearances 175  
 Owle 9. 63. 79. 168  
 Oxe 173

**P.**

**P** alms 11  
 Palmes 172  
 Patience 18. 63. 153  
 Patriots 165  
 Pallas 9. 80  
 Parents 15  
 A Pastorall charge. 149  
 Peace 9. 138  
 Perjurie 38  
 Pegasus 105  
 Perseverance 19. 143. 175. 258  
 Pelican 154  
 Pietie 8. 41. 155  
 Pigmy Spirits 14  
 Plants 31  
 Planting 15  
 Pleasure 11. 25. 38. 68.  
 Plowry 64  
 Plaine-dealing 118

# The Table.

Poeticall Libertie 148  
Poets Horie, *vid.* Pegasus  
Power 103. 179  
Power divine 210.  
Policie 80  
Posterity 35  
Poore Theeves 167.  
Povertie 176  
Cause of povertie. 248  
Praise 146  
Practise. 66. 158  
Preaching 89  
Preferment 68  
Prelats 41  
Priests. *ibid.*  
Pride to be avoyed 8  
Princes 155  
Profit causeth contention 71.  
Processions 165.  
Prosperitie 12. 16  
Protection divine 245  
Promotion is of God 223  
Prudence 74. 142. 151  
Puritie 41  
Punishment and reward 245  
Pyramus 33.

Q.

Q Varrellers 71.

R.

R Ashnesse 9. 10  
Redeeme the time 23. 257  
Recreation 224  
A well Resolved man 218  
Restraints from being Rich 248  
Resolute constancy 24  
Repine not at misfortunes 96  
Reputation 140  
Repentance to be hastned 213  
Retirednesse 72. 79  
Revolutions of things 45  
Reward 135. 139 141. 229. 258  
Reward and punishment 243  
Riches 1. 98  
Rich Theeves 197  
Rod. 93.  
Royall favour. 159.

S.

S Sacred callings 41  
The best Sacrifice 77.  
Salamander 30  
Scepter 79  
Scepter and Spade 48  
Sea-horse 155.  
Selfe perdition 68. 214  
Selfe love 35

Shepherds crooke 149  
Ship 13. 37  
Sisyphus 11  
Slime 66. 69.  
Silence 73  
Simplicity 151  
Sincerity 228. 230  
Sive 20  
A Skeleton 8  
Sloth 9. 181.  
Slownesse 19  
Slow pace goes farre 173  
Small beginnings 46. 50  
Snake 5. 9. 45. 47. 74. 101. 202  
142.  
Snalle 19  
Sophisters 38  
Sober knowledge 147  
Sorrow 24. 79  
Soveraignty of God, 21. 23  
Spade 5.  
Spider 18  
Squirrell 26. 136  
Staidnesse 72. 153  
Starrs 31. 74. 251  
Statel-men 15  
Sterresman 37  
Stedfastnesse, *vid.* Constancy.  
Stewes 27  
Storke 149. 155  
Strength 80. 103. 136  
Students 15  
Studiousnesse 146  
Suffering 23. 47. 81. 171. 232  
Sufficiencie 26  
Sunshine after stormes 240  
Swearing. 38.  
Swine 38. 110.  
Sword 66. 137. 163. 228. 245

T.

T Alents hidden 76. 121  
A Tatler, 246.  
Tennis-ball, 16  
Terrene pompe 98  
Temperance 169. 243  
Terminus 161  
Theeves 167  
Thibe 33  
Time. 4. 102. 157. 212. 235 257  
Titles, ill placed 224.  
Tongue 43  
Tortois 26  
Touchstone 229  
Transitory things 85  
Triall 30  
Trie e're thou trust. 84. 233  
Truth 173  
Turtle. *vid.* Dove.

V.



# The Table.

V.

**V** Aallie of earthly things 98  
 Vaine hopes 49  
 Value shewen 10  
 Vengeance 66  
 Vertue 1. 5. 6. 22. 30. 32. 97.  
 101. 109. 111. 119. 171. 212.  
 Vice 22. 104. 224.  
 Victorie vncertaine 258  
 Victorie is of God 241.  
 Viper 247  
 Vnanimittie 67  
 Vnchastitie 15  
 Vnitle 67. 177  
 Vnitle of faith 244  
 Vniuersall Grace 110. 212  
 Vnprofitable gifts 76  
 Vprightnesse of heart 91

W.

**W** Antion women 7  
 Warre 90. 218

Walt 35  
 Wearinesse 9. 24. 153  
 Watchfulness 79  
 Watchmen 140  
 Way of Vertue 160  
 Weapons 171  
 Wealth 62. 166.  
 Weights 110.  
 Welldoing 135  
 Weaknesse needes a supporter 212  
 Wisdom 1. 2. 31. 103. 142. 245.  
 Wits 1. 64. 136. 167  
 Wives 172  
 Whoredome. 27  
 Whore. old Harlot  
 Woods decayed 35  
 Women 93. 211  
 World goes backward 219.

X.

**X** Outh. 22. 44.

O o 2



*A Superfedeas* to all them, whose custome  
it is, without any deserving, to importune

*Authors* to give unto them their

**I**T merits nor your Anger, nor my Blame,  
That, thus I have inscrib'd this *Epigram*:  
For, they who know me, know, that, *Bookes* thus large,  
And, fraught with *Emblems*, do augment the Charge  
Too much above my *Fortunes*, to afford  
A *Gift* so costly, for an *Aerie-word*:  
And, I have prov'd, your *Begging-Qualitie*,  
So forward, to oppresse my *Modestie*;  
That, for my future ease, it seemeth fit,  
To take some Order, for preventing it.  
And, peradventure, other *Authors* may,  
Find Cause to thanke me for't, another day.

These many years, it hath your *Custom* bin,  
That, when in my possession, you have seene  
A *Volume*, of mine owne, you did no more,  
But, *Aske* and *Take*; As if you thought my store  
Encreast, without my Cost; And, that, by *Giving*,  
(Both *Paines* and *Charges* too) I got my living;  
Or, that, I find the *Paper* and the *Printing*,  
As easie to me, as the *Bookes* Inventing.

If, of my *Studies*, no esteeme you have,  
You, then abuse the *Courtesies* you crave,  
And, are *Unthankfull*. If you prize them ought,  
Why should my *Labour*, not enough be thought,  
Vnlesse, I adde *Expences* to my *paines*?  
The *Stationer*, affords for little *Gaines*,  
The *Bookes* you crave: And, He, as well as I  
Might give away, what you repine to buy:  
For, what hee *Gives*, doth onely *Money* Cost,  
In mine, both *Money*, *Time*, and *Wit* is lost.  
What I shall Give, and what I have bestow'd  
On Friends, to whom, I *Love*, or *Service* ow'd,  
I grudge not; And, I thinke it is from them,  
Sufficient, that such *Gifts* they do esteeme:  
Yea, and, it is a *Favour* too, when they  
Will take these *Trifles*, my large *Dues* to pay;  
(Or, *Aske* them at my hands, when I forget,  
That, I am to their *Love*, so much in debt.)

But, this inferres not, that, I should bestow  
The like on all men, who, my *Name* do know,  
Or, have the Face to aske: For, then, I might,  
Of *Wit* and *Money*, soone be begger'd, quite.

So much, already, hath beene Beg'd away,  
(For which, I neither had, nor looke for pay)  
As being valu'd at the common Rate,  
Had rais'd, *Five hundred Crownes*, In my Estate.

Which

Which, (if I may confesse it) signifies,  
That, I was farre more *Liberall*, than *Wise*.  
But, for the time to come, resolv'd I am,  
That, till without denyall (or just blame)  
I may of those, who *Clack* and *Clothes* do make,  
(As oft as I shall need them) *Aske*, and *Take*,  
You shall no more befoole me. Therefore, *Pray*  
*Be Answer'd*; And, henceforward, keepe away.



10

A Direction, shewing how they who are so  
disposed, shall find out their Chance, in the  
Lotteries of *Frederick*.

**T**urne about one of the *Figures*, which are in the following Page, without taking your eye from any to observe where it stayeth until you find *Index* or give it motion, which be the upper *Figure*, whose *Index* you moved; then, that *Number* whereupon it resteth, is the number of your *Lot*, or *Blanche*.

This being knowne, move the other *Index* in like manner, and that *Quarter* of the said *Figure* whereon the same standeth (when your hand is taken away) sheweth in which of the foure Bookes, or *Lotteries*, that *Chance* is to be expected, whereunto your *Number* doth send you, whether it be *Lot*, or *Blanche*. If it be any Number above Fifty, it is a *Blanche Chance*, and you are to looke no further. If it be any of the other *Numbers*, it send you to the *Emblem* answering to the same *Number*, in the *Book* next before the same *Lotterie*.

If the letter *M*, be placed before the allotted *Number*; then, that *Lot* is proper onely to a *Man*. If *F*, stand before it, it is proper onely to a *Woman*: If there be no letter, it is indifferent to both *Sexes*: And, therefore, when a *Man* or *Woman* happeneth on a *Chance* impertinent to their proper *Sex*, they are chuse, to take the next *Chance* which pertaineth properly to their *Sex*, whether it be *Blanche* or *Lot*; the triall whereof, I have thus directed, without the use of *Dice*; lest by bringing them into fight, they might, sometimes, occasion worke *Gaming*.

If King, Queene, Prince, or any one that springs  
From Pers'ns, knowne to be deriv'd from Kings,  
Shall seek, for Sport sake, hence to draw their Lot;  
Our Author saies; that, hee provided not  
For such as those: Because, it were too much  
For him, to find out Fortunes, fit for such,  
Who, (as hee thinks) should, rather, Ayde supply  
For him, to mend his evill Fortunes by.

To usen, hee, therefore, pleased it to give  
This noble, and this large Prerogative;  
That, they shall chuse from hence, what Lots they please,  
And make them better, if they like not these.

All other Personages, of High degree,  
That, will professe our Authors friends to be,  
This Freedome, likewise, have; that till, they find  
A Lot, which is agreeing to their mind,  
They shall have libertie, anone, to try  
Their sought-for Chance: And, ev'ry time, apply  
The Mortals they disliked, unto those,  
Which are, ill-qualifi'd, among their Foes,  
All others, who this Game, adventure will,  
Must leave their Fortunes, be they Good, or Ill.



